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COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1025-1030.

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a of teeth put in at the COLLEGE OF
DENTISTRY (U.S.C.) under supervision of
a doctor. Cost but a trifle more than value
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extra-superfine hair or down on the
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 you **GET** our hair!
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 be in the main. Don't forget that
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 be so on business for you, and so
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 and H. Broadway. 2
SPRINGFIELD GOLD CROWNS 2
 that you put at the COLLAGE 2
 C. A. under supervision
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 cent. Temple Block. 2

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subject, "What Do We Learn at Church
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dress by the pastor. No evening service.

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able to pray for rain," is the theme for
which Rev. Joseph Will, D.D., will deliver
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National Church, corner of 21st and
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EDITORIAL SHEET

[Chicago News] by your hand that I
 from an institution.
 Reformed. Every
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 [Chicago Tribune] your name.
 "Tom, J. & R.
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Amusement
 NEW YEAR
 THEATERS—
 With Su
 ROSCO'S BURBAN
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 All the
 First and only
 Mr.
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 The Tremendous Success
 SEE—
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 AS BOYS
 SPECIAL PERFORMANCE

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(Chicago Tribune) "The trees are about 10 feet tall and have been planted by the original N. Y. East River Farm." The trees are about 10 feet tall and have been planted by the original N. Y. East River Farm.

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and upon the shoulders of the fathers, and daughters, and granddaughters her countryman's ever-ready hand had been raised to aid in a fight and a noble dilemma was solved on the lines of the law.

In one instance, the independent one of the door, and the pleasant, friendly, and helpful one of the kitchen, and the kind,

were given to one cause, that power they would be. The club should be a beneficent in the community in which it would be a woman, an every-thing the most womanly of all influence. Beneficent in suggestion. The prime object of federation and helpfulness, and efforts to be derived from it are of association, breadth of sympathy, cooperation, breadth means an all-round woman.

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Cause She Loved Him So

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1900.

Plays and Players. * Music and Musicians.

AT THE THEATERS.

THE financial, as well as artistic, success attained by James Neill and company at the Burbank Theatre has been the cause of much comment among observing managers and theatrical people generally. Last night ended the sixth consecutive week of the company's stay in this city, and the gross receipts for that length of time are said to have exceeded the sum of \$25,000. Manager Morosco is authority for the statement that the financial receipts have been by far the largest of any attraction that has ever played in the Burbank Theatre. This is a matter worthy of special notice, when it is understood that the Burbank has considerably the largest seating capacity of any theater in this city.

The evening the Neill company will begin the last two weeks of its stay in Los Angeles. It could doubtless remain far into the summer with profit to its management and pleasure to its patrons. To date the company has presented eleven plays. The amount of money that the Neill company has invested in costumes, scenery and other effects to present the several plays in its repertoire, must be a very considerable sum, quite beyond the possibilities of the ordinary theatrical attraction.

The week beginning this evening will be devoted solely to comedy. Each evening, and at the Saturday matinee, Arthur W. Plater's farce comedy, "The Amazons," will be given. The action of the piece takes place in an English park on a single summer day. The main thread of interest in the story tells how the Marchioness of Castledown, in order to educate her daughters on the same lines that she would apply her own, decides to speak the language of the country. The three girls in the coming production, who will be obliged to dress in boy's attire, are Miss Chapman, Miss Lamkin and Miss Dean. Two of the most amusing male characters are Gifford, a friend of Plater's, and André, Count de

Grival. The first is an English nobleman, who is very boastful of his ancestry and his own power. André is a Frenchman in love with a girl whose mother will not tolerate his presence. In any form, a splendid comedy comes necessary for De Grival to appear favorably in the eyes of his prospective mother-in-law, and constantly imitates the French language.

At the special afternoon performance to be given on Wednesday, William Gillette's comedy, "Cause She Loved Him So," will be given, with Mr. Neill in the title role.

The Orpheum has another interesting bill for this week, beginning tomorrow night. It will be headed by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. They are finished artists, and probably the best that the vaudeville stage has ever received from the "legitimate." They will present a number of plays during their engagement here, beginning with "Love Will Find a Way." In San Francisco they were received with great favor, and it is said that no other comedy-sketch artists ever did better in that city.

Other new features are the Royal Moorish troupe of acrobats, ten in number, who present several novel feats in a novel manner. Flatow and Dunn will give a dancing and singing act, which they have christened "Fun on the Levee." Howard Thurston will be another newcomer. He is said to be a wonder with cards.

The features held over from last week will be "The Three Franks," acrobatic trio; Newhouse and Ward, bicycle trick riders and comedians; Anna Whitney, the lady monologist and singer; and Martinetti and Grossi, grotesque musicians.

Other attractions may come and go, but the Orpheum goes on forever with full houses and well-pleased patrons.

The play which Charles Frohman will present at the Los Angeles Theatre after the "Raghu" production on Monday evening, with a Saturday matinee, was written by William Gillette, who adapted it from the French of Racine and Leclercq, and is the first work from his pen since he wrote the now famous "The Sign of the Cross." The title of the piece is "Because She Loved Him So."

The production of the persons engaged in making "Raghu" a success, although that production has had good results, was almost a misdirection of zeal in the premises. Worse players than "Raghu" have been tolerated by the managers of New York, and one play even worse than "Raghu" is still being produced by the authorities. As for the

press that so exercised itself over "Raghu," it has had nothing to say against a play so rotten in purpose and so demoralizing in influence that one must carefully select words in order not to give offense to the reader in telling its story. The manager who "presents" this play is responsible for most of the filth on the stage today in the form of so-called "plays."

Why is this level play still tolerated by the police? Why is the portion of the metropolitan press that greets hysterical over "Raghu" silent about this filthier drama? Why does the manager who produced it and other vile plays now running in New York and other cities escape while the persons who are misdeemants under ball for trial in a criminal court?

Perhaps justice, while operating in the one case, is postponed in the other.

Sometimes it takes an actor to appreciate the good things that are said about the stage and its people, and, strange to say, no one seems to enjoy an evening at the theater more than the average actor, who, when he has an evening off, is sure to go to see some else act. Last summer, J. E. Dodson, the English comedian, who leads the company in "Because She Loved Him So," had but one night off which he could devote to theater going on his own account. He went to the American Theatre, New York, and not only enjoyed himself immensely, but collected several good things which he told me a few nights ago in his dressing room.

"It always amuses me," said Mr. Dodson, "to listen to criticism of some one else—and I was delighted to hear a man behind me say that the tenor's voice sounded as if he had got appendicitis."

"Some people behind me were also delighted in their way. Perhaps you remember the rank of the famous comedians of the American stage, and the maddest of the famous comedians. A man behind me said some of these things with great care, and referred them to his wife. 'Ver-d-i-j-I wonder who he was.' The wife ideas were vague upon the subject. Then he tried Wagner, with no better results, but they decided that both Verdi and Wagner must be some kind of a poet."

"But," said the woman, "if they were poets, Shakespeare would be with them." "No," said the man, "he isn't a poet. And it took the woman five minutes before she could get the man to acknowledge that Shakespeare was a sort of poet."

"During the evening we had an artistic treat of another sort. In the lobby stood a large statue of Venus, made out of some transparent material. I admired it greatly, and asked one of the others if it was alabaster. 'No,' said he, 'it's Venus.'"

William Gillette will remain in New York throughout the season, as "Shakespeare's Hamlet" has proved to be the greatest success of the year. Standing room nights are being given, and the condition of affairs since the play was first put on.

Israel Zangwill's new story, "The Little Mother of Fools," which Mr. Zangwill is dramatizing for Lieber & Co., and which will constitute one of their leading production next season, will have its opening chapter in Harper's Monthly for May.

A condensed version of "The Three Musketeers" will be put on the variety stage by Paul Gilmore, who has just come from an Arizona hospital, where he has been slowly recovering from a gunshot wound received from one of his "suits."

Eddie Foy is to go to London as the leading comedian for the Edna May Theatre, a Beauty Company, in which Foy will play the part of the circus proprietor, which was originated by Jerome Kilty, who is now in London, starring in the piece.

Charles Frohman has secured the rights to "The Little Mother of Fools," in which Bernhard has appeared with success. Maude Adams will have the principal part.

St. Martin's Lane, London.

The two best plays of the year for E. E. Rice have placed that popular manager on his feet once more, and next season he is to control the "Raghu" and the "Musketeers." Mr. Rice has written this extravaganza for the Boston Cadets and is the author of "1812."

Roland Reed has been discharged from the hospital in New York in excellent health. He has entirely recovered from the effects of the operations, and has been forced to undergo, and his physicians state that he is now in a much better physical condition than he has been for many years past.

During a performance of "Man of the Hour" at the Grand Opera House, several nights ago, a man in the orchestra became so excited when the poor tool of the villain tried to put brandy down the hero's throat by four means that he arose and frantically cried: "Don't drink that!"

The latest aspirant for vaudeville honors is Miss Della Fox. April 2 will witness her debut, and should she like her new field of labor she is to continue through next season under the same management. It is reported that \$1415 will be paid Miss Fox weekly, and that she will present "The Little Mother of Fools." Six pretty chorus girls will help out.

The recital of "Ben Hur" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, last week, from "Ben Hur" alone, formed extremely well. A recital by Gen. Wallace's great play, were nations being formed, places it near to and far from New York, to see this play is really remarkable.

Howard Gould, who recently appeared in "A Colonial Girl" at the Columbia, is to star in the same play, with a possible view of sending it on tour.

March 22 marked the rounding out of the thirty-fifth year since Tony Pastor first became a theatrical manager. May Martine, wife of Fred A. Mago-

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part III—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

MUSIC.

THE coming of Mark Hambourg to town after the appearance of Paderewski, will be of special interest to piano-lovers and students of an analytical turn of mind. The two artists, though pupils of the same teacher, Lechetsky, are said to be widely different in their playing, and marked characteristics. The brilliant young Russian pianist is said to be a protégé of Paderewski, and it was through the latter's interest that he was placed under Lechetsky's guidance. Probably no pianist since Paderewski's first brilliant appearance in this country has made such a marked impression on the American public as has young Hambourg. As an illustration of his tone coloring, and his method of enhancing his effects in the production of great depth and power of tone, it may be of interest to mention that his concert instrument has a key dip of one-half inch, and a weight (pressure) of one and one-half ounces, which is half the dip and one-half the weight of the piano of De Fachmann, who aims more for delicacy of touch. The ordinary key dip is three-eighths of an inch, and the key pressure less than an ounce. The magnificent virtuosity of Hambourg seems all the more remarkable, in a serious handicap, the increased key dip and key pressure.

While Los Angeles has been most fortunate during this season and last, in hearing four artists who rank among the greatest living exponents of piano playing, it would seem as though the master players of the violin had been shy of venturing among us. However, the Pacific Coast has been hardly less fortunate in that respect than has the East. It may be that the relatively small ap- preciation shown the violin virtuoso, so prodigally bestowed on the pianists who have left old Europe to try their wares in America, may account for the apparent scarcity of great violin soloists on our concert stage today. Patschikov will be the first violinist of eminence who has visited Los Angeles since Ysaye was heard in Los Angeles. He is among the few violinists who have attained recent marked success before the American music public.

Frank Keraan has been making such a success in the Russell plays, that notwithstanding the fact that he is suffering from a severe cold, he will continue to be seen in them on a separate tour next season.

Otis Skinner is having the most successful season of his career. It is reliably reported that he will divide some- thing like \$25,000 as a result of the tour with "The Lads."

W. R. Mace, the novelist, has joined the ranks of the playwrights. He has written a comedy with a dramatic strain, and will produce it at a leading London theater at an early date.

The smugness in "Way Down East" at the New York Academy of Music, is said to be a veritable triumph for the author of the play, which is so true to nature that it causes many of the spectators to shiver unconsciously.

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Roland Reed has been discharged from the hospital in New York in excellent health. He has entirely recovered from the effects of the operations, and has been forced to undergo, and his physicians state that he is now in a much better physical condition than he has been for many years past.

During a performance of "Man of the Hour" at the Grand Opera House, several nights ago, a man in the orchestra became so excited when the poor tool of the villain tried to put brandy down the hero's throat by four means that he arose and frantically cried: "Don't drink that!"

The latest aspirant for vaudeville honors is Miss Della Fox. April 2 will witness her debut, and should she like her new field of labor she is to continue through next season under the same management. It is reported that \$1415 will be paid Miss Fox weekly, and that she will present "The Little Mother of Fools." Six pretty chorus girls will help out.

The recital of "Ben Hur" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, last week, from "Ben Hur" alone, formed extremely well. A recital by Gen. Wallace's great play, were nations being formed, places it near to and far from New York, to see this play is really remarkable.

Howard Gould, who recently appeared in "A Colonial Girl" at the Columbia, is to star in the same play, with a possible view of sending it on tour.

March 22 marked the rounding out of the thirty-fifth year since Tony Pastor first became a theatrical manager. May Martine, wife of Fred A. Mago-

Mrs. Annie Rommie Thacker, one of the best and most favorably-known singers of Chicago, has been secured as a soloist for the coming season of the "Musketeers." The chorus members are making commendable progress under Prof. Bacon's direction, in which some of the most prominent of our local singers are giving their efforts. With a good orchestra, and a well-prepared chorus material and soloists of eminence, the coming performance of "The Little Mother of Fools" should be a most successful one, and a worthy entry in the musical history of Los Angeles.

The reception given by the Musgraves Society Tuesday evening to charter members and friends was most successful. The guests assembled early in the evening in the parlors of the Musgraves Hotel, where the program of the evening was given by the Y.M.C.A. auditorium, where Haydn's mass and works furnished subjects of interest in the present program, interspersed with selections from compositions of that master. The boys' choir, nature, life and works of Haydn were subjects for papers read by Miss Anna Ingham, and the First Christian Church Orchestra, under the direction of Earl B. Valentine, contributed several numbers. Mrs. Robinson sang "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Mrs. W. R. Carter read a paper on "The Musgraves Star," and piano selections were played by Miss Henry and others.

The Gounod Club met at the residence of Prof. W. Gardner Caswell, Tuesday evening. A programme of piano and vocal compositions were contributed by Miss Brooks, Mrs. T. Rowe, Mrs. Z. Werby, Miss Jessie Ritchie, Mrs. C. Washburn, J. H. Davis, William Hancock, Edward Davis and Harry Porter.

Miss Annie F. Adams' intermediate class in elocution gave a recital Friday evening at Blanchard Hall. Twenty pupils, assisted by Helen Williams and Thomas Bevels of the junior class, and by the following teacher: Mrs. Caroline Adams, Reader, Misses Grace and Mary Adams, and Miss Young, vocalists, and H. E. Wood, accompanist. The programme was interesting and well given.

Miss Miriam Barnes and Miss Edna Dard, assisted by Miss H. Becker, gave piano recitals at Blanchard Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, respectively on the 24 and 25 of April.

Mrs. Martine, assisted by the Trolle Club and soloists, will com-

Staff Correspondent of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. Published simultaneously in the Los Angeles Times under special arrangement.

(TENTH AND LAST LETTER.)

to him, therefore, do not suffer.

The attitude of the company is that it is not going to make a fortune, but the best way to make a man sober and industrious and respectful of property is to make him a shareholder. There is no charity in this arrangement—no pretense of philanthropy. The company does take an almost paternal interest in its 800 hands, and a little while ago, when a young fellow had come to take a rum cure at an institute of sobrieties. The effect of the rum had been to make the young men more cleanly and apparently self-controlled. The manager, seeing that their lives and ways of thinking were deepened. There is more general than it is in any other rum cure, and the effect is better. At the first dividend meeting the hands attended just as the men were dressed with grimy bodies and greasy hair.

backs, iron foot rests and foot
rests. They have a ten-minute recess
in the morning and another of the
length in the afternoon. The
men are paid with their apron
over their shoulders, which are
checked out charge to the wearers.
The nations of sex are likewise consid-
ered and they do not arrive at the
shops until an hour after the men. In
the present crowding at the doors
there is difficulty in obtaining the
cars, they are also dismissed ten
minutes earlier in the afternoon. All
men have a Saturday half holiday,
all are paid at a ten-hour rate,
and the girls work but eight hours.
The girls are fined and sent to
prison to minimise the danger from

are in haste. And the more skill intelligence they bring to their work, the better the results. When the cash registers were sent abroad from this country, they were defective because the workmen were careless and unsound, and it was not because the mechanics care a rap whether work is good or bad. They are the same in the case of a customary attitude for doing labor to assume, as every workman who has employed it. But the negligence and indifference of workers toward their people is likewise a serious factor in the loss of our cash registers. By the

the young people in these schools classes and clubs that many of them are settling down to a life of their own to going to a theater to get an entertainment provided by managers.

It was early realized by the officers their lieutenants that the best way to stimulate the young people in the industry was to provide examples their benefits. Many people do not value education. At least, they do not want to sacrifice any of their pleasures for it. They will never read anything but papers, the worse the papers are the better like them. They must have put them in concrete form the benefit resulting from education, that they

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Call and see sample
get our prices before
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works of art bound in
style at moderate prices

FISH AND STATUES. Aquarium of Paris is similar to the aquariums, so far as the fish are concerned. How otherwise? But it should be noted that this attraction abounds in Vivants, is in the hands of the artist, the Guillaume brood, consequently everything with it is artistic. The attraction, by the way, is in the hands of the artist.

One meets on all the works of sculpture, the able of which, is a life of Amphitrite, the head of Neptune, who is portrayed in a huge tank of water.

near defeat.
masked gentle
evening appar
the crowd at
strength again
The turtle was
giant crowd
this day the
unsuccessful
a secret. In

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works of sculpture, the most
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of Amphitrite, the beautiful
of Neptune, who is portrayed in
as a huge tank of water in

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to poor scan quality. It appears to be a continuation of the document's content.]

Beautiful Millinery Spring and Summer Opening

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 26th, 27th, 28th.

Were it our intention to try to fill this space with beautiful language, figurative speeches and meaningless long French names, in describing display of new Spring and Summer Millinery, it would certainly be a simple task. Having said all that space would permit, we would still have

Wash Goods.

The unparalleled success in this specialty during the present season clearly indicates the appreciation of our offerings in these lines. The collection we are showing in high class novelties embraces the latest colorings in harmony with the prevailing modes. The beautiful dainties, lawns, percales, ginghams, and the many other light and dainty wash goods shown in this department are the very best productions and are of invaluable service for spring and summer wear.

Kid Gloves.

Being agents for the Centeneri and Trofousse Gloves, we are in a position to put before the public all the latest ideas in the best glove qualities ever placed on the market. This season we are showing all of the newest shades in both glove and suede gloves in full pique and over seams.

Fancy Parasols.

We are showing all the latest ideas in parasols for the Spring of 1900. The new Berthea silks with hand embroidered knots and figures and handsome carved wood handles are excellent qualities and the proper thing for this season. Our new coaching shades and checked borders, together with the rare collection of handsome carriage parasols draped with laces and chiffons, and our fine line of children's parasols form one of the most elaborate and complete stocks ever shown in the city.

Flannel Department.

New French flannels in polka dots, fleur de lis, Persian patterns, also plain colors, either down in plain and fancy; a complete line of domestic flannels, in white, colored and embroidered edge, for skirts.

short of giving this stock a just representation. It is impossible for you to appreciate the richness of this showing of fresh, dainty, and seasonable headwear, without having visited our store and taken a careful survey of the stock. We are undeniably carrying the most beautiful line of exclusive French pattern hats ever shown in the city. The soft pastel shades are the most prominent for the season. The Tuscan effects are extremely good. The shapes are principally round, draped effects, and large toques will be very popular.

Cloaks and Suits.

Our line of cloaks and suits for this spring is quite up to the high standard of the entire stock of our store. The beautiful new assortment of capes which we have lately added to our stock comprises a complete line of golf, kersey, chiffon, silk and fancy capes in all the latest patterns. We are showing some beautiful Eton jackets in kersey, cheviot, serge and whipcord. Our suits are unsurpassed by any in the city. We have a large assortment in the best cloths, chevots, venetian and broadcloth, pebble chevots and zibeline, in single and double breasted, and Eton jacket effects.

Lining Department.

We are showing a large assortment of cotton, silk and wool moreens in all the newest patterns. Some beautiful pieces especially adapted for shirt waists will be found in this stock.

Silk.

A few of the leading silk fabrics for Spring, in evening shades only, in both double and single width, similar to panne velvet.

Creme Metere, 50 in. wide, reversible satin crepe back, soft, rich and lustrous.

Silk and wool Narcissus, a combination of silk and wool, of allover lace; very dressy.

Figured Matalere, Soleil finished surface, interesting geometrical designs.

Panne velvet, in all the leading shades, both in single and double width.

Ribbon Department.

We have the only first-class department in Southern California. Here may be found at any time all the best qualities of satin and gros grains, double taffetas, liberties, fancy college colors, wash ribbons, fact anything that can be found in a first-class ribbon department.

Dress Trimming Department.

We are showing this season all the latest European and domestic novelties. Eton effects, black, white and colors, chenille and silk fringes, the correct styles for the season.

Our Linen Department.

Latest arrivals from the leading Irish, German and French manufacturers, of table linens, napkins, doilies, tray cloths, etc., also the newest thing for shirt waists in plain and colored linen.

GERMANY. NAVAL BILL STILL UNDER CONSIDERATION.

SPECIAL REICHTAG COMMITTEE TO TACKLE IT NOW.

Centrists Want to Know Where the Money is to Come From—Millions Tolders Out of Work on Account of Lack of It—Met Bill Shelves Till After Easter.

(A. P. KUHNT REPORT.)

BERLIN, March 24.—(Special Cable Letter, Copyright, 1900, by the Associated Press.) During the coming week, the Reichstag will consider the special Reichstag committee.

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ATEC RELICS. NEW COLLECTION HAS REACHED NEW YORK.

(New York Journal.) Another large collection of ancient Atec relics has just reached the American Museum of Natural History. It represents several months' work on the part of Prof. Marshall H. Saville, who is the sub-curator of the department of anthropology of the museum.

Prof. Saville did his work under a contract made with the Mexican government by the museum, the terms of which provide that the representatives of the museum should have the right of exploration among the ruins of Teotihuacan and elsewhere in Mexico. One-half of the specimens go to the Mexican government and the other half to the museum.

The present collection comes from about the famous ruins of Mitla, where a large number of mounds have been excavated in the past, as it is in the case of these mounds.

The unearthing of these mounds revealed the existence of underground chambers constructed centuries before the discovery of Columbus. Although the existence of these chambers had been known to archaeologists for many years, this is the first attempt to make an elaborate investigation of their character and contents.

Their location has been looked upon as almost inaccessible in the past, as it is on the summit of a high mountain surrounded by a dense forest growth. A road had to be constructed to the top of this mountain from Mitla, which is about two miles distant.

THE TREASURES UNCOVERED.

The unearthing of the mounds was also a severe task in itself. Forty different excavations were made in all, and three elaborate tombs were uncovered and explored. These tombs consisted of large subterranean chambers with mosaic walls and ceilings. Large quantities of pottery and other articles of archaeological interest were found in the course of the work.

One of the most highly prized of the articles in the collection brought here is a magnificent Atec headdress, such as was in use at the time of the Spanish conquest. It is a huge affair, nearly three feet high, and composed of the most part of the feathers of rare birds.

Prof. Saville is looked upon as one of the foremost of the archaeologists of this country. He has devoted many years to study and research. He is highly gratified at the success attending the present expedition.

He made friends with the descendants of the ancient Atecs, who form the native population of Oaxaca, in which the ruins are situated. The Governor of Oaxaca took great interest in the work and gave considerable assistance toward its success.

DANCE BY THE ATEC.

The Governor gave an entertainment at Oaxaca, which was attended by Prof. Saville. About 600 of the native Indians were present, and during the ceremony a band of them wearing the complete Atec dress had a sham battle with other Indians representing the Spanish invaders.

The story of the conquest was recited

by the chief of the warriors performed an Atec dance.

GOOD TEA.

CHINESE MINISTER TELLS HOW TO BREW IT.

(Philadelphia Record.) On the subject of brewing tea, Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, says: "The tea of China is invariably of porcelain, and varies in style, cost and dimensions in accordance with the taste, wealth and size of the family possessing it. In the morning a sufficient quantity of dry tea leaves is placed in it, and on this is poured hot water. Let this infusion stand for a few minutes—say four or five—and you have what we think rightly, regard as a drink fit for the gods.

"It is always ready. Whenever the pot needs replenishing, all we have to do is to add a little more tea and a little more water. There is no hard and fast rule as to the proportions of tea and water, or as to the character of the tea itself. It is all a matter of individual taste. We use black and green tea, and have either weak or strong, just as our tastes direct.

"We never drink it boiling hot, as is done in America and England, but at a moderate degree of warmth. To maintain this desirable temperature it is customary to cover the teapot with a sort of bag padded with cotton and lined with wool.

"The family teapot is simply emptied and replenished every morning, and not covered inside, as that would rob it of its fragrance and aroma. In this way an old teapot acquires a degree of fragrance that is analogous to the seasoning of a pipe that has been long in use." The addition of milk, sugar or any other ingredient is severely condemned by the Minister.

Diary of the Capital's Devil.

(New York World: Monday, March 12, 1900, 11 a.m.—Sheldon made a speech to us, saying we mustn't smoke. He's a frost.

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6:30 p.m.—Sheldon wiped his face on a rag-time song to be Billy West. T.P.M.—Lit cigarette stub back of gallery rack. Sheldon's nose all right. Suspended.

Is looked forward to with expectations of joy and gladness. The order of bringing the little one into the world, however, is a critical one for the mother-to-be, and her anticipations of the coming event are shadowed with gloom. Half the pain and all the danger of child-birth is "MOTHER'S FRIEND," a scientific

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Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends.

ONE NIGHT CURE.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purifier of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour.

Outing of CUTICURA SOAP (See), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickest cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (See), to instantly relieve itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (See), to cool and cleanse the blood. A science diet is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. FORTNA 1800 AND CHAS. COOK, Sole Props., Boston.

THE SET, \$1.25

ASPHALT PAPER PIPE.

Patented Oct. 8, 1899.

For Water Works, Mining and Irrigation Plants.

Alkal water will not affect it. Roots will not affect it. Lighter than iron, therefore saving in freight. Will last longer in the ground than any other pipe made; and cheaper. Write for particulars.

ASPHALT PAPER PIPE CO.,

205 and 207 N. Los Angeles Street. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DR. WHITE & CO.,

(The Original Specialists.) Since 1886, at 128 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

They cure all skin and blood diseases, kidney and bladder troubles, all forms of weakness and contracted

AILMENTS OF MEN ONLY.

Thousands have been cured in California and neighboring States by the use of their remedies. No harmful drugs used. Cures guaranteed.

Consult Dr. White at Dr. White's Private Dispensary, or address a letter to him personally. Consultation and examination free only as 128 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

(REMEMBER THE NUMBER.)

CUT out this coupon and bring or send the Subscription Department of The Times, get Part 10 of Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and in War.

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CUT out this coupon and bring or send the Subscription Department of The Times, get Part 10 of Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and in War.

BIG STRIKE OF OIL!

In Soquel Canyon near our properties, where we will soon bore. Contracts now being let. TWO WELLS to go down at once, and a third as soon as a boring rig can be secured.

\$1.00 Stock Now 10c.

Time will be set for advance in price as soon as contracts are made.

LOOK OUT For announcement of advance in price. DON'T WAIT. Only a few days notice will be given.

WE HAVE 1500 acres proven Oil Lands in Fullerton and Coalinga fields.
WE HAVE No Liabilities.
WE HAVE Large Assets.
WE HAVE Non-assessable Stock.
WE HAVE No personal liability for corporate debts.
WE HAVE Maps that are true to surveys and show our Oil Lands correctly.

Call or write for prospectus and map of our properties. Mail orders receive special attention. Investigation invited.

GLOBE OIL COMPANY,

Rooms 432-434 Homer Laughlin Building.

Telephone Red 3566.

315 South Broadway.



THE RETIRED BURGULAR

MR. TELLER'S STORY OF A LITTLE WINDFALL.

[New York Sun:] "I did, occasionally, when I was a young man, but I never did it again. I was a burglar, but I was a retired burglar."

"It was a pretty ordinary sort of a house and I didn't find a blessed thing worth stealing. I was a burglar, but I was a retired burglar."

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FOURTEEN FEET OF IT IN AN ELEGANT TUNIC

[New York Tribune:] "I told you the other day about the Sultan of Zanzibar's clock."

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

34 SOUTH BROADWAY

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. Rice the Well Known Authority, Sends a Trial of His Famous Method Free to

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with

It is hoped their attention will be

drawn to Dr. Rice's free offer. An

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New Extension Tables.

Finest lot we ever had—about 60

different styles at prices that will

surprise. For instance

A Solid Oak Table, 6 foot, turned

legs, fine finish, patent slides.....\$6.50

Best All-wool Ingrain Carpets

9x12 feet, sewed, \$4.50

Made from remnants, but perfectly fresh and clean. A limited number only.

345-347—S. SPRING ST.

BET. THIRD & FOURTH STS.

Free Help for Weak Men!

"CALTHOS."

Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Vitality.

FIVE DAYS TRIAL TREATMENT.

Sent Absolutely Free by Sealed Mail To All Sufferers.

NO C.O.D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.

The Von Mohl Company, 609 B. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

St. Bernard Oil Company

Is selling, every day, its \$1.00 per value stock at SIXTY CENTS until sufficient is sold to make two wells. These sales will stop for less than \$1.00. Now is the time to buy. We are in the Newhall district. Call or write for prospectus.

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We Purchased

THE ENTIRE LINE OF

Carpet Samples

of two of the largest carpet manufacturers in the East.

These are about 14 yards long. Every one is bound with leather binding on both ends, and make

Splendid Rugs

There are Wiltons, Velvets, Brussels, Tapestries and Ingrains. There are about

1000 Sample Rugs

Some as low as \$5 each. Others \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$40. The finest ones, \$125 each. This is a rare opportunity.

Prices in Plain Figures

345-347—S. SPRING ST.

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Free Help for Weak Men!

"CALTHOS."

Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Vitality.

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AMERICAN DYE WORKS

Spring has come. Save money. Look over your

Before the rush garments cleaned and renovated in

the warm weather. Blankets, curtains, hold goods, etc., at reduced prices.

We have extensively increased our

and can turn out large orders on short

Work called for and delivered to the

city and Pasadena. Mail and orders promptly attended to.

MAIN OFFICE—210 1/2 S. Spring Street.

WORKS—612-616 West Sixth.

PASADENA OFFICE—21 E. Colorado.

Make Lazy Liver Lively.

You know very well how you feel when your liver collects in the blood, bowels become

stagnant, and the system is poisoned. A lazy liver is a

thousand pains and aches to come and dwell on. Life becomes one long measure of irritability and

and had feeling.

CANDY CATHARTIC

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Act directly, and in a peculiarly happy manner, on the bowels, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing the

liver, driving all the bile from the bowels, and by increased appetite for food, power to digest and throw off the waste. Beware of imitations and

druggists.

Best for the Bowels.

Didn't Hurt a Bit

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several cases of constipation and that I have been cured by the use of Candy Cathartic.

I would like every one to know that I had 12 teeth (nearly all) extracted by Dr. Schmittman in the Newhall district, Cal. I am glad to recommend Dr. Schmittman to the public.

MRS. MARIE E. HARRIS, 218 W. 10th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

I have had 12 teeth of teeth, that had been broken of years ago by other dentists, extracted by Dr. Schmittman without the least bit of pain, and one highly recommended method to all.

W. O. WHITE, Cap. Inspector L. A. P. Co. No. 1810 Beale St.

I had 7 teeth extracted by Dr. Schmittman's method, all inside of a minute. I was perfectly surprised—couldn't believe it possible.

MRS. A. A. WHITE, 107 N. Spring St.

I had two teeth extracted by Dr. Schmittman's method, all inside of a minute. I was perfectly surprised—couldn't believe it possible.

MRS. A. A. WHITE, 107 N. Spring St.

Extract From The

March 24

PUEBLO CRUDE OIL COMPANY'S PROMISING TERRITORY

Among the most promising territories on which work has been done in the

Crude Oil Company, who are of land adjoining the land

Crude Oil Company on the situated at the junction of

Canyon and the Rio Grande what is known as the north

Brea Canyon.

A new heavy standard bought and is now on the

perfectly drilled have been it is expected that in all

drilling will commence, and that oil will be found in large

quantities, say that without

crude oil which is located in Columbia well No. 2 and the

well of the Union Oil Company an almost direct line through

width of this company's lands are not situated on and

and surrounded by dry hills the very center of three large

oil fields, the Union Oil Company is the west, the

and Union Oil Company to west, and the Graham and

Santa Fe wells to the east, pay reports the sale of a

ceeding their most sanguine

that the land is in the

So many companies are

public confidence that have

issues on their lands that

ing to and a company which

Our motto is to undersell. What others advertise we sell for less.

Sapolio at 3c a bar.

New housekeepers have any idea of the immense variety of house keeping helps to be found on our third floor. Labor saving devices that few would think of or imagine. Five patented articles many of which will save their own in the saving of food. For instance, pouring machines, rubber mops, house sweepers, meat choppers, and much. We call attention to this department on Monday we will sell Sapolio at 3c a bar. To prevent dealers from buying it all up before our customers have had a chance, we will limit the selling to 5 cases to a purchaser.



Elegant dresses and tailored suits.

The picture shows one of our most beautiful foulard silk evening gowns. The silk is of the best twilled quality in a blue and white Persian pattern. The bodice is trimmed with white corded taffeta, lace and white ribbon. The skirt is cut out down the front, sides and back and filled in with a most exquisite white lace insertion. Underneath is a white taffeta silk skirt with an accordion plaited flounce which shows through the lace insertion. Round the bottom of the dress skirt is a double row of white satin ribbon. The costume is rich, elegant and fashionable, and the whole garment reflects the latest Paris mode.

Tailored suits are also here in great variety. There are no duplicates among the better ones, each is an exclusive style. The assortment is bewildering and instructive. Many of the suits come too late to be shown during our opening reception. First view can be had tomorrow. The prices range from \$50.00 to \$85 a suit.

We are showing some exceptionally fine suits made of imported French silks. Some of the most beautiful and latest styles are shown. These suits are made of the finest French silks and are made in the latest styles. They are made in the latest styles and are made in the latest styles. They are made in the latest styles and are made in the latest styles.

Lilliputian daintiness

During the opening display of infants' and children's garments was most profuse. Compliments were numerous. Many were astonished at the completeness, the beauty and the daintiness of the line, yet it was just an ordinary display for us. The only difference was that we displayed a little larger variety than at ordinary times. The goods are always here, but of course such fine materials cannot be continually exposed to view. They must be kept in boxes and show cases. The buyer of this line of goods is a woman and who knows better than a woman what is appropriate and pretty for the daintiest of humanity?

From children's dresses in red and blue with pink of the undergarment and lace-trimmed cuffs. Plaided with ruffles of charming and colorful. \$3.50
Tutu-like long-sleeved slips, trimmed with lace. \$1.00
Long-sleeved chemise with lace-trimmed cuffs. \$1.25
Long-sleeved chemise with lace-trimmed cuffs. \$1.50
Long-sleeved chemise with lace-trimmed cuffs. \$1.75

Untrimmed millinery

Owing to the fact that we are extensive wholesalers of millinery and provide the majority of smaller stores in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico with goods, we can buy in sufficient quantities to secure better discounts and prices than any other store on this Coast, except, of course, the San Francisco jobbers, who are entitled to the same prices we get. This immense buying also enables us to show a greater variety of styles than though we were exclusive retailers. We are able to sell all kinds of untrimmed millinery for 1-3 or 1-2 less than any other retail store within your reach. In buying we select few of a kind so that there will be but little duplication, if any, in Los Angeles. The showing of trimmed millinery will continue this week as it was in the opening, only there will be new hats to see. In addition we will make a profuse display of untrimmed hats including the following line:

A beautiful line of dress shapes in fancy crown braid and hair which other stores are slow to sell for the and 1/2. \$50
A full line of plain cloth and satin head shapes in all the latest styles. \$75
All the new shapes in dress braid and hair which other stores are slow to sell for the and 1/2. \$1.25
New and latest crown shapes in the greatest variety on the Coast. \$1.75
Shapes with new crests in crown, plain cloth, green and fancy braid. Styles in all the latest styles. \$1.00

Corded silks \$1.00 We don't believe a wanted color is missing from this assortment. Black and white also are here. The corded taffeta silks used on much for yokes. Only 100 yards could be secured at this price, the same quality you are familiar with at \$1.50 a yard. On sale while they last at \$1.00

A. Hamburger & Sons

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

Reflection, Comment, Prophecy.

To illustrate our plans for the future, we refer you backward over a score of years to our beginning; to the little store that fought for low prices and fair dealing. For years we studied your wants and requirements. We bought the goods the public demanded and sold them at the smallest possible profit. The business grew. You have always found it possible to return unwanted merchandise. We have tried to make you feel that this is your store, that it is conducted in a manner which inspires confidence. Mistakes have been made, but every one resulted in the betterment of the business. We must necessarily learn by experience. During the more recent years the quality and grade of merchandise has been advanced. Better goods have been carried. A buying organization has been perfected which reaches to the ends of the earth and we now buy merchandise from the producers. In Japan we buy our matting, in France, Germany, England, Switzerland and other countries we buy the products for which they are noted. We have learned by experience that goods bought in this manner can be bought at lower prices than of jobbers and importers in this country. This manner of buying was impossible while the business was small. As it increases, so our facilities increase. During the last week's opening days you found a better store than a year ago. A store fully provided with the world's best merchandise and equipped with modern facilities. Improvement is noticeable everywhere. There is no other store in Southern California and only one on the Pacific Coast that handles fine class merchandise in such large quantities. Take for instance foulard silks. In other stores you will find what they consider good assortments, but when compared to ours, we can show 10 pieces to their one. 'Tis so in every line of goods, whether it be imported costumes or kitchen utensils. Complete assortments cannot be had without quantity and quantity cannot be had by small stores. As we have increased and bettered our business in the past, so will we better it in the future and twenty years from now may see this store as much greater in proportion as it is now greater than when we started. To this aim we study your wants.

\$2, \$2.50 and \$3 French novelty silks at

\$1.50

All told there are 5000 yards. All strictly high class waist silks. A manufacturer at Lyons, France, sold us his odd pieces of silks at a reduction. These goods are the season's newest and prettiest and most desirable patterns. The last pieces of lines which sold out first, therefore the most choice of his product. The lot was simply a remnant in his eyes, but to us it was an opportunity to give our patrons a splendid bargain. The silks are the regular \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 qualities. Some of the exact patterns are being sold in Los Angeles now at \$3.00 a yard. Among the lot you will find all the new pastel shades and the new street shades. Rose, roseada green, pearl and steel gray, new blue, castor, new reds, etc., in corded pique de soie and tucked effects, embroidered rive taffeta, real lace striped silks, hemstitched silks with plisse stripes, double corded taffeta silks, corded and printed warp Dresden silks, Persian and satin stripes, hemstitched silks with fancy stripes between the hemstitching. The entire assortment will be on sale Monday at \$1.50.

Foulard silks at \$1.00.

We haven't counted but we judge there are over 10,000 yards of new foulard silks now in stock. Los Angeles' most fashionable dressers have been selecting and although scores and hundreds of dress patterns have gone out of stock, it is still complete, as complete as at the beginning. We show every grade of foulard silk that can be depended upon and warranted not to slide on the warp. There is an unmatched collection of twilled foulards at \$1.00 and every new spring shade is represented. Printed in all sorts of patterns. Description is impossible. There are plain colored foulards to match the ground colors of the printed ones. The showing is second to none on the Pacific Coast, and we have been told by shoppers, that there is no collection in San Francisco equal to it. Do not overlook these silks at \$1.00

Black serge at 50c.

A rich handsome quality of black serge, either in storm serge or shirred skirt. Every thread is pure wool. The cloth is reversible and of 44 inches wide. It is a quality that no store on this Coast is selling for less than 70c a yard. We have 10 pieces which we can sell at the 50c a yard.

Granite cloth at \$1.25.

By chance we secured 10 pieces of a superb quality of black granite cloth in a very pretty design. Made of pure mohair wool. It is 44 inches wide and will not retain the dust. An extraordinary value at \$1.25

Silk mohair crepons at \$1.50.

Black silk mohair crepon in a profusion of silky blisters. Made of all new and different from those of last season. Extra fine and beautiful. These are plain colored crepons at \$1.50, satin striped crepons at \$1.50 and a special all wool crepon in black, with silk finish, at 10c a yard.

Black grenadines at \$2.00.

We show a grand assortment of black grenadines in crepon effects. There are satin-striped silk grenadines, crepon grenadines, sewing crepon, crepon, crepon, crepon. An good as a tailor price in a 90c suit. Equal to any \$2.00 cloth in Los Angeles. Our price is \$2.00 a yard.

Homespun suitings at 75c.

A dozen different shades of all wool homespun suitings in light, medium and dark gray and tan mixtures. The most serviceable and fashionable suitings for tailor goods. A full yard and a half wide and will sell at 75c a yard. Our leader at 75c.

Snowflake mixtures at \$1.25.

A most popular style. Snowflake mixtures in tan, gray, brown and blue. Also, plaid to match. A fabric that will not show dust or wrinkles. 44 inches wide at \$1.25.

Crepons for easter gowns.

Mostly made of wool. Some have mixtures or stripes of silk and silk to add to their beauty. The assortment includes all the new with littlest at 10c a yard. Crepon crepon to be extensively worn and are rivals to foulards in popularity. We show the largest line to be found in Los Angeles, and counting pieces for pieces it will double any other showing. Among them are double crepons at \$1.50, satin striped crepons at \$1.50 and a special all wool crepon in black, with silk finish, at 10c a yard.

Imported venetians at \$2.50.

We will show for the first time Monday, 10 pieces of imported venetian cloth, 44 inches wide in all the new plain shades of pearl, steel gray, castor, tan, roseada green and black. As good as a tailor price in a 90c suit. Equal to any \$2.50 cloth in Los Angeles. Our price is \$2.50 a yard.

Wash goods supremacy.

The law of cause and effect has no better illustration than that of our wash goods section. That we enjoy a very large and satisfying trade is conceded by everyone. The causes are four—One cause is located in the East, in the persons of our buyers, who visit the best producing cotton fabrica, and select from among the best foreign makers. By being on the ground they secure first choice.

Another cause lies in the immensity of the quantity we handle. It is an established law of trade that the merchant buying the largest quantity secures the lowest price. There is a difference of from 2c to 10c a yard between the prices we pay, and the prices that small merchants are obliged to pay. This difference goes to the middlemen.

The third cause is in the arrangement of our wash goods department. You are familiar with the room. Instead of being filled with shelving it is full of tables, upon which is laid out our superb collection of wash stuffs. You can walk around the room and examine every fabric without the aid of a clerk. An idea of the prettiest fabrics of the season can be had at a glance.

The last cause is our mode of selling and pricing. The expenses are minimized by combining so many different stores under one roof.

Take for instance the gingham. There are some beautiful prettiest at 10c. Fully 100 patterns at 12c. Some genuine French gingham at 15c. Some very wide Scotch gingham at 20c. Some of those new sheer gingham at 25c. Silk mixed gingham at 35c. And some silk striped gingham, 40 patterns at 45c.

\$2 to \$3.50 pieces of china at \$1.50

Upon one of the special sales tables in the China Department tomorrow will be found over 200 pieces of the finest French and German china, including Elite Lemoges, Haviland, Bavarian, Royal Sax, Monbijou, J. Poyet, etc., and some genuine Josiah Wedgwood ware. These pieces are all worth from \$2.00 to \$3.50, and among them you will find:

Salad and Nut Bowls,
Comb and Brush Trays,
Chocolate Pots,
Spoon Trays,
Teapots,
Butter Dishes,
Bonbon Boxes,
Cake Trays,
Cabarets.

Celery Trays,
Ice Cream Trays,
Water Jugs,
Tobacco Jars,
Chop Plates,
Marmalade Jars,
Candle Sticks,
Vases.



Allcocks plasters for

We guarantee these plasters to be the genuine Allcock's Plaster. Plaster of Paris by the Plaster Co. of the Village of King, New York. They are all fresh and there is sufficient quantity to last. This guarantee is so strong that the customer who has used them at our drug counter, we handle nothing but the purest of drugs. Allcock's Plaster is in each one of our stores as an indication of the way we prevent druggists from buying to cut out in the day we want them.

The latest styles in men's clothing.

There are reasons why you should buy clothing of us, and that is our inability to supply a cheaply gotten up or poorly made suit, intended but for temporary wear; can be had in Los Angeles, but not here. Our arguments for your trade are—

First—Our clothing is made by wholesale tailors of national reputation, who are known to produce nothing but first-class suits for the prices asked.

Second—Our buying is done direct of the manufacturers and no traveling salesman's expenses are added to the cost.

Third—We guarantee a saving of from \$2.50 to \$5.00 on every suit we sell. This saving is made by our method of buying, and by our economical manner of conducting this business.

Fourth—A first-class tailor is employed in our saloon, any necessary alterations in fit and to keep suits pressed and in good condition.

Fifth—We have resident buyers in New York who are posted on the prevailing styles and no suit is allowed to pass that has not passed their critical examination.

Buy a very good quality of clothes, correctly made, at the lowest prices.

\$7.50 In the price of some very handsome suits, made of the new spring colorings. Suits that will hold their shape.

\$8.50 Secure excellent qualities of black day wear, vests, workshirts, and undershirts.

\$10.00 Buy one of our celebrated Italian suits, every one of which is made of the finest Italian cloth, and will be returned if you are not satisfied.

\$11.50 In the price of a superb line of black day wear, shirts, fancy vests, shirts, Scotch mittens, every color and design that is popular. The strongest line.

\$15.00 Buy one of the handsomest suits that can be produced, detail, superior make and elegant in appearance.

\$17.50 In the price of the best suit we are able to buy. Sharp and can produce for \$18.00. The most of day wear and suits in the very height of a style.

\$20.00

Boys' shirts, four kinds.

The golf shirts are made of heavy percale and have silk striped madras bosoms. One line of negligee shirts is made of percale and has two separate turn-down collars. The other negligee shirts are made of madras and have detached collars and cuffs. The 4th shirt is made of percale with stiff bosom and has a pair of cuffs to match. All are well made, amply cut, and of good quality. Shirts that ordinarily sell at 65 to 75c each. We are selling them at.....

Pure linen handkerchiefs

We buy these handkerchiefs unlaundered and can sell as laundered cotton handkerchiefs. Every thread is embroidered ones are all done by hand, mostly by time is of little value, but whose artistic taste is most.

Plain linen handkerchiefs with small initials embroidered. 10c
All these handkerchiefs with pretty embroidered designs. 12c

Novelties in footwear.

Our shoe store is different from any other shoe store. We have all the staples, but in addition we carry numerous novelties. Styles which are exclusively our own. Styles which have made their appearance in the East and are most fashionable. We have studied your wants in the past. Our purpose is to sell none but good shoes and to have them proper in every detail. We must conform to the latest styles. We have some novelties which are shown for the first time.

A new shoe to be worn with the new showing suit and walking skirt, one of very pretty outline. They are novel, symmetrical and durable. The shade of all these is correct, and the shoes will be worn to wear. Priced at \$3.50 and.....

Women's shoes of novel character, made with flexible soles and cloth tops. The tips match the shoes, and the general appearance very pretty. Priced at \$2.50 and.....

Women's dress slippers, made of the best kid in the four striped sandal style with Louis XV heels. As they are made to be worn with the new showing suit and walking skirt, one of very pretty outline. They are novel, symmetrical and durable. The shade of all these is correct, and the shoes will be worn to wear. Priced at \$2.00 and.....

Girls' dress slippers, come in pink, blue, white, patent leather and black kid. Newest patterns and shapes. Priced at \$1.50 and.....

Women's dress slippers, made of the best kid in the four striped sandal style with Louis XV heels. As they are made to be worn with the new showing suit and walking skirt, one of very pretty outline. They are novel, symmetrical and durable. The shade of all these is correct, and the shoes will be worn to wear. Priced at \$2.50 and.....

25c hosiery-- Early last fall we bought worth double a pair. They were made May 1st and June 1st. After the goods were made agents refused to hold them for us unless we paid 50 percent, claiming that their money was tied up and that they. They compelled us to take the goods at that time. They are all here.

12,000 pairs of stockings. Every pair is worth from 35c to 50c as the new polka dots on black grounds, all over lace plaids, fancy drop stitch stripes, assorted ribbed with white feet or soles. A few all wool cashmere and some real lisle threads. All have double heels and toes. The entire 12,000 on sale at.....

BUSINESS SHEET.

City News-Markets.

THE YEAR.

DOLLAR.

Goes farther in this week.

Fountain Syringes.

Flow Fountain Syringes.

15c.

60c.

THOMAS DRUG CO.,

Cut-Rate Druggists.

Times Have C.

Time was when to be old was needed for any article or man.

People want the new, the new.

Especially is this true in trousers.

ropes, and great strides have been

trous fitting—for it is a science.

rienced the comfort and ease

induced to return to old methods.

trous. No real people, I mean,

suit each case, because there

are maintain the high standard.

There are imitations plenty, but

\$500.00 R.

For proof that there is such

elastic hosiery in the city, and

Can it be there are pretensions

show you my alloy of aluminum

trous. No real people, I mean,

strap within the reach of all.

among patrons and physicians.

NO CURES FROM

W. SWEENEY,

Lady Assistant.

SHONING

ESTABLISHED 1890.

over carried just received. Built on hon

prices; easy terms.

LLIAMSON BROS., 327

"Didn't Hurt a

doctor, Judge Franklin Blades of Pomona, had long

been a sufferer from hemorrhoids, and had been

for years, but he was naturally shrewd from the ordeal

of the operation, and he was naturally shrewd from the

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SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1900. SHEET. News-Markets.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FOUR PARTS.
Part IV—8 Pages.
PRICE 5 CENTS

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1900.

THIS IS HIS BUSY YEAR.



He opens his mail. "Pears like the whole world is sending for goods."

ARE THERE OTHERS?

FIRE DEPARTMENT SCANDAL MAY SPREAD OUT.

"Dutch Charley," a Horse Dealer, Asks That Others Besides Moore Have Been in Crooked Deal.

Going, Charged With Grand Larceny, Hopes to Escape Trial by Habeas Corpus Proceedings.

J. Percival Baker's Dismissal—Boy Accused of a Hold-up—Linda Peck's Big Estate to Be Probated.

There were rumors about the City Hall yesterday that additional sensational charges were to be made regarding the conduct of affairs in the fire department. These charges, it was asserted, implicated others besides Moore. "Dutch Charley," a horse dealer, from whom the rumors originated, asserts that he has knowledge of many things that were not as they should have been, and that he has always had to pay \$25 at royalty on every horse sold the city. He also asserts that more wholesale transactions have been attempted. The friends of Thomas Strohm have started to boom him for the position of Fire Chief. Strohm was Chief of the department for three years, and for two years a member of the City Council. Owing to the apprehensions that have been made from tax collection the condition of the city funds is better than last week. The collection of the second half of the city taxes is now well under way, and the Tax Collector's office will be busy from now until the taxes are delinquent, April 15. Dr. J. W. Going, who was charged jointly with N. H. McLean, with grand larceny, whereby W. H. H. Young was tricked out of \$200 in cash, has sued out a writ of habeas corpus yesterday on Wednesday at 2 p.m. J. Percival Baker, who gave his address as Santa Barbara, returned yesterday to the District Attorney's office yesterday for a complaint against the Western Union Telegraph Company. Baker claimed that it refused to send a message for him. No complaint was issued, as the theory that Baker did not comply with the company's rules. George Wilson, a mere boy, now in the County Jail for vagrancy, has been appointed as the individual who has up C. O. Monroe of Monrovia several nights.

Additional name. When he got well he asked for his money, and was told that the funds had run behind, and that he should wait. This state of affairs, he asserts, lasted for about ten months. At the end of this time he became impatient and determined to investigate. He discovered, he says, that the official had drawn all the money on the recollections presented under another name, and had used it to suit his own convenience. The official at once promised to pay the money to Minshard, and did pay \$200. Now the horse dealer asserts that there is \$25 still due him. The \$25 cents, he says, he cares nothing for, while the \$200 went to pay tribute to the powers.

The descendant of Rhineland waxed eloquent in the recital of his wrongs, and made some startling statements. He said that on one occasion an official of the fire department had purchased a span of mules of his for \$25; the mules had been driven to San Francisco, and there sold, the money being placed in the pockets of the purchaser. Meantime the city had honored a demand for \$25 presented as payment for the mules, which in reality paid for the mules.

Another instance was cited where he sold a span of horses to the city for use in the fire department, for \$500. Of this sum, he collected \$150. He thought he was getting the balance of the remainder of the money. He asserted unequivocally that he always had to "put up" \$25 out of hand or leave the department the first of the month, and then how am I to get what is due me? Will you see the Chief this afternoon? He was informed that such a thing might happen. "Well, I am a good fellow, and only want what is due me," said the man who claims to be a victim. "I'll tell you what I will do. If you see the interested parties and straighten this out, get the \$25 and I will give you \$5 for your pains. Will I see you Monday?" George McLain, formerly a member of the City Council, and of the Police and Fire Commission, has been suggested for the position by his friends. J. T. McDonald, lieutenant of the company at Washington and Hoover streets, has many admirers, and he is regarded as a promising dark horse. Assistant Chief Ed Smith may yet be a factor in the contest for the position at the head of the department. He has been spending some time at Bartlett Springs for his health, and his position in the matter has not been ascertained.

CONDITION OF CITY FUNDS.

QASH BALANCES INCREASED. The apportionment among the standing funds of the city of the money paid during the past week as second installment of city taxes has reduced the number of the funds in which deficits were shown a week ago, and has proportionately increased the number to the credit of which cash balances exist. At the payments of taxes from now until late in April will gradually increase the city's financial condition. It will be much improved and payments in cash of demands against all the funds will be possible. The weekly report of the City Auditor shows that the following funds are in the following amounts: Cash, \$12,551.40; fire department, \$284.31; new water, \$118.07; East, Los Angeles, \$216.01; Westlake Park, \$420.77; Hollenbeck Park, \$224.84; Elysian Park, \$650.77; dog fund, \$62.50. The following funds have balances to the credit of the following amounts: Salary, \$740.82; common school, \$22,024.35; library, \$248.97; general park, \$184.74; Echo Park, \$144.25; South Park, \$794.34; park nursery, \$190.41; street lighting, \$184.65; street sprinkling, \$202.22; outfall sewer, \$271.74; general sewer, \$754.29; redemption, \$111.12; permit, \$182.60; police pension, \$274.67; emergency, \$141.11; police market, \$286.22. The balance of cash in the hands of the City Treasurer is \$247,220.54.

STROHM MENTIONED.

CANDIDATES FOR FIRE CHIEF. In a remarkably short time, since the resignation of Walter S. Moore as Fire Chief was presented to the Fire Commission, a number of aspirants for the position have urged their fitness on the attention of Councilmen and members of the commission. Quite a boom has been worked up for Thomas Strohm by his friends. Mr. Strohm is by no means averse to being considered in the race, and has been actively interested in the canvass. It is known that he has the support of some members of the Council, and is known to have previous experience in the position. It is probable that he will have a good standing with certain members of the Fire Commission.

Mr. Strohm was connected with the fire department for about twenty years, although since 1891 he has not held any position on the fire-fighting force. He was a member of the Los Angeles department in the pueblo days. Then the engines were hauled to the fire by means of ropes and the fire department was purely a volunteer affair. He was Chief of the department in 1887, and again in 1889 and 1890. In 1890-91 he was a member of the City Council, and in 1892 and 1893 he was a machinist by trade and was at one time in the employ of the Southern Pacific. He is still a resident of the Seventh Ward, and is the proprietor of the Excelsior Soda Works at No. 323 Towne avenue.

Streets to Be Vacated.

In accordance with previous orders of the Council, the City Attorney will on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, by publishing the abandonment of certain portions of Orchard avenue and Fourth street, Orchard avenue, near the corner of Stanley avenue and Jefferson street, is vacated by the terms of an ordinance, and Fourth street, formerly Louisiana avenue, lying west of Cummings street, and not included in the present line of Fourth street, is abandoned by the terms of the other. The City Attorney will also recommend that a communication from D. W. Clapham, et al., relating to claims for work on the Third-street tunnel be referred to the Third-street tunnel committee. Hase, regarding the construction of the Aliso-street engine-house, be disregarded on account of lack of jurisdiction.

Vaccination of Children.

The free vaccination of children in the public schools, which has occupied the attention of the Health Officer, at least two afternoons in the week for several months, will hereafter be confined to Saturday afternoon, between 4 and 6 o'clock. When vaccination began, as many as sixty or seventy-five children were treated in a single afternoon. The number has gradually decreased, until now there are but a few children applying for treatment at the health office. Yesterday only seven estimates that at least 120 or 150 vaccinations have been made since the schools opened last fall.

Improvements Assured.

The Council will on Monday pass the final ordinance for the improvement of Thirty-first street, from Griffith avenue to Thirty-second street, and also for the improvement of Thirty-second street from Griffith avenue to Central avenue. No protests have been received within the time allowed by the law, the final ordinance will be passed.

Tax Collections.

Tax collections for the next week amounted to \$12,650. The second half of the city taxes will be delinquent on April 15, and payments are now beginning to come in more rapidly than at any time since the first half of the taxes became delinquent.

Petitions Filed.

A petition was filed with the City Clerk yesterday, urging upon the aldermanic body the necessity for additional light at the corner of Seventh street and Union avenue. The petitioners pray that a street lamp be placed at the intersection of the streets. Another petition asks that South avenue, between Ruble and Topoka streets, be vacated. The communication says that the street is not now, and never has been, used as a public thoroughfare; that it is not a public convenience, and simply operates as a cloud on the title to their property.

[AT THE COURTHOUSE.]

HABEAS CORPUS SUED OUT.

DR. J. W. GOING HOPES THUS TO GAIN LIBERTY.

He Avers That He Has Twice Suffered Jeopardy for the Same Alleged Offense—Now a San Gabriel River Rancher Lost Good Gold in a Nest Swindling Scheme.

N. H. McLean and Dr. J. W. Going were arraigned in the criminal department of the Superior Court yesterday on a charge of grand larceny, but upon statement of their attorney, W. H. Shinn, Esq., that an application for a writ of habeas corpus was about to be made in Going's behalf, their arraignment was continued until next Thursday. The writ of habeas corpus that was afterward applied for was made returnable by Judge Noyes on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. McLean and Going are charged with working a game upon a man named W. H. H. Young, who owns a considerable ranch down on the banks of the San Gabriel River, some distance away. A third individual was mixed up in the swindle, and is now in Texas, or somewhere to escape jurisdiction of an indictment of the grand jury, filed against him about a month ago. His name is Casey. These three—McLean, Going, and Casey—buccood Young, it is alleged, and the greatest of them is not supposed to be Going. One day McLean approached Young and wanted to know if he cared to sell his ranch. Young said he would like to sell; he liked his ranch—he bought it with money won in a lump in the Louisiana lottery—but still he would sell. McLean informed him in due time that he had a buyer—a very rich invalid, who had just come out from the East with the tattered shreds of one lung left, and only a few duces the invalid to buy with his ranch. But McLean quietly induced Young that a ship might occur to prevent the sale, but he was sure that Casey's doctor could induce the invalid to buy with his wealth anything in Southern California. His doctor, he turned out to be Dr. Going, could persuade him to do anything. It might be an excellent scheme, McLean hinted, for Young to see Going. Going was seen.

and \$200 was the sum Young finally handed over to him to be kept as a commission in case the sale was made. But the deal fell through. Young wanted his money back, but it wouldn't come. Then he proceeded to inform the public and the authorities what a victim he had been. McLean and Going were promptly arrested, but Casey, the sick man, absconded with all the glow of health in his speed, and has never been seen any more.

Going, in his application for a writ of habeas corpus, avers that he has twice been in jeopardy for the same offense, and for that reason believes that he is now illegally detained in the County Jail in lieu of \$2500 bonds. On January 6, Going was examined before City Justice Austin on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, and held to answer, but on February 12 he was discharged on a writ of habeas corpus sued out before Judge Smith, and immediately arrested again, "for the same offense." It is alleged, "with the name changed from obtaining money by false pretenses to that of grand larceny," and public convenience, and simply operates as a cloud on the title to their property.

But, the allegation is made, the evidence taken at this last preliminary examination did not show—nor have a tendency to show—that a public offense of any sort had been committed by Going; and, moreover, the evidence on which he was held to answer was insufficient to hold him to answer. On these grounds, Dr. Going would escape custody and restore himself to liberty without a trial.

THE TERRIBLE WILSON.

BOY ACCUSED OF A HOLD-UP.

On Friday afternoon, Constable Shanker of Pomona took to the County Jail a boy named George Wilson, who appears to be scarcely 16 years of age, to serve a sixty days' sentence for the great mistake of vagrancy. When Wilson was arrested, on his tiny person was discovered a large revolver. It occurred to the officer that possibly he held in custody the individual who was guilty of holding up C. O. Monroe of Monrovia a few nights ago in a pointed demand for something to eat.

Yesterday Monroe, who is an old man, was taken round to the County Jail to see if he could identify young Wilson as the person who held him up. Monroe was secreted in one of the side rooms opening onto the main office of the jail, and Wilson, with other young and middle-aged prisoners, was brought out of the cells and engaged in conversation with some of the deputy sheriffs. Monroe soon stated that he heard the same voice speaking that rang fearful words into his aged ears on the night of the hold-up, and when quietly taken among the prisoners he immediately pointed out the youthful Wilson as the same person who had frightened him with a gun. Monroe then asked Wilson if he remembered begging him for something to eat out of Monrovia several nights ago, and he said yes, but he denied the gun. Nevertheless the authorities are inclined to think that the boy is the runner, and if corroborating evidence of a sufficient strength can be obtained to give any sort of a guarantee of conviction, criminal proceedings will be instituted at once.

NAME TOO LONG.

MR. BAKER'S PECULIAR TROUBLE.

An eccentric individual, dressed in the height of fashion, who gave his name as J. Percival Baker, and his address as Santa Barbara, rushed into the District Attorney's office yesterday, plump up against Deputy Willis. He was in a towering rage, and he wanted the Western Union Telegraph Company arrested for refusing to send a cipher message which he submitted yesterday morning at 2:10 o'clock. Baker remarked with some ostentatiousness.

MASTERS FOR

Go further in this store than in any other. This week:

	No.	Old price.	Our price.
Insulin Syringes	No. 1	1.50	1.00
	No. 2	1.75	1.25
	No. 3	2.00	1.50
Fountain Syringes	2 quart	1.50	1.00
	4 quart	1.75	1.25
	6 quart	2.00	1.50
	8 quart	2.25	1.75
	10 quart	2.50	2.00
	12 quart	2.75	2.25
	14 quart	3.00	2.50
	16 quart	3.25	2.75
	18 quart	3.50	3.00
	20 quart	3.75	3.25
	22 quart	4.00	3.50
	24 quart	4.25	3.75
	26 quart	4.50	4.00
	28 quart	4.75	4.25
	30 quart	5.00	4.50

	15c	30c	60c
Insulin Syringes	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Fountain Syringes	2 quart	4 quart	6 quart
	8 quart	10 quart	12 quart
	14 quart	16 quart	18 quart
	20 quart	22 quart	24 quart
	26 quart	28 quart	30 quart

AS DRUG CO., cor. Spring and Temple Sts.

Have Changed..

When you go to the store to buy a pair of shoes, you find that the shoes you want are not there. This is because the shoes have been changed. The shoes you want are now in the store. The shoes you want are now in the store.

\$500.00 REWARD

Whoever can find the man who was in the store on March 24, 1900, and who was seen by the police, will receive a reward of \$500.00.

PROMISED.

Whoever can find the man who was in the store on March 24, 1900, and who was seen by the police, will receive a reward of \$500.00.

AT THE CITY HALL.

Whoever can find the man who was in the store on March 24, 1900, and who was seen by the police, will receive a reward of \$500.00.

HORSE DEALER CLAIMS TO KNOW ABOUT CHICANEY.

Whoever can find the man who was in the store on March 24, 1900, and who was seen by the police, will receive a reward of \$500.00.

Providing Witness for the Investigating Committee—Says He Sold Horses for \$100 and the City Paid \$200, While Bookkeeper Got the Balance—A Quasi Character.

Whoever can find the man who was in the store on March 24, 1900, and who was seen by the police, will receive a reward of \$500.00.

Are there others besides Walter S. Moore implicated in the peculiar transactions in the fire department during the past year? This question is uppermost in the minds of city officials, who, in due capacity or another, are charged with the duty of making a searching investigation into the methods that have prevailed. Ever since the grand jury indicated in its report that the head of the fire department had committed the straight and narrow way and certain revelations were made regarding the deal proceedings in that department, it has been whispered that the big Chief was not the only guilty one, and that an investigation would bring to light many things of which taxpayers have only dreamed.

Tomorrow the Finance Committee of the City Council will begin an investigation in the hope that the responsibility for the financial loss which the city has suffered may be fixed. There is considerable doubt as to the ability of the Council committee, without the power of demanding sworn testimony to elicit the information necessary to determine who are the guilty parties, nevertheless opportunity will be given to public-spirited citizens, many of whom assert that they know of mysterious happenings, to come forward and explain the circumstances to which they privately allude.

There is one man who may prove useful to the Finance Committee. His name is Charles Minshard, and he is the proprietor of the stockyards at No. 23 Aliso street. He is a well-known character about town and is familiarly called "Dutch Charley." If the allegations that this horse dealer makes are reliable, some one ought certainly to be placed where he can meditate at leisure over his ill-gotten gains. But it is by no means certain that what "Dutch Charley" says is the unadulterated truth.

A Times reporter, who called on "Dutch Charley" today, was mistaken for an emissary from the late "big chief," and was asked if he had come to "square the deal." Being informed that some additional facts were requisite for the dealer in horses vouchsafed the information that there was no other man in California so able to enlighten the Finance Committee as himself. He said that he knew all about the hay deal, the fire-alarm box deal and the deal on the inside of the whole matter.

"What I want is the \$25 still coming to me," said the dealer in equines. "If that money is not forthcoming, I intend to give the whole case to the public. It is put up, then I will 'shut up.' That is the kind of a man I am. There is no use for the officials to try to get me out of that money any longer."

In explanation of his statement, "Dutch Charley" said that he had at one time sold certain horses to the city for \$275. He was sick when the transaction was concluded, and the official who had the principal hand in the matter put the horses in under a

General Manager, Insurance Publishing Co. 418 1/2 S. Spring St. 418 1/2 S. Spring St. 418 1/2 S. Spring St.

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how by way of casually identifying himself to the Deputy District Attorney—that he was the representative of the Coast of twenty-one different oil companies, the standard companies of the State, and that for the past few days he had been working day and night signing up leases and contracts and disposing of a horrible glut of correspondence.

Finishing up his Friday's work at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, he said he became very desirous to send a message to Santa Barbara, and took the message around to the head office himself. The operator, he said, studied the contents of his message over very steadily, and finally handed it back to him with the objection that his name was too long. Baker says he obligingly changed his name for the operator, and wrote it "Mr. Matlock House". Still the company refused the message, and the employee was awake for a sensation.

Baker with vehemence persisted, until he was informed that they would throw him out if he did not move along, or they would have him arrested. He informed them that a citizen was in the room, and that he would call him in. They didn't. Then Baker went out and called the man who should be arrested unless his message was promptly dispatched, and that he threw down a business "ready" into the counter to defray expenses. But they wouldn't touch J. Perceval's.

Thereupon he rushed out for an officer, who came, but would make no arrest, then he returned. Baker's next step was to the office of Chief of Police Egan, who also was discussing the matter in his mind toward him. But the representative of twenty-one oil companies was not there. He then proceeded at once to the room at the Police Station, and indeed a sergeant came to pick him up to the District Attorney's office. But here, too, he found that the law could not be enforced. He then went to the office of the District Attorney, and there he was arrested and taken to the County Jail.

The Western Union people say that they observed to paying for two weeks, which he insisted on putting in his telephone.

POLAKI ESTATE.

A DAUGHTER DISINHERITED.

Samuel Polak, of Los Angeles, died at his home in the city last Monday, leaving a wife and two daughters, one of whom is a minor. The deceased was a widower and before his retirement from business several years ago was a prominent merchant in the city. The testator had two sons and two daughters, Mrs. Annie Brandt, a daughter, who resides in San Francisco, is disinherited. The bulk of the property is bequeathed to the son and a daughter, Mrs. Guste Brandt, of San Francisco, who are to share the estate in the same manner. The will was signed on April 1, 1898. The executor named was the late J. A. Polak, who is now deceased. The will was signed on April 1, 1898. The executor named was the late J. A. Polak, who is now deceased.

MILLER COMPLAINS.

MRS. SHERRIFF AND OTHERS.

Mrs. A. H. Miller, who is now in the city, has been complaining of a sore throat and difficulty in swallowing. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

COURTESY NOTES.

RECEIVED MRS. HARRISON.

Mrs. H. H. Harrison, of the city, has received a letter from her son, who is now in the city. The letter was dated March 20, 1900, and was addressed to her at her home in the city. The letter was dated March 20, 1900, and was addressed to her at her home in the city.

MATERNALISM.

ALBERT TOLD A NATION.

Albert Todd, a native of Ireland, was naturalized by Judge Todd yesterday. He is now a citizen of the United States, and is now a citizen of the United States.

FOR FORTY-FOUR.

MARY L. HARRISON.

Mary L. Harrison, of the city, has been in the city for some time. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

INCORPORATION.

THE NORTH OIL COMPANY.

The North Oil Company, incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$100,000, has been in the city for some time. The company has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. The company has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

REVENUE.

Judge Noyes.

Judge Noyes, of the city, has been in the city for some time. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

SENT TO JAIL.

James Fargo.

James Fargo, of the city, has been in the city for some time. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

GUARDIAN MATTER.

Christine S. Peterson.

Christine S. Peterson, of the city, has been in the city for some time. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. She has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

PETITIONS FOR LETTERS.

Edward T. Wright.

Edward T. Wright, of the city, has been in the city for some time. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. He has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

The famous collection of the firm.

The famous collection of the firm, which was destroyed by fire, has been in the city for some time. The collection has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success. The collection has been in the city for some time, and has been treated by several physicians, but with no success.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

WEEK OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Monday night Grace Bainter, "daughter of the Union Veteran Legion," gave a pleasing entertainment in Memorial Hall. Wednesday evening, H. E. Swift of the home presented a "no plus ultra variety entertainment," with a number of select artists from Los Angeles.

Friday evening Miss Laura Cotton,

daughter of a veteran now in the

home hospital, drew a splendid good

house. Thursday afternoon Union

Circle, No. 19, Ladies of G.A.R., under

the direction of Mrs. H. Y. Quacken-

bush, gave a free entertainment in

Memorial Hall, which, besides being

an excellent order, was rendered by

voices new to the home. The home

band assisted in this as well as some

of the other entertainments. Friday

afternoon the Ladies Auxiliary of the

Union Veteran Legion occupied As-

sembly Hall with a splendid lunch-

party. The lunch was preceded by an

entertaining programme of recitations

and songs.

Mrs. O. H. La Grange and other la-

des, as well as members of the home,

and that they made a splendid "ready"

into the counter to defray expenses.

But they wouldn't touch J. Perceval's.

Thereupon he rushed out for an offi-

cer, who came, but would make no ar-

rest, then he returned. Baker's next

step was to the office of Chief of Pol-

ice Egan, who also was discussing the

matter in his mind toward him. But

the representative of twenty-one oil

companies was not there. He then pro-

ceeded at once to the room at the Pol-

ice Station, and indeed a sergeant came

to pick him up to the District Attor-

ney's office. But here, too, he found

that the law could not be enforced. He

then went to the office of the District

Attorney, and there he was arrested

and taken to the County Jail.

The Western Union people say that

they observed to paying for two weeks,

which he insisted on putting in his tel-

ephone.

THE CATARRH OF OLD AGE

Makes People

Deaf and Blind.

Peruna Promptly Cures

Such Cases.

Mrs. Abraham Ziegler, Piedmont, Mo.

"My wife who is now eighty-seven years

old, suffered for about sixteen years from

catarrh of the head, which affected her

vision and hearing. I saw Peruna ad-

vertised in your almanac, and I purchased

it. It cured her in a few days, and she

is now as well as ever. I am writing you

to let you know that I am a grateful

customer of your medicine. I am, yours,

Abraham Ziegler, Piedmont, Mo."

"Piedmont, Mo.,"

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1994年12月15日

18 lbs. Granulated Cane Sugar.....	\$1.00	6 lbs. Good Rice.....	25c
9 lbs. Rolled Oats.....	25c	7 lbs. White or Pink Beans.....	50c
10 lbs. Rolled Wheat.....	20c	3 Ps. B. B. Buckwheat Flour.....	50c
10 lbs. Flaked Hominy.....	25c	1 1½ Pkg. H. O. Buckwheat Flour.....	1.00

GEORGE A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. TELEPHONE
Main 516.

Our Motto: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

15 lbs. Granulated Cane Sugar. \$1.00	6 lbs. Good Rice. 28c
9 lbs. Rolled Oats. 25c	7 lbs. White or Pink Beans. 28c
10 lbs. Rolled Wheat. 30c	2 Pk. B. B. Buckwheat Flour. 50c
10 lbs. Flaked Hominy. 25c	1 Pk. M. O. Buckwheat Flour. 15c

The Broadway Department Store

A Delicious Drink—Brown's Celery Phosphate—a fine tonic for nervous folks—and it's free.

The Broadway Is the Only Store Around Here that Combines Elegance with Economy—Now Is the Best Time to Get that Point Settled in Your Mind.

Let us set you right at once as to styles and prices for spring. It's pure extravagance to pay more than the Broadway asks. It's equal folly to get less style and quality for your money than the Broadway gives.

It's far easier to start your journey on the right road than to start on the wrong one and have to retrace your steps. Do you want to get on the straight and narrow road of economy? You'll make better progress by getting started right. Do you want any one that can help you store them?

Easy Priced Millinery.

A NEW DEPARTURE—A REVELATION TO YOU.

This is the largest exhibit we ever made, but its size is its least important feature; of more interest are the low prices—the rare beauty and the striking originality. We are going to sell more hats this spring, because we are in a position to offer you finer style for fairer prices.

A "Miss Hobbs" Hat, \$11.48.

Pompadour, with a soft rolling brim of black Allover lace, with dashes of color in pretty rosettes.

An "Empire" Hat, \$10.98.

Of white Allover lace on a soft crown, cleverly touched off with silk and velvet flowers, gilt and steel buckles—choose from a full variety of pastel shades.

Pattern Hats, \$10.29.

Spangled black and white crowns trimmed with white agerettes, rosettes of black and white maline, spangled jet and black chiffon brims, jewel ornaments.

Children's Hats, \$2.98.

Of shirred mull in pink, white or blue, trimmed with daisies and silk ties, other pretty hats for \$3.99 and \$5.98—in lace straw trimmed, as low as \$1.98 and up to \$15.98 for fine leghorns. The latter in fine and fancy straw, trimmed with white tulle ribbon and lilies of the valley.

Shepherdess Shape \$1.19.

In white straw, trimmed with quills.



Dress Bonnets, \$5.48.

Of black lace and gelatine jet, pretty agerettes, all brightened up with purple forget-me-nots.

Other Bonnets at \$4.48 and \$3.29.

Of mourning straw with flowers and silk trimming.

Sailors, 29c to \$1.48.

In all sorts of brims and correct in all the new shapes. This one with a cash band at \$1.57 is really worth \$2.

Walking Hats, \$1.48.

Shepherdess shapes with drooping brim, front and back, in rough straw, trimmed with rosettes and quills.

The Automobile—\$1.69.

Of rough straw in white mixed brims, with large tan crowns.

Important Sale of Shoes.

A Fine Opportunity to Save Some Money.

Here are some good old fashioned shoe bargains. They are bound to arouse every one who reads them.

Men's "Victor" Cal. Shoes \$1.49.

In lace or congress, with plain or collage tips, French toes, half double soles, hab gors.

Ladies' Bicycle Shoes \$2.48.

10 inch, made of chocolate colored kid, with patent full length buckles, quarter foxed Newport tips, flexible soles and military heels.

Ladies' Vic Kid Juliette \$1.48.

With square edged hand turned soles, common sense heels and toes, all sizes.

We Are Sole Agents For

The American Lady and The Armorside Corsets.....\$1



You can't buy better corsets than these. There is nothing tricky about them, they are honestly and carefully made; they have the comfort, fit and grace that you do not find in other corsets for anything like the same money.

The American Lady Corset comes in a dozen styles, either black or drab, short, medium or long waist.

The Armorside Corset, is the one that never breaks down on the side—if it does, you may come and get another one. Out of the first thousand corsets we sold, but one went wrong.

Sale of Writing Paper—14c lb.

A pound of one hundred and twenty sheets, equal to six of the best 10c tablets—60c worth of paper for 14c, think of it, and the finest of rag paper: too, plain or ruled, handsomely finished, Baronial size.

Telescope Baskets a Third Underprice.

Prices have advanced a third since we bought, that's why. Our prices won't go up until we have sold these. They are the finest Japanese baskets, made by hand. We don't care how much of a scarcity there is of them, or what warning importers make of further advanced prices.

You May Have These at One-third off, While They Last.

14-inch Baskets, 19c. 16-inch Baskets, 29c. 18-inch Baskets, 39c.

12-inch Baskets, 29c. 14-inch Baskets, 39c. 16-inch Baskets, 49c.

Sale of Ice-Cream Freezers.

One-quart Size, \$1.75.

Two-quart Size, \$2.19.

Three-quart Size, \$2.39.

Four-quart Size, \$2.85.

This is conceded to be the most perfect perfect freezer made. The important feature is its duplex malleable iron dasher, being made in two parts entirely distinct and independent of each other in their operation, whereas, in other freezers, the dasher is a single one, being made as one piece. It has three distinct and simultaneous motions. It freezes your cream in four minutes, and costs less the old fashioned kind.

Garden Hose, 5c a Foot.

We've no old stock; every foot is fresh and new; the best the Goodyear Rubber Co. make.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 6c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 7c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 8c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 9c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 10c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 11c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 12c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 13c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 14c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 15c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 16c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 17c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 18c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 19c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 20c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 21c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 22c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 23c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 24c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 25c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 26c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 27c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 28c.

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1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 36c.

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1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 54c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 55c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 56c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 57c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 58c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 59c.

1 1/2 inch 3-ply, 60c.

Sale of Taffeta Silks.

These lovely silks are right from the looms—crisp and fresh and as exquisite as nature's own handiwork. Dressy women prefer these for waists, dresses or dress trimmings.

A Fine Choosing at 75c.



Fancy taffetas, the variety is indefinite—indescribable. Here's a hint: lavender, blue, gray, brown, green, red, pink—leaves, diamonds, triangles, vases, an 85c quality for 75c.

Here's a Line for 85c.

In all the new greens, blues, grays, rose, reds and violets—brilliant and distinctive colors.

75c Taffeta for 53c.

19 inches wide and in a lustrous black—excellent for skirts or waists.

20 New Shades of Taffeta 44c.

Just the thing for linings of organdies and foundations for grenadines.

Good Things in Dress Goods.

Here is a remarkable showing of every desirable texture, from the sheer and clinging fabrics to the rough and shaggy materials that have become so popular. It is hard to find a stock so complete and harder still to match our prices for anything like the same quality.

Homespun 98c, 54 inches wide and in all the favorite shades. A cloth very much in demand for suits and skirts.

\$1.50 Venetian Suitings \$1.19, luckily the lots are large, for folks bought very liberally and very fast. This is the finest cloth you can get for swell frocks, 54 inches wide and in a dozen of the soft, winning shades.

Zibeline Suitings 60c, in the new Oxford, blue, brown, etc., yard and one-half wide and actually worth \$1.

New Golf Suitings, \$1.89. We are showing an ample variety, embracing all the best and newest shades, as Oxford gray, cadet blue and brown. There's nothing that will make as stylish a skirt as these plaided back stuffs.

\$1.25 for \$1.50 Broadcloths, in a full line of pastel shades. A popular and favorite fabric for spring.

Mohair Crepons 98c. They are of a lustrous black, in blisters or stripes, beautifully finished.

Amoskeag A. F. C. Dress Gingham 7c.

A Special Purchase—100 Pieces in Addition to our Regular Stock.

Duplicates of these goods are on our shelves at 10c—some folks can't afford to sell them under 12 1/2c. We are going to reduce our regular prices, but you may choose from these.

5000 Yards at One Third Off.

It wouldn't be right for us to tell how we got these, and you wouldn't care. If you women are wise, you will each buy three or four dress patterns.

Fine Organdies 18c, in plain colors—12 different kinds. You can't find anything nicer than this for dresses, waists and linings for fancy fabrics.

Dirigo Novelties 20c, a gauzy organdie, in daintily colored grounds—would suppose it was 25c if you didn't know.

Little Raye Dimities 14c, with fancy printed designs on white grounds, in plain or combinations.

Fancy Organdies 15c, printed in an endless variety of patterns and colors—charming stuffs, these and dressy.

Novelties in Dimities at 18c; a favorite fabric for Misses' and children's dresses, choose from seven of the best pastel colors.

Dunkirk Dimities 10c, in colored and plain white grounds, with fancy stripes and scroll patterns.

House Dresses are Low Priced.

If we had a mind to, we could ask a quarter more. Their fine style and splendid making have never been equaled at the prices we ask. The plain truth is,

These Wrappers Have Been Made to our Order.

They are as different from the ordinary store wrappers, as those you make yourself are different from what you buy. Do you grasp that?

They have shape and style—there's none of that hurried, cheap, shabby work about them, or none of that gaudy, careless trimming on them.

\$1.25—Fancy Percales, lots of ruffles and braid.

1.48—Percale with ruffles, reverses and flounce.

1.98—French Percale, double ruffles, linen lace and flounce.

Dressmakers Save lots of Money Here.

Dressmakers like our way of selling linings, and bindings. We have no catchy discounts to beguile them—but one price and that is a plain and honest one.

That Is From 10 to 20 Per Cent. Under Competitors.

Of course it's understood that these prices are made you on the basis of quantity lots.

10 yds. of 10c Percale for 89c.

10 yds. of 10c Silles for 89c.

8 yds. of 20c Collar Canvas for 89c.

6 1/2 yds. of 10c Linen Canvas for 89c.

Dress Stays, Warner's platinum, all colors and sizes, a dozen for 10c, or one-half gross for 49c.

Whale Bones, superior quality, all lengths, a dozen for 10c, or one-half gross of 7-12 and 8-12 for 49c.

Sewing silk, 100-yd spool of Carlton Currier's for 8c.

Button Hole Twist, Carlton Currier's

best, now 8 spools for 8c.

Cordova Binding, a yard 8c; dozen yds 83c.

Halmoral Velvetene Binding in 4 yd bolts, 12 1/2c, or one-half dozen bolts for 69c.

Brush binding, 50c quality, yard 8c, or a dozen yards for 49c.

Binding Ribbon, all silk in 1 yd. bolts, 10c, or one-half doz bolts for 64c.

Whale Bones, good quality, all lengths, per doz 8c; or a gross for 49c.

We've the Standard Patterns.

They are the truest and surest patterns made. Folks who use patterns the most, tell us that the Standard Patterns are the simplest and handiest. They are the only ones that allow for seams—5 to 20c each.

In connection with the Standard Patterns,

We sell the Designer, and give you with each year's subscription of \$1, fifty cents worth of patterns free.



The Best in Shirt Waists.

BEST STYLE—BEST MAKING—LOWEST PRICES

We've not been content with any half-way waists. We've never been able to offer you such pronounced style, at such a pronounced saving. These are broad statements—we make them advisably.

49c—Lawn Percale, bias striped and tucks.

69c—Percale or Chambray Waists, bias trim'd.

98c—Fancy Waists, embroidery yoke.

\$1.25—Of French Percales, fancy figures, bias stripes.

Andrew Jergen's Glycerine Soap 4c.

In fine, large cakes—triple extract. You might have seen it in town for 5c, the usual price is four for 25c. We place a big shipment of it on sale Monday, at 4c a cake.

Eastman's Antiseptic Talcum Powder, 12c.

Something delicate and dainty, in either crushed rose or violet. Folks who know, say it is the finest Talcum Powder made.

2 ounce bottles of Eastman's 40c Perfume, Monday 25c.

4 ounce bottles of smiling salts, Monday 19c.

This Child's Hose at 12 1/2c.

IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF A BROADWAY BARGAIN.

If it wasn't for us you would have to pay 20c for it. Folks who sell a dozen pairs a day of course, have to make more proportionate profit than we, who sell five and six dozen. We can sell this hose for what it costs competitors. Our profit is our discount.

It's a jet black hose, fine ribbed, with doubly strengthened knees, heels and toes; very elastic.

Wadsworth left Saturday

for Santa Barbara, where he

will spend several days in the inter-

valley.

And Jung will spend

on California Island, where

he will spend the winter term

of the spring term will open

April 2.

WADSWORTH'S TAILOR.

Is now showing a fine as-

sembly of suits and overcoats

to order, from twenty

to one hundred before called.

Call and see before called.

Call and see before called.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 25, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$3.50
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM.



Oom Paul can't seem to get over it.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are: *Up to the Mountains*; *California's Color and a Pleasant Southwestern Winter*; *Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches*; *Frank G. Carpenter's Incomparable Letters*; *Sea by Sea*; *What the Development of the Ship*; *Current Literature*; *Religious Thought*; *Timely Editorials*; *Schools and Solid Subjects*; *Care of the Human Body*; *Romance*; *Fiction*; *Poetry*; *Art*; *Anecdotes and Humors*; *Noted Men and Women*; *The House Girls*; *Our Boys and Girls*; *Travel and Adventure*; *Stories of the Flying Line*; *Animal Stories*; *French Fox Pictures*; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 30 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 150 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-HERALD COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1907.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE reports which come from India indicate conditions which are appalling beyond conception. The area directly affected by the famine embraces a territory of about three hundred thousand square miles, in which there are some forty millions of people, a number equal to about half the entire population of the United States. In addition to this, another section, comprising 145,000 square miles and a population of 22,000,000, is threatened with like conditions, making a total of 60,000,000 or more persons either already, or likely soon to be, suffering from starvation. One month ago the government was giving aid to 4,000,000 people, a number almost equal to the maximum of those who received relief in June, 1907, when it is recorded, 4,350,000 were thus aided. As June is generally the month of greatest need, it is thought probable that the number will by that month this year reach the enormous total of 10,000,000.

The calamity under which these poor people are suffering is rendered much greater by the failure of the winter rains. Only light showers have fallen, and as a result the earth is parched and the usual sources of supply for irrigation are wanting, destroying the possibility of raising crops. There is, therefore, no prospect of better conditions, so far as local resources are concerned, for some months to come, and there seems to be no hope for these starving millions of men, women and children, except in such charity as may be extended to them.

So stupendous is the number of those who require assistance that at first it seems almost hopeless to attempt to relieve them. A contribution of \$1 from every man, woman and child in the United States would give only about \$1.25 to each of the 60,000,000 sufferers. But it must be borne in mind that each dollar will go much further in the support of life there than here. A dime of 4 or 5 cents a day is sufficient to sustain life in India, so that every dollar contributed means the sustaining of a human life there for twenty or twenty-five days. More than this, the United States will not be alone in this effort to relieve the starving. The appeal will reach other countries, and by an earnest effort among all the more prosperous nations of the world much can be done to dispel the awful cloud of calamity which hangs over India.

The great missionary organizations are without doubt best prepared to care for and distribute funds contributed for this purpose, and they are already employing their resources to this end. The Times has already received and forwarded a considerable number of contributions, and will gladly acknowledge and forward those of other persons who may find it more convenient to make their donations through this medium than to send them elsewhere.

While the appeal is one which will not be, and ought not to be, passed by unheeded by the people of the United States, there is one aspect of the situation in India which deserves consideration with reference to the future of India. It is said that even if shiploads of our Indian corn could be sent to them, these people would not eat it on account of religious scruples, and that this is true also of other good American food products. In regard to this fact, the St. Paul Pioneer-Press makes the following pertinent comment:

"And here comes in a suggestion that apparently the only effective way of ridding India of its famines is to rid it of its heathenism. The false religions of the country are at the root of its material woes. Abolish child marriage, with its inevitable consequences in the physical degeneracy of the race; abolish the superstitious fear of wholesome varieties of food, forbidden by Hindu law; abolish caste, which will not allow one part of the population to join in the work of another, or to eat food or water touched by the hands of another; in short, substitute the usages of Christianity for those of an antiquated superstition, and the physical redemption of India would follow the religious transformation. Ethnically, the people are of the same race as ourselves. With the establishment of marriage customs like ours, and the unshackling of the bonds put

upon the people by Brahminism and Buddhism, they might gradually reach a physical vigor like our own; might learn to make use of hundreds of nature's bounties now rejected; might cooperate in establishing such agencies of food distribution and water supply as are needed, and India could then be made almost as free from famine as Western Europe."

A HINT FROM RUSSIA.

THE Commercial Agent of the United States at Vladivostok, Richard T. Greenier, in a report included in the March issue of the government Consular reports, notes the establishment at that place of a new school, under the name of the Institute for Eastern Languages. The purpose of this institution is, primarily, to give instruction in the Chinese, Japanese and Korean languages, although other languages are also taught. This, Mr. Greenier says, is an important part of the programme which Russia is executing in the East. It is intended that the students at the institute shall be those who have been the brightest pupils in the local gymnasiums, and others especially qualified to undertake the work to be done there.

An initial appropriation of 77,000 rubles—over \$99,000—was made for the institute, and it was dedicated with considerable ceremony on November 2, when the imperial decree authorizing the school was read, followed by an address on the languages of the East in Russia. Great care has been exercised in the selection of the head of the institute and his corps of assistant professors, Mr. Greenier adds, and it is interesting to note that the professor of English, Mr. Ingell, is an American citizen, a man who became an American citizen by choice when we acquired possession of Alaska in 1867, and who was for a time a resident of San Francisco.

This movement on the part of the Russian government to educate its young men in the languages of the Orient is evidence of keen foresight and sound business judgment. Commercial transactions are very much handicapped when they have to be performed through the medium of an interpreter or translator. Other things being equal, the man who can speak directly with the one with whom he is dealing has great advantage over the man who must speak through an interpreter. It is evidence of an appreciation of this fact that the Russian government has opened this school of eastern languages. The greater ease of communication which this school is intended to promote, will, it is seen, be an important factor in promoting the commercial interests of Russia in the Orient.

It would not, perhaps, be advisable or practicable at present to undertake the establishment of such a school in this country, but it is not too soon for our young men who expect to engage in commercial pursuits, nor for those who desire to secure remunerative clerical positions hereafter, to consider seriously the advantage which a knowledge of one or more of the oriental languages would give them. Chinese and Japanese are difficult languages for an American or a European to acquire, and none but the brightest and most persistent students will become proficient in them, but this will only make the advantage the greater for those who have the determination and perseverance to master them. The events of the last two years have resulted in the opening of immense commercial opportunities for this country, and in placing this Coast, especially, before the open door of great possibilities. It remains for us to seize the opportunity before it shall be lost. The United States cannot afford to be second to Russia or any other country in its efforts, or in the methods it employs to secure the trade of the great empires of the Far East.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Dallas Morning News:] Five cents' worth of garden seeds, paid for out of the public treasury, has sent many a garden-seed statesman back to Congress.

[Philadelphia Times:] A bad feature in the Kentucky prospect is that, being armed to the teeth, they may not be satisfied to simply shoot off their mouths.

[New York Mail and Express:] Thirty additional cotton mills will be built in North Carolina during the present year. It is news like this that makes the calamity-howler turn pale and call for stimulants.

[New York Tribune:] The total British casualties to date in the Transvaal war, in killed, wounded, died from disease, prisoners and missing, are 15,677. That is not as many as were lost on one side in a single battle in our civil war.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] With Editor Sheldon making war on corsets and low necks in Topeka, and the opponents of American meat striking at the décolleté costume in Berlin, the lady whose waist is held up by a narrow strap or two may feel that she is getting the cold shoulder all around.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Mr. Sheldon discovers in his Topeka experience that "there is quite a rush around a daily newspaper office, and the editor has to decide things quickly." Should the editor decide wrong, as has been known to happen, the sense of disturbance is still more marked.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] John Bull seems inclined to insist on controlling all the territorial rights involved in the South African trouble, before he grants peace to the Boers. Well, that's the way we made Spain pay for getting mad at us. She used to exercise authority over Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, but she doesn't do so any more. Such is war. Be sure of your strength before you begin to fight.

On the tomb of John Ruskin's father, at Shirley, near Corydon, Eng., is the following characteristic epitaph, placed there by his devoted son: "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak the truth, says this of him."

FLY-TIME FANCY.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF A DOMESTIC INSECT.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Tempus Fugit.

Oh, for some pup-pup-pup-pup-pup
To catch the fuf-fuf-fuf.
That every hub-bub-blamed here
Hum-hum-mocks my fretful cry.

He bub-bub-buzzeth when I read
With tickling cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc;
Across my face with drawing eyes
He crawlyth when I sleep.

He bites me on the num-num-num,
And buzzes in my ear;
His drowsy hub-bub-hum he buzzes,
That maddens me to hear.

From out the syrup he cuc-crawls,
With sticky fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf,
In liquid sweetness oft he falls,
But, oh, he is not sweet!

He is no fuf-philosopher,
Science is not his meat;
And yet he hath, as it were,
Air pumps upon his feet.

No dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud he;
For every aggravation
His only treatment seems to be
Cuc-counter irritation.

He does not pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup
But all the summer days,
When saint or sinner he can reach,
He pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-preys.

Oh wretched fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf!
Thou mite of living death!
I'd like to smite thee hip and thigh,
And shut off thy bub-breath!

The Common Fly of Commerce.

I will admit that on one or two occasions I have been accused of orthodoxy, but I am pressed to a trial. It has been whispered in old-fashioned, red-hot heretic hunt, I would be close to the fire, with a pail of water, or if possible, it might be, holding the handle of a and shrieking "Shake her up lively, Tom!" have fallen into so many pits myself—some of them lined sides and rocky bottoms, that I am a pair of ears—or, perhaps, horns—sticking out of a pit on a Sabbath morning, without the impulse to run and catch hold of them. Brother out of the hole he has himself walked at the risk of being late for service. You said "ears;" and I'm glad to see that you are my brother. Even if you hadn't recognized me, I would have identified you by your face so exactly like your crying, one never can tell if you are doing, unless they can see whether you are amidst the thistles or struggling in the usually located hard by the thistle patch. I have established our common genealogical tree on with the symposium, and he as harmonious as our fallen nature may be, and you can see an anonymous letter tomorrow, which I will tell you my brother. Even if you hadn't recognized me, I never read the score any more. What advantage of you, because I have already read reading thus far, which is as far as this can be ill-natured. Got you that time. Repeat the feat after me: "Haw-haw-haw! Haw-haw-haw! Haw!" All together!

Nonetheless, I will admit, that while I am indulgent for anything, yet I do keep a portion in stock, lying on my desk, which, in my capacity, I am always ready to grant to any member of my flock, who frankly confesses to the human habit of "saying things" at five o'clock, and even to extend the broad ham of the melody over the lingual lapses of men whose throat in excellent repair. Great sympathy have I for him who comes home wearied with the cares of the day, and met by the wife of his bosom with an anxious eye, and an apron in her hand. (She does not know she looks all around him and over him as he enters the door.) She will hold a screen door open just three inches, and a human being sixty-nine inches in the waist will be crowded through, over his head and all around his frame that apron will gyrate like a runaway gingham, and when the man finally buries his face into his own home, his wife will wag her grown flies follow him, and declare that she is out of that door fifty times a day and never in while he can't pass through it either way in a million. And who is correct, as to the flies are the same as a million.

Indeed, they are worse than a million. A man can work off his irritation as a man can. He can wreak his vengeance upon at least two of them. But when there are but two, he must either of them. He smites his own head, and in ears until they tingle. He strikes his chest, and glow like winter sunsets. But he never strikes when there are but two. Then can stay in his day. They can light in all manner of places. They can buzz around all the heads at the same time. They can bound up and down any of a man's nose, always just out of the way, always promptly following the trail of the old point of attack. I cannot remember to see a room with fewer than two flies in it.

here the hills are glad of the morning, and there shall
be no more night.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

IT WILL ROB OCEAN TRAVEL OF ITS CHIEF DANGERS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 19.—It is by a slight margin only that the North German Lloyd Steamship Company holds the record as being the first to introduce the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy on its ships. Preparations to make use of the new system of signaling have already been made by the company operating the steamers which ply between Dover and Calais, across the English Channel, and the steamers of the Southampton and Havre line are to be similarly equipped with a little delay as may be. The system has proved a genuine success on the first ship fitted out with the apparatus, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and the other vessels of the line are already being supplied with the instruments.

The introduction of the Marconi device will be a forward step in ocean navigation of tremendous and far-reaching importance. At the very beginning, even, it will rob marine travel of one potent source of danger, for when the shore may be communicated with in all sorts of weather, no matter how thick, up to and sometimes exceeding a distance of 100 miles from port, it will be virtually impossible for a vessel to run ashore. Later, when Marconi instruments have been generally introduced, the chances of collision at sea will be reduced almost to the vanishing point, for then ship can signal ship, no matter where they are and no matter how dense the fog, at distances so great as to make the protection practically absolute. Moreover, wireless telegraphy will virtually shorten the trans-Atlantic voyage by a day or two, since it will render possible communication from shore to ship and from ship to shore nearly a day after sailing and nearly a day before the end of the voyage. The cost of thus protecting vessels, merchandise and human lives is insignificant; it involves nothing more elaborate than installing a few instruments on a table in the captain's cabin and a wire from the cabin to the top of the mast, and the expense will be less than \$500 a ship.

There are about fifty fast liners in the trans-Atlantic trade, and about one hundred and fifty other steamers which carry valuable cargoes. For \$500,000, possibly less, every one of these vessels could be equipped permanently with the new protection. For \$100,000 more, shore stations could be erected at all the dangerous points on the coasts of Great Britain, Continental Europe and the United States. Thus, for \$500,000, or less, the vast commercial trans-Atlantic fleet could be virtually safeguarded against both collisions and wrecks ashore.

The total wreck of one first-class liner and the loss of its cargo would involve millions of dollars, to say nothing of the loss of human life, and, for \$1,000,000, nearly or quite, all the steamers afloat on the oceans of the earth could be protected by apparatus on board and stations on shore. In the circumstances it is inconceivable that the general introduction of the system should not follow as rapidly as it can be accomplished. Should this follow, the navigator of the future will not only be master of his ship, but master of the wind and waves as well; and there is no reason why the employment of the wireless telegraphic system of signaling should not come to be as universal on steamship as the use of the rudder.

Present Status of Wireless Telegraphy.

Marconi now has five or six experimental stations in the south of England working almost constantly; the English navy is operating with the system at Portsmouth, and the French navy will shortly have it installed on a number of battleships and cruisers. With the channel steamers and German passenger ships about to take up the system, it might seem that the various other waves whisking across and through the English Channel would cause no end of confusion. But those who have the matter in hand say that this no longer presents any difficulty; it has been overcome by syntax. Now, electric tuning, or syntax, is a term not understood by the layman, but an idea of its nature may be obtained by comparing it with sound tuning. A tuning fork will respond—that is, will sound—to a certain note struck on a piano. A scientist would say it vibrated when something with the same rate of vibration was set in motion. Electric tuning is analogous. A given receiver, properly tuned, will respond to a certain number of other vibrations per second, but will remain unaffected by another rate of vibration. Thus any number of other waves vibrating at different rates would not interfere with one another, nor would any set of vibrations affect any receiver excepting the one specially tuned to its rate.

Undoubtedly the ship companies have been led to take up this invention because it has actually been shown to be a wonderful agent in the saving of life and property. The Prince of Wales, as president of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution of Great Britain, spoke not long ago on the subject, and said that at least a system had been found which would make navigation much safer and diminish the perils at sea. By its use two ships had already been saved from wreck on the Goodwin Sands. As a result of one speedy warning by wireless telegraphy from the Goodwin lightship property to the amount of \$50,000 was saved. The owners and crews of the lifeboats and tugs received \$15,000 for their work in response to the wireless call. The British navy proved the utility of wireless telegraphy at sea up to eighty miles eighteen months ago, when it was seen that the admiral from his lookout on the flagship could, by pressing a button, initiate any desired tactical evolution in the fleet, though none of the ships was in sight, and an almost automatic precision in the movements of every ship would result. It was then declared "difficult to overestimate the value of the new means of communication." Last fall, while Marconi was reporting the international yacht races in New York, messages were sent and received with absolute certainty by his assistants in England and France over a distance exceeding one hundred miles. Strangely enough, this then

greatest attainment of the system created no stir at the time, though it occurred in connection with the meeting of the English and French Associations of Science.

What was necessary to the application of the system at sea was a great loss which might have been prevented by wireless telegraphy if it had been applied before. So, when one of the channel steamers was wrecked and lives lost, there came a great demand for the protection that only Marconi could give.

Receiving News at Sea.

The trans-Atlantic steamship companies were further roused to action by Mr. Marconi's marvelous demonstration of what could be done, on board the St. Paul, while she was going up the channel toward Southampton. Before sailing from New York he cabled to his company in London that he would call up the Needles, Isle of Wight, station on the day of his arrival in the channel. The scenes on the ship and at the land stations on the appointed day were interesting in their difference. The London company had dismantled the Needles station and the Haven station, eighteen miles distant, in order to send the equipment to South Africa, and after much confusion temporary stations were installed just in time. On the St. Paul everything was quietly arranged. The passengers saw a wire suspended from the sprit on the mainmast leading to the smoking-room, and they crowded into that apartment to see the instruments which were to give them news several hours before landing.

When sixty-six nautical miles from Southampton, the first signals tapped out, dot, dot, dot, dash, dot, "understand," on the receiver, and in a few minutes the captain of the ship was telegraphing to London the news of his arrival, five hours before he brought his ship to the dock. Then war news began to come, and messages of all kinds were returned. There was no hitch of any kind, no hesitancy, no uncertainty. One of the great possibilities of wireless telegraphy was clearly shown. The channel was foggy, and ordinary signals could not have been seen a mile. On the strength of the news received on the ship a paper was printed and sold on board, \$150 being thus raised for the benefit of the seamen's fund. The first number of the



GUGLIELMO MARCONI.
[From a hitherto unpublished photograph.]

Trans-Atlantic Times probably represents the beginning of a new feature of ocean travel; at any rate, the invention which makes possible a real newspaper at sea has far greater possibilities in reserve.

The land station in Germany for the North German Lloyd ships is located on the island of Berkum, near Bremen; the American station, of course, will be near New York, while the Italian station will be near Genoa. As soon as the ships are fully equipped they will be able to keep in touch with the ports they are leaving until more than one hundred miles out; they can communicate with each other at sea within the range of influence, and they can announce their approach to land several hours in advance.

Wireless Telegraphy in Stormy Weather.

In the use of the system on a single lightship in the English Channel there have been five calls for assistance, none of which could have been accomplished in the ordinary way. In one case sufficient property was saved to have equipped all the lightships around England and along the United States Coast with the apparatus.

On the high seas its use in war has been so thoroughly tested that naval experts foresee in the near future the wholesale rejection of all present methods of signaling by semaphore or siren. By wireless telegraphy the effective range of signaling has been increased tenfold, and under all conditions of weather the effect is the same. Once the system is generally introduced the sea captain will be far better prepared to combat the elements in time of storm than he now is. Then he will practically be in touch with everything afloat in a surrounding area of something over thirty-one thousand square miles of ocean surface. If he is in danger, and there is a ship equipped with the system within one hundred miles, he can get help.

The operations of sending and receiving the messages at sea have already been described in general articles about Marconi's system. There is no great apparent difference between telegraphing by this system and telegraphing at an ordinary land-wire station. A telegraph key clicks out the dots and dashes in sending, the message speeds through the ether, no matter what may be the conditions of weather,

and the dots and dashes are faithfully received at the receiving station. The captain of a ship can talk with the captain of another ship, the water over 1000 feet high comes in between, is what the curvature of the earth amounts to a few miles.

In a lecture delivered in London a few days ago Marconi showed how he had increased the effective signaling tenfold at sea by one device or instrument. Doubtless the young inventor had to develop whereby his range will be still multiplied, and if so our calculations for others will have to be made all over again. In fact, it is possible to do more than he has promised. When approached by the managers of the channel steamers an inquiry as to whether he could make the system for the thousands who cross from London to Paris to London every month, there was no hesitancy, "I can." And as soon as the matter was arranged with the English and French governments it will be put into working order.

French and English Complications.

Owing to the monopoly of telegraphy in France the government in England and France has some difficulty. Under the present arrangements outside of the governments is allowed to operate any telegraph in France or England, or miles of their coasts. But as France is also telegraphing for her navy, she will doubtless be of contest. England herself has the system in Africa and plans to work with it in her navy, so that the channel steamers should be able to use the system in English waters. Furthermore, it on the channel steamers would not be dangerous, but rather for the purpose of saving life and property at sea than of anything else.

Marconi himself thinks more of the possibility of life and property at sea than of anything else. He has already made it so effective that almost any use on ships has been made practical, yet he is planning improvements which will make it more effective. In many ways the wireless system is better than the ordinary wire or cable method. There is no break, no wire to be cut or blown, and the medium is always ready, and it always works. Maj. Baden-Powell, now in South Africa, who has much with Marconi, tells of an instance, when his faith in the system wavered.

"About 10 o'clock one night," relates the story, Boulogne (France) attempted to call up the land (England) station. There was no reply, and the attendant had quitted his watch for the night. Again and again he called, but to no purpose. The receiving instrument was installed, and the station carefully overhauled. An hour or more passed, the greatest anxiety was displayed by the attendant. It had to be owned that the system had failed. Suddenly the receiver was affected. A short message was received, and then, in reply to a query came the prosaic reply: "Have a good supper!"

HERBERT W.

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THE VAST RESOURCES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

[Hon. Charles Denby in Collier's Weekly:] The latest report of the Geodetic Survey, made by the United States, contains 113,000 square miles of territory and 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 of population. The land surface is greater than that of New York, New York and Delaware thrown in. It is as large as Italy, and almost as large as France, and more than twice as large as the British Islands. The people are more numerous than those of a dozen of our States. The population is more than that of our own. There are nearly two hundred millions of choice woods. Gutta-percha in great quantities. There are mines everywhere—copper, iron, coal. The chief products are sugar, copra and rice. The climate varies with the seasons, but in some parts of the island of Luzon it is as hot as anywhere in the world. There is no winter. There is perpetual spring, or autumn, or summer.

The best experts consider that the trade of the Philippines is worth \$100,000,000 annually. Manila is the point of the Far East, standing at the open end of the world. All the steamship lines are heading for this point by day new lines are making it a port of call. I think it is generally considered that the Philippines enjoys at least 45 per cent. of the trade of the State. If the possession of dependencies is to be of any use to the world as a whole, it is strange that nations are seeking to possess themselves of them in Asia and Africa. Why, for instance, have France, Germany and Russia recently asked for land in Asia?

It would seem that bonded warehouses might be established in Manila, and might be filled with goods intended for China, which could be sent to that country as fast as any demand for them arose.

These questions are more or less problematical, and are being solved day by day by the merchant and the manufacturer.

BIG SHIPS ON THE PACIFIC.

[Springfield Republican:] The manager of the Iron Works at San Francisco, George W. B. Smith, recently before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, predicted that within a few years would be building steel ships for the trans-Pacific trade. The extraordinary character of the movement will the better appear when it is known that the largest steamer now afloat, the Oceanic, is 400 feet long, and that the length of the new trans-Pacific liners averages less than 650 feet. The prediction must be given weight. The development of the dimensions, however, will be gradual. The pressure making for larger and longer ships comes from the consideration that the carrying capacity increases with the size far out of proportion to the cost of motive power.

Senator George C. Perkins.

and a greater work which must be undertaken of Pacific commerce—the Nicaragua. The opening of the canal the distance between ports will be as reduced that Nicaragua will be the center of our activity across Nicaragua will at once become the highway of European marts to this coast. The entire western coast of the two oceans will be brought nearer to the Atlantic than the circumference of the earth. The Pacific will be nearer to the Atlantic, and the entire eastern coast line

**MR. DOOLEY ON MODERN
EXPLOSIVES OF WARFARE.**
Contributed to The Times by F. P. Dunne.

Contributed to The Times by F. P. Dunne.

In spite of the heavy losses the Boers kept up a fierce fight. They had no lyddite, but with their other devilish modern explosives they wrought tremendous damage. For some hours shells burst with terrific precision in the enemy camp. Wan man who was good at figures counted as many as forty-two thousand eight hundred and an aivin retin' within a radius of van fut. Ye can imagine the r-r-rible carnage. Col. C. G. F. K. L. M. H. O. P. Netherington-Casely-Higgins lost his eyeglass tin times, th' last one almost swallowin' it, while y'e'er faithful correspondent

"I can see in a mind th' day whin explosives 'll be so explosive an' gups 'll shoot so far that en'y th' folks that stays at home'll be kilt, an' life-insurance agents 'll be drivin' people to go into th' ar-mny. I can see. 'Tis thrue what Hogan says about it."

"What's that?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Th' nation," said Mr. Doe'ey, "that fights with a couplin' in extende its borders at th' coast iv th' nation that fights with a clothespole."

MEASURES TAKEN TO LIMIT THE USE OF ALCOHOL IN ALL ITS FORMS.

These proscriptions are based on such practical common-sense reasons as lead to the hope that similar restrictions will be made general in the army. It is beyond question that the subsequent life of Frenchmen is much influenced by the habits acquired when they first join the army, usually at the age of 20 years. If, at that time, they accustom themselves to an inordinate taste for alcoholic drinks, there is every probability that they will retain the proclivity when they return to civil life. If, on the other hand, they are inspired with a dread of the dangerous consequences of intemperance, and are prevented from indulging to excess, the chance will be just so much less of their ever becoming habitual inebriates. While the excessive use of intoxicants is much less general in France than in many other countries, the practical benefits of these new military regulations will commend themselves to all publicists, and it is not improbable that hereafter the army will be spoken of not only as a school of discipline, but also as a school of hygiene.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

FARMING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

QUEER FEATURES OF COUNTRY LIFE IN EASTERN LUZON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PANIQUE, Feb. 7, 1900.—I have been riding all day through one of the richest valleys of this island of Luzon. I have come with Gen. Wheeler and his staff from Manila over the railroad to the little town of Panique, where the general now has his headquarters. We are eighty-three miles north of Manila and within forty miles of the end of the railroad on the Gulf of Lingayen. This island reaches for 150 miles north of that point and below Manila its tail extends out to the southeast, a distance of at least 250 miles further. From this you may get some idea of the great size of Luzon. If a railroad were to be built from its southernmost point to the extreme north it would be longer than the distance between New York City and Pittsburgh. The biggest part of the island is north of Manila,

the beautiful valley made up of a great patch work of these little silver gray patches sowed together with wide strips of green and embroidered with wild flowers. You must add magnificent mountains as blue as the Blue Ridge or the Alleghenies, rising and falling in rugged volcanic beauty away off at the right and the left, and through the valley these tall tufts of bamboo green. Upon this as a background, the Filipinos stand or rather stoop, more picturesque even than their surroundings. There are hundreds of women dressed in queer clothes, in which bright red often forms the principal color. They have great round hats like bread bowls turned upside down, short jackets, which always seem to be just about to fall off from their shoulders, bag-like skirts, which are often tucked up so that half a leg shows, and bare feet. The men wear their shirts outside their thin cotton trousers and many of them have on great hats like the women. There are also children of all ages, some dressed much like their parents and a few with almost no clothes at all. See that boy over there. He has a white shirt, the tail of which just touches his hips,

ing is done by the wind, the rice falling air again and again and caught in a fan. Birds and Bafaloes.

We look in vain for cows and horses in the valley. The ponies of Luzon are small and the only animals visible are the caribou, and now and then an ugly black dog is everywhere. They drag great loads on a yard in diameter; they haul loads from the ground is so soft that no wheels. You see them plowing, going along with dragging rude one-handed plows like the tures. They are ridden as well as driven, mount their backs to go home from the ridden by the children and, still, ridden by the birds. Every other before fields has a bird on its back. There is a with a great white crane roosting on its back is another with a crow on its back. At that the birds are good fly catchers and the insects which are trying to live off the The Battle of the Rice Pounders.

Speaking of thrashing rice reminds me which created quite an excitement in Gen. some weeks ago. The pounding of the mortar makes a boom, boom, boom, war-larity, sounds like the firing of muskets.

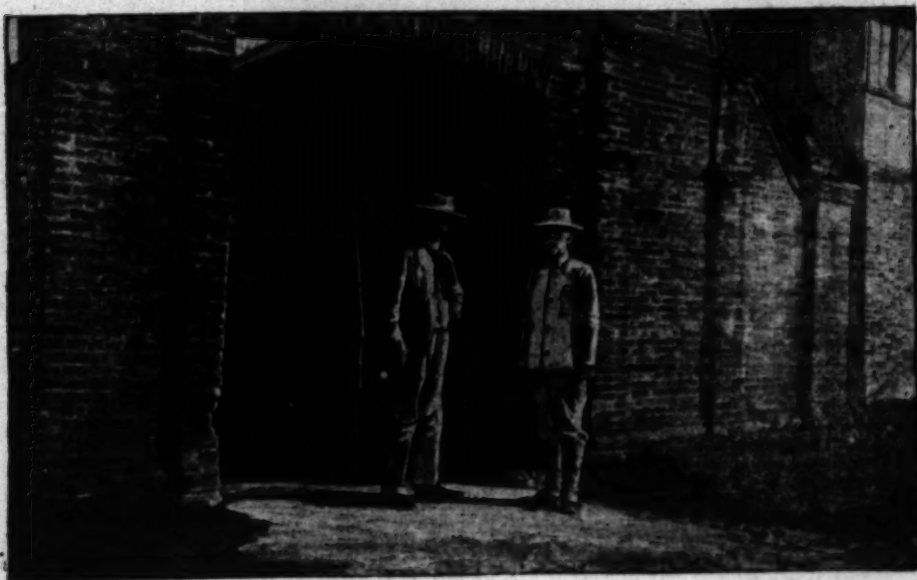
The insurgents were supposed to be Wheeler one day when Capt. E. V. staff thought he heard firing. It was miles off, and it came in irregular boomety boom! He was standing by the time and asked: "General, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the general, "it sounds like they were firing over at Bacolor. I'll go to the 'lookout' and find whether they are. The lookout was a tall tree, in which a man with a pair of glasses to scan the country for surprise. Upon being asked as to whether the sentinel replied that he did not see certain there was firing about two miles in that direction. As they came to they were able to locate it, and they came not from muskets, but from the rice. There were a half dozen women and that was all. Since then the incident in Wheeler's brigade as the battle of the

A somewhat similar case of premature occurred just outside Manila near La Loma. The Twenty-fifth Infantry formed the regiment was new to the Philippines, been placed there on guard, when they thought were signals, flashing here and there in the darkness. They shot at them, only to find they had been fighting the fire line. Andy Durt sent to the men orders for them a list of the casualties.

The Only Railroad in the Philippines. The railroad which goes through this valley of the Philippines. It is now having been torn up again and again by the natives. Many of the stations are in ruins, and the motives lying near Banban in one of the the track. You see the remains of lumber, a few miles, and in some places the fortifications by our soldiers, behind which they lay in wait.

The railroad belongs to an English syndicate, undoubtedly attempt to make the American



GEN. WHEELER AND THE TIMES' CORRESPONDENT IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

where it is on the average over one hundred miles wide and longer than from New York to Washington. It has an area fully as great as that of the State of Ohio, and an enormous amount of good land. I have met during my stay in the Philippines men from nearly every part of it and all speak of its fertile valleys and rich rolling foothills. It has mountains covered with valuable timber and deposits of copper and gold. Some of the officers who have just returned from the extreme north, tell me the savages there showed them gold nuggets and quills of gold dust and coarse gold. They say the people wear rude rings made of pure gold, and that the Chinese travel to the north and trade with them for the precious metal. I expect to make an expedition north before I leave the Philippines, when I shall be able to give a fuller detail of its mineral resources.

The Valley North of Manila.

I wish I could show you the rich valley which extends all along both sides of the railroad from Manila to the Gulf of Lingayen. It is a vast flat rice field from thirty to fifty miles wide and more than one hundred miles long. Here and there is a little patch of corn, and above Calumpit some few plantations of pale green sugar cane, but the rest is all rice, rice, rice. There are few fences. I saw none except some about the cane fields. You can look over miles of level fields now gray with the harvested rice, but green where the vegetation is sprouting up through the cut off stalks.

Near the railroads at least there is no irrigation. The fields are very small and each is surrounded by a little mud grass-grown wall to keep in the water, but the water comes from the floods of the rainy season, when it rains for days and days, sometimes dropping the water almost in streams. I am told that the rainfall in parts of the valley is as much as eight feet in a year, so that if all the water was held in it would almost cover the head of the average Filipino standing upon the shoulders of one of his brothers. Now everything is comparatively dry.

The walls about the fields are usually about a foot high and not more than eight inches wide. They form the paths through the country as the water falls, and some of them are quite worn. Some parts of the valley have a slight slope, and in such places the fields are terraced, rising gently from one platform to another.

The valley is spotted with groves and clumps of tall bamboos, great bunches of green feathers with stalks fifty feet tall and branches which quiver with every passing breeze. You see but few houses. They are in most cases hid by the bamboo, which shade them. The people do not live on their farms, but in villages and towns scattered along the roads just as do the farmers of France and Germany. Many of them walk several miles to their work every day. I am told that the roads are nearly everywhere lined with houses and that some little towns consist of a single street several miles in length.

Queer Country Scenes.

But let me give you some pictures of our Filipino subjects as they work in their fields. You must first imagine

with a black belt round his waist. The rest of his body is as bare as when he was born.

The most of the rice has been cut some weeks ago. The heads have been taken off one by one, tied up in bundles not much bigger than a good-sized bouquet and carried home to be thrashed. Half of the straw, for some reason, is left in the field, and people are now going through and cutting the stalks. They tie them in bundles and shock them up in low windrows and small piles. Each girl has a hook like a knife, with a long handle, and she bends over low as she cuts. Some of the girls are quite pretty, and visions of Ruth as she gathered the straw for old Boaz, come before you.

A Human Thrashing Machine.

But what are they doing in that field over there? A man and a woman, facing each other, are hanging onto a pole



POUNDING RICE.

nalled to bamboo stakes in the ground, and jumping up and down on the rice straw which lies under their feet. That is the human thrashing machine of Luzon. They are treading out with their weight the rice left in the straw. The crop itself is thrashed when the grain is first cut. The little bundles are stacked up about the hut or placed, with their heads downward, on the ground inside an enclosure to dry. When thoroughly ripe the heads of the stalks are put in a mortar made by hollowing out a block of hard wood, and men and women pound upon them with great wooden pestles, thus thrashing the rice from the straw. The winnow-

for their use of the road. It is a question should be paid, for the road, I am told, by the Filipinos, and the Filipino employees of the men who did the most damage: to the rolling stock.

The railroad is 150 miles long. It goes as flat as a floor and its construction is comparatively easy and cheap. It has a gauge of forty inches, and rolling stock. The cars have been repainted and labeled by the United States government.

They are old, box-like affairs, unsuited

There is first, second and third class, the first not being more than that of our immigrant cars. The road is a double track, not over three feet above the surface, and it seems to be enough to preserve it from the hands of the enemy.

The railroad has been in operation for about eight years. It is a government property, but the first contractors failed to build it in the way of bribery that they could not get the money. The original capital was to be less than \$100,000, but the road is now bonded up to the neck, and it should be a very valuable property, for it is one of the richest parts of the islands and is in the neighborhood of 5000 square miles of rice land along the track. It has also other territories, connecting the northern part of the island with the south.

Like those of the road, the road is run entirely by the soldiers. They are the engineers, the mail clerks and the conductors. Every train has guards in uniform upon it.

At every station there is a company or so ready to take any attack. Now and then some one shoots at the soldiers as they go by. We had one such shot on the road to Panique, but no one was hurt. Until recently none of the soldiers were allowed to travel on the road without a permit, but it will now be open to both passengers and freight trains, and it may be that it will be handed back to the people in a short time.

Panique is a typical country village. At least it is typical of the Luzon. Nearly every section of these islands has its own dialects. The dialects are so different that it is said that the common people of Southern Luzon are unable to make themselves understood in the north. At the same time the Tagalo and Spanish are enough to trade anywhere. The common people are very friendly.

The Luzon man does not know anything about the country beyond him. Not long ago a man was asked if there were not some men in his village who could go with one of the regiments over the mountains. He said he supposed there was not a man in the Luzon who had been to the mountains. Only the fewest of the Luzon men have ever visited Manila. In fact, the average man seldom goes five miles from his home.

In the Luzon regions the houses of the people are built on stilts everywhere. Every village has a plaza or a square in the center with the church, the government house and some of the best houses facing it. Back of this, for miles into the country, the roads are lined with huts, made of poles and bamboo and having roofs of woven bamboo and roofs of nipa palm. These huts are built from three to six feet above the ground, in order to be out of the way of the water during the rainy season. They are so high up that the water buffalo and the other forms a shelter for the farming tools, carts and the houses of the better class have a first story of wood. The walls are of boards and the roofs are of bamboo. The houses of the better class have a first story of wood. The walls are of boards and the roofs are of bamboo. The houses of the better class have a first story of wood. The walls are of boards and the roofs are of bamboo.

and cut the bamboo necessary to make the bridge. Notwithstanding that he was several hours without clothing, he says he experienced no evil results from this action. His work resulted in the rations being carried across that river in less than four hours.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

[Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

A MARVELOUS COAL BURNER.

[Philadelphia Record:] The power station of the Third-avenue Railroad, New York, will consume, when in operation seventy-five tons of coal per hour, or one and one-quarter tons per minute. The plant will have the capacity to carry a sustained load of 100,000 horse power. An idea of the engine capacity is given by the statement that if all of the piston area was combined in a single cylinder it would have a diameter of thirty-two and one-half feet. The boilers will be placed in two stories of the building and provided with automatic coal and ash handling machinery and stokers.

[New York World:] Never a good cause that suffered by publicity; never a bad one that did not thrive by privacy!

a woman, who squats down among the goods as she waits for her customers.

Gen. Joe Wheeler in the Philippines.

I have spent some time with Gen. Wheeler at his headquarters in the field. His vitality is wonderful. He is as active at 63 as he was when he was at the head of the cavalry forces of the Confederacy, now more than thirty-five years ago. He spends a part of each day in the saddle, and has been in active service ever since he came here. He has been in fourteen different engagements, and has done remarkable service in his dashing military way. At Perac last September he charged over the enemy's breastworks and took the town, driving the insurgents into the mountains. He was in the thick of the fight at Angeles in November and at Bauban his troops were under fire directly in front of the enemy's fortifications. He was in a number of skirmishes, and it was a great regret to him that he was not given Gen. Lawton's command in the south after that hero was killed.

The fact that Gen. Wheeler has kept well, notwithstanding his age, is an evidence, so he thinks, of the salubrity of the climate of the Philippines. He says these islands are as healthful as any part of the United States. He



A Country House. They stable the horses under the floor.

tells me he has not had a sick day since he came here and that notwithstanding he has marched for days with his clothes wet to the skin, has slept on the ground and undergone all sorts of hardships.

At one time I am told that some of his officers objected to allowing the troops to march further on a certain day. The general thought it was important to reach the next town, twelve miles distant, and he said:

"I will not ask my men to do anything which I am not willing to do myself. Here, captain, you take my horse. Give it to that sick soldier, and I will carry a gun and walk." With that, as the story goes, he took the soldier's gun and marched with the regiment. He kept up all the way, making the twelve miles in less than four hours, and came out of it without being especially fatigued.

At another time, he had charge of the provisions for Gen. MacArthur's division. It was very important that some 24,000 rations be moved across one of the principal rivers. These rations weighed about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The soldiers needed them immediately, and there was no bridge or boats to get them across the river. When the general arrived at the stream he found that the soldiers had built a raft which would carry only about three hundred pounds at a time. He saw that with such means the train would be delayed for days, so he decided to build a pontoon bridge. The only wood was on the other side of the river, but he took twenty men with him, and, stripped to the skin, they swam the river, with their axes,



Panique, Luzon. A typical Tagalog village.

and cut the bamboo necessary to make the bridge. Notwithstanding that he was several hours without clothing, he says he experienced no evil results from this action. His work resulted in the rations being carried across that river in less than four hours.

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THEIR MATRIMONIAL FATES.

THE ROMANTIC FIRST MEETINGS, COURTSHIPS AND MARRIAGES OF PROMINENT MEN.

By a Special Contributor.

Marriage has always been one of the world's greatest themes. Interest never flags in the subject. Men have tired of their own matrimonial experiences sometimes, but of other people's never.

The great thing, as a wise philosopher said, is to get the right girl. There is no stereotyped way of getting her. Just as men have found different ways of proposing, so there have been endless ways in which men have met their fates. A romantic element is mixed up with most love affairs.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a mutual friend, who was something of a matchmaker, having brought this about. She was young and beautiful and all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter and the marriage day fixed, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their marriage life was long and happy and the loss of his wife was a blow which he did not long survive.

The second time that Bismarck met Fraulein Johanna Puttkammer he kissed her soundly in the presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was soon followed by the marriage. Fraulein Puttkammer was a bridesmaid for a friend the first time Bismarck saw her. These two young people, as Reasland says, "no sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved."

The first marriage of Jefferson Davis was of a romantic character. Falling desperately in love with Sallie Taylor, daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, who did not approve of the attachment, the young people took matters in their own hands and eloped. Sixteen years passed before "Old Zach" would speak to his son-in-law, and then it was because he and his regiment had covered themselves with glory at the battle of Buena Vista.

The first time Mary Todd met Lincoln she said to her sister, "That man will be President one of these days. He will make a husband to be proud of." About that time Lincoln's chances of becoming President seemed as remote as possible, and Mary's sister laughed the idea to scorn. A few months afterward Mary Todd was married to "Ugly Abe," and in fourteen years the prediction was fulfilled. As a child, the future Mrs. Lincoln had prophesied that she would become the wife of a President of the United States.

The first August Belmont's marriage to Commodore Perry's daughter grew out of a duel. At his first meeting with the lady, a blooming Baltimore belle, at the theater, he challenged a man who made some remark reflecting on the virtue of women generally. When the smoke from the simultaneous fire of the two pistols cleared away it was found that the bully had a bullet through his heart and Belmont a ball in the leg. He became the hero of the hour; proposed to the beautiful Miss Perry and was accepted. He said that it was her noble face that nerved him to resent the imputation on her sex.

With Henry Stanley, the explorer, it was "love my daughter, love me." Mrs. Tennant persistently refused to consent to her daughter marrying. "Dolly is all that I have left and I cannot, shall not, part with her. But to entreaties she finally yielded. "I want your daughter for my wife," Stanley said, "give her to me and do you at the same time become my mother, father, brother, and sister." "She is yours," replied mamma, "and so am I." That, in brief, is the story of Stanley's wooing and Mrs. Tennant is his as irreparably and indissolubly as her daughter is, and Mr. Stanley is said to be a model husband and a tractable and obedient son.

It was through his novel, "The Scalp Hunters," that Capt. Mayne Reid won a bride. He was 30 years old when he met a damsel of 13, with whom he at once fell in love. The child, of course, took no notice of him, but he gave her the story to read, as effective a manner of courting in this nineteenth century as ever was Othello's in an earlier one. Two years later the young lady was at a public meeting, where Capt. Reid spoke on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she afterward said, and when this meeting was over she went up to speak to him. "I leave for London on the next train," he said, hurriedly. "Please send me your address."

"I do not know where," she replied with some embarrassment. He instantly handed out his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Capt. Reid, as you asked me to send you my address, I do so." By return of post came the answer: "Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once," and then the rest. "I think I do love you." Needless to say that there is nothing as good as this in the lovers' novels.

Being told by a friend that Miss —'s eyes possessed the property of double refraction, Sir George Airy, the noted astronomer, exclaimed: "Dear me, that is very odd; I should like to see that. Do you think I might venture to call?" As he was reassured on this point, he took heart of grace and called. In the course of conversation, he asked permission to examine the young lady's eyes, to which she consented. The call was repeated in the interests of science. The problem grew so intrinsically that he at length resolved to make it a life study and finally plucked up enough courage to propose. He was accepted and this strange wooing laid the foundation of many years of happy married life.

That Admiral Porter was not afraid to brave the ire of an unpropitious parent, doubtless raised him in the esteem of his lady love. When a midshipman on board the flagship of Commodore Porter, who was accompanied by his family, which included a young and lovely daughter, young Porter allowed no parental commands to frighten him. The orderly was told not to allow the midshipman to enter the cabin without special permission. Young Porter, however, managed to continue his visits to his fair one. One bright moonlight night, the commodore, rousing up from an after dinner nap, discovered young Porter and his sweetheart behind one of the windows of the stern ports.

"Young man," thundered the commodore, "how did you enter this cabin?" The midshipman replied, "The orderly is not to blame, I came over the mizen chains and through the quarter galley window."

Midshipman Porter, through the balance of the cruise, was regularly admitted to visit the cabin, and on the ship's arrival home, the marriage took place.

E. A. BURBANK, INDIAN PAINTER.

By a Special Contributor.

E A. BURBANK, the Indian painter, is taking a vacation at Ocean Park. The big, brown man, lying on the sand, after a dash among the breakers, or tramping for miles up and down the coast, does not look like a wreck. But when he came to the Coast, a few weeks ago, he was on the verge of nervous prostration. He had been living among the Arizona and New Mexico Indians till he couldn't stand it any longer.

"It's what I had to eat that did it," said the anything-but-sickly-looking man, a few days since. "You see, I go and live right with the Indians, miles away from the railroads, and I can't get anything fit to eat. I don't know where the traders get the stuff they sell. It's something awful. And yet the Indians pay a big enough price to get the very best. And pork! I had pork three times a day for a month; cooked different ways, but always pork, and greasy. Ugh! it makes me sick to see pork brought to the tables, or even beans that have a flavor of pork."

When sea air and decent diet have brought him around again, Mr. Burbank will go back to the Laguna and Moqui Indians, then up through Northern California, Washington and Alaska, if possible, before October. He hopes to have at least fifty more scalps artistic dangling at his belt by autumn. He has already painted every noted Indian chief living, with other "heap big Injuna," squaws and maidens—sad in all.

Passing of the Artistic Indian.

During the past few years, the red man has taken his turn as an artistic fad. Even art, the immortal, must bend to whims. But the feverish haste with which artists have pursued this subject is prophetic. They have come to realize that in another generation, or two at most, the Indian of blanket and war paint and feather and beadwork will be but a legend.

Of the names we have learned to look for in the corner of Indian pictures, that of Burbank stands apart. Remington, Brush, Farny, Lungren, and the rest, have been more or less daring and fanciful. They have used what they call their artistic license.

"For instance," says Burbank, "I saw in Chicago a picture of an Indian riding like the wind, with the end of his war bonnet flying out behind him. An Indian would laugh at such a picture. The war bonnet is always fastened to

let about Indiana, with a genial manner that admits him to the brotherhood of "good fellows."

But he has a scrapbook! And a peep into the scrapbook of a man who does things tells the whole story. The subject on every page is the same. The clippings may be two or three lines, or two or three columns. There are pages from magazines, with stories about or by Burbank, other pages with illustrations by the same, newspaper notices of all his goings out and comings in, when he is working on a picture, when it is done, and when it is sold; together with cuts innumerable of the best-known pictures.

For many pages back it is all Indian stuff, with dozens of large, colored plates, showing part of the work of the past three years. It is over these plates that Burbank likes to linger. Each one is a reminder of interesting experiences.

The Indians Naturally Artistic.

"Indians are the most interesting people in the world, and the most artistic. Look at their blankets and their headwork! Why, it's beautiful! Give them beads of different colors, red, blue, green, yellow; they'll pick out the complementary colors every time. After a red one will come a green, and after purple, yellow."

"And their tepees! What could be more artistic than a group of tepees, each one colored according to the rank of the owner, with the crooked poles sticking out at the top, and a bit of blue smoke curling out through the hole? I've never seen but one tepee of the pure old Indian style, but it was fine. Partitioned off inside with skins—My goodness! how these old squaws can tan hides! And the sides hung with beadwork. It was simply beautiful."

"It just makes me sick to see how civilized they are getting. I can notice a change when I'm away for a few months and go back again. They are cutting their hair, and the government is beginning to issue coats and trousers instead of blankets. Some of the places I go I can't stand it. I have to get right out. An Indian in a suit of clothes is no good for a picture."

"In number the Indians are about holding their own. When you hear that the Indian is passing away, it means the typical Indian. When the few old ones are gone, there'll be no more Indians. The younger ones are a lot of white men."

"Oh, yes, it's all right to educate them if they're given something to do. When a boy gets through Carlyle and wants something to eat, he has to go back to his tribe. When his clothes wear out, he puts on a blanket. If the agent is the right sort, he'll let him work in the store, or do hauling or something to make a living."

"They are trying to make them live up to the white man's standard. At the Pine Ridge Agency, they have a preacher and make them get married. The Indian way was for the man to wrap himself up in a white blanket, with only his eyes showing, and go and play on his love flute

None they'd all got killed, but he'd stay left on the field for dead, out in the timber hawk, wounded in the right hand, and each wound he wears one feather dipped in red rings around his arms are for the Cheyenne yellow ones, for the Cheyenne.

Heroic Medical Treatment.

"In this picture of Black Coyote, you see on his arms and body. The man's children had lost two and wanted the coat to get



E. A. BURBANK.

himself in a trance. They do it in different time he went to the top of a hill and let the sun from the time it rose until it set his head. Try it once and see what it will do. His trance an owl came to him and told him seventy pieces of flesh and offer them to his children would get well. He took a large seventy bits of flesh, offering each one with

"Yes, his children got well."

Turning on in the scrapbook, Mr. Burbank his most successful pictures, the greatest in Cloud, Sioux, Geronimo, Apache, and many others. "If you'd spend just one evening with me, I ever knew. When I made this picture, the time he'd ever sat for a picture, with his hands, he made me keep the doors and windows open four days and he gave a sigh of relief when they sat so still that it's perfect torture. I get through with the eyes he needs't sleep to sleep if he wanted to. But he scored that thing."

Sometimes they're superstitious about traits painted. They think I'll take the paint throw poison on it, and the original will die them like it. They think other chiefs will die the Great Father. They charge me from Geronimo a Fairy Old Fellow.

"I've painted nine pictures of Geronimo, old fellow. He raises his price every time I was there he said nothing about prior things ready. Then he said, 'You got a new picture. I want \$3.50! When I told him his face, he made it a dollar more. The last time, he, too, had had his hair cut. I made him tie an old rag around his head.'"

Pointing to a hideous, wrinkled old photograph, Mr. Burbank said: "That's Blue Horse and his friends. He went to the agent and told him new eye; and to be sure and have it the one he had, as he didn't want two different fond of joking."

"He told the agent also that he'd seen in a box that had had bacon in it; that the legs had to be bent. Then he said, 'I want a nice long box, so my legs won't have to be bent if I came back some time and found he come to his grave and put some flowers on the old fellow. And I'd do it, too. He wanted to see me once when I was sick."

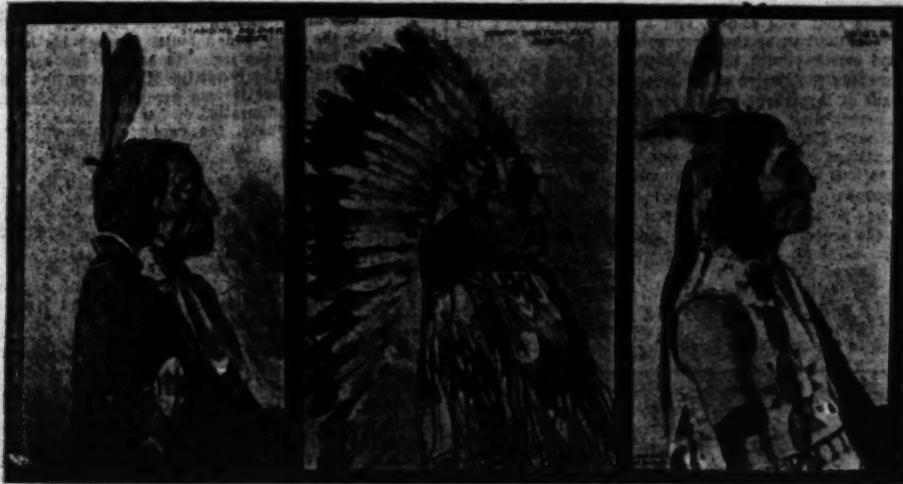
An Indian's Letter.

"I've had a number of letters from him, the last part of one. I call it poetic: 'I am above my head and say, Great Spirit, I pay my friend, the Son of the Shadow Maker; toward north, cold wind, treat him kindly; toward east, great sun, shine on his lodge only toward the place where the Shadow Maker bless your son; toward the land of the living saying waft on the breezes our friend the living my pipe of peace, I say, kind mother receive my friend into your maternal bosom kindly; let the howl of the coyote, the mountain and mountain lions, the cold blasts of the top of the pine trees be a sweet lullaby to shaketh the hand of your friend, Blue Horse.'"

Of all the tribes, Mr. Burbank thinks the most intelligent, the truest friends, the most and progressive. He says the government alone now and they would support themselves.

The Osages are the richest nation on earth, \$20,000,000 to their credit, and there are no Every man, woman and child draws \$200. Besides, each one owns 1000 acres of land, farm implements and good houses, but they won't wear a thing that the white man look down on the white man. They like to work. Burbank found them lofty when he money to sit for him. They said they didn't want him. They didn't want him.

The Navajoes are the meanest tribe. In words: 'I'm not scared of any Indians, but to be scared, I'd be scared of the Navajoes.'



SOME OF MR. BURBANK'S INDIAN E.

the body with leather straps. It would fall off if they came loose."

Burbank is true to nature. He is a realist. His Indians are stoical, haughty. They sit for him like graven images, and he paints them so. The Indian maiden does not languish and pose herself gracefully. Her toes may turn in, and her arms hang stiff. If so, a Burbank picture tells the ungraceful truth. Each one is a portrait, not only of the face, but of every bit of buckskin fringe, or weasel tail, or symbolic design of blanket. If he errs on the side of minute detail, it gives the pictures additional historical and ethnological value, with small cost to the artistic.

In Love with Southern California.

Chicago claims Elbridge A. Burbank, and rightfully. Whether this can be said a year hence is not so certain. Mr. Burbank is in love with Southern California. He has almost decided to move his headquarters to Los Angeles. As to Chicago's claim: Born just outside the city's gates, at Harvard, Ill., Mr. Burbank began his art study at the Chicago Institute; and after a year or two at Munich, he returned to Chicago. It is there that he has won his laurels, first by receiving the Yerkes prize, in 1893, and by continued successes since. Mr. Burbank is one of three Chicago artists whose pictures have been accepted for the Paris Exposition. He will be represented by the portrait of a Navajo squaw, Tli-chi-na-pa, painted two years ago. It is not as typical of the Indian as many of his other canvases, but "I suppose it's the best thing I've done," is the artist's comment.

The Artist and His Scrapbook.

Scarcely a word of all this personal talk is to be heard from the artist himself. He is a modest man. So modest and unassuming that one might talk with him for hours without learning that he is one of America's greatest painters. He seems just an everyday man, who knows a

before the tepee of the maiden he wanted. If she recognized his voice and liked him, she went away with him. But now there's no more white blankets and love flutes.

Modern Marriage Customs.

"Different tribes have different ways. With the Moquis, the girl does the asking. She decides she wants some man. Then she grinds a certain amount of meal. She must do it all herself and it takes about a month. When that's done, she takes it to the home of his parents and stays there, so he can see if he likes her when he sees her every day. If he does, his men relatives begin to make her clothes. My goodness! I wish you could see the things. They're just beautiful! Here is a picture that I had a deuce of a time to get. She's in her wedding outfit. The blanket is creamy white, with a blue and black border. And that's a beautiful woman in it, too. Some of them are awfully pretty. Then all the relatives come with things to eat, and they eat all night. Then the two go back to live with her parents."

Turning to some of the brightest colored plates, Mr. Burbank said: "Do you know why Indians paint? I thought they did it to look pretty, but they don't. Some of the women do, and also to protect their faces when they are going on a long journey. But the men paint when they see an enemy coming. They say it's 'medicine' and the ball or arrow won't hit them."

"An Indian always paints himself the same way. Every streak of paint means something. A certain mark means that he has stolen a horse. Every Indian, when he sees the mark, knows the other fellow has stolen a horse."

"Oh, yes, that's a virtue. He only steals from his enemies." Evidently Mr. Burbank sees the thing from the Indian's point of view.

"Red paint always means blood. A man who has been in a hand-to-hand conflict will dip his hand in red paint and make the print on his breast."

"Here's a picture of White Swan, Reno's trusted scout. He was just as faithful as any one that ever lived. He told

From a Special Correspondent.

Contestants Became Rich.

has been much speculation as to the way in which wealth was made. Many stories are told, some true and some altogether false. His position as a partner in the screw business of Nettlesford & Chamberlain gave him many opportunities for the exercise of these business qualities which were afterward noted during his municipal career. The charge which was made was not slow to bring against him—that dealing about a monopoly without regard to the principles of fairness and justice to his competitors, was carried too far. That by the aid of patented American machinery his firm was able to dictate terms to the other makers in the country, and that they were all, or all, induced to sell their business at a fair price—leaving Nettlesford & Chamberlain masters of the market for years, may be accepted. But this could probably have been done by competition alone, without having the price which the various businesses cost. No case of real tyranny or injustice has ever been established in a monopoly, however, was brought about and that led to all the members of the Chamberlain family wealth, seems certain."

Wife, Sunday-school Teacher.

His old friend of the Colonial Secretary has recently to Mr. Chamberlain's capabilities, unsuspected of a Sunday-school teacher. Early, they were exhibited before his political career, in fact only a short time after his start in Birmingham. Perhaps it was in obedience to the wish of good people at home that young Chamberlain joined the Church of the Messiah, but he found that was interesting to him in religious work. Three years he gave a series of talks on scientific topics to the people of the congregation, and before long he had joined Sunday-school teacher, with a class of about twenty of them lusty, young factory hands. It was at the time when there was no national

How Chamberlains Learned to Speak.

Tide Turning for Chamberlain.

When Parliament opened, a few weeks ago, things looked bad for Mr. Chamberlain. Sir Wilfred Lawson said in a public speech that Mr. Chamberlain deserved to be put in jail quite as much as Dr. Jameson had for making a raid on the Transvaal on a smaller scale. The War Office had bungled, and the Colonial Secretary was blamed for that, too, because if the Colonial Secretary had not gone to war, the War Office would not have had a chance to bungle. But two weeks after Parliament had opened, Mr. Chamberlain got up one night, put a little piece of paper in front of him with a few notes on it, and, in his calm, clear voice, sailed into his critics. It was a strong, adroit and audacious speech, in which he defended the government and himself so well that he saved the situation. A boom for the Premiership was started then, for Lord Salisbury is so old and so tired of political life, that he only

awaits an opportunity for stepping down and out. If he does it before England gets over the need of a strong and daring man at the helm, Mr. Chamberlain has a good chance for the place—hated though he is in the Conservative party—because there is no one else available who fills the bill.

Finally, Mr. Cahnberlein is the greatest admirer of the United States in the present English government. He has persistently become the idea of an Anglo-American alliance, and got himself into trouble not long ago by speaking of it in public as if it were an accomplished fact, thereby calling forth a prompt denial from the United States government, and consequently getting himself much

MARSHALL LORD.

TITO MATTEL

**THE MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER TALKS OF HIS
EARLY LIFE.**

"What! Leo for that little piece? It is too much. But we shall give you 6 pence royalty.' Then came flash number two, and I said, 'I will take 6 pence royalty.'

"I am not sorry that their proposal was agreed to rather than mine, for the name of the song was 'Non e Ver,' and the name of the pianoforte piece, which I have played thousands of times, was 'Matti's Grand Waltz.'

"I shall only add, in memory of the days of my youth, that the waltz was my favorite firstling, composed at the age of 9."

By a Special Contributor.

manuscripts kept in the safe in Washington's Oratory, and the diary kept by him in 1789, and covered up at the Federal conventions. It is interesting to find that while the diary contains very little information concerning the convention—the names of all the persons with whom Washington dined and supped are carefully noted. These papers, as well as most of the others relating to Washington, are in an excellent preservation, and have been practically untouched since 1789. The collection is especially rich in Washington's diary. The diary of the papers came into the library by the purchase of the library in 1814, others by the purchase of the Peter Force collection in 1867, and the remainder by purchase or by gift. The valuable collection includes many papers, including letters from French and British agents, and other documents of great interest.

This map, like every other in the collection, has been treated according to Mr. Phillips's own method, which makes it possible to refer to any map as easily as if it were a book. The bath that is given to manuscripts is obviously impossible in the case of maps, the most valuable of which are drawn with ink and colored with crayon and water color. No cleaning preparation can be used, and the restorer tells with righteous horror of one precious map

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

PENSION ATTORNEYS.

HOW SOME OF THEM ATTEMPT TO PREY ON THE TREASURY.

By Hon. H. Clay Evans, U. S. Commissioner of Pensions.

I AM not the first Commissioner of Pensions to discover the tricks, methods and practices of the great and growing standing army of pension attorneys that has fastened itself upon the country. There is but one Commissioner of Pensions. In the city of Washington alone there are registered about twelve hundred pension attorneys, with a probable force of 1800 sub-agents and solicitors. It would seem to be an unequal contest, and it has been one for many years. Some of the critics of the present Commissioner seem to think he is the author or discoverer of the pension attorney. In fact, other Commissioners have had like troubles—they only seem greater and on the increase now, as some of his predecessors predicted. Looking over the files of the office I find that as far back as 1868 Commissioner Cox said:

"Many of the attorneys prosecuting claims before this office have, by courtesy of department and evident honesty of purpose, commended themselves to favorable consideration, while others have been suspended from practice for cause, and in some cases convicted and punished for flagrant violation of the law."

Two years later, Commissioner Van Aernam said that soon after assuming the duties of his position he had become satisfied that a great number of fraudulent claims upon the Pension Office had been made, many of them had been allowed and paid and others were still pending. Not a few of these claims were based upon applications, the signatures of claimants or witnesses in which were forged and supported by false evidence, and there were also claims on the ground of dependence, the claimants in which were, for the most part, never dependent. These were frauds upon the government alone.

Extortionate Demands for Services.

The attention of the office at about this time was called to another class of cases, which were not wholly fraudulent, nor indeed without merit, when properly presented, but by reason of the large fees demanded by and promised to the parties prosecuting them, of one-fourth, one-third, and even one-half of the amount collected, when the claim was allowed, the testimony in support of these claims had distorted and perverted the facts so as to magnify the character of the claims upon the government. Here was not only fraud upon the government, but extortion and fraud upon the pensioner also.

Under the laws regulating the fees of attorneys, forty were arrested in one year for charging exorbitant and illegal fees and forging vouchers and other papers in pension cases. This, remember, occurred thirty years ago, only five years after the close of the civil war.

In the year following, Commissioner Baker made a determined effort to prevent frauds and remedy abuses, prejudicial to pensioners, and through his efforts 301 persons were dropped from the rolls and thirty-two indictments were found against unscrupulous attorneys and agents.

In both 1872 and 1873 Commissioner Baker spoke of the loopholes for fraud in the pension laws, of which attorneys were quick to take advantage. The principal weakness of the system he found to be the acceptance as a basis of adjudication of ex-parte affidavits, which the government had no power to discredit by cross-examination, while at the same time it had no means of research for adverse testimony. Under these conditions there could be no security to the government against dishonest claims, "and probably the proportion of such claims which will be successfully prosecuted," said Commissioner Baker, "will increase rather than diminish, the dishonest attorneys becoming more skilled, and the temptation to frauds becoming greater, as the average value of pensions is enhanced by the accumulation of arrears and growing liberality of legislation." That the prediction of Commissioner Baker was amply verified is proved by the files of the Pension Bureau and by the testimony of his successors.

In 1875 Commissioner Atkinson found that the development of frauds of every character in pension claims had "assumed such a magnitude as to require the serious attention of Congress." He, too, found that while the right to pension was determined upon ex-parte evidence, the successful prosecution of many fraudulent claims could not be prevented, even after the utmost caution had been exercised. It had been found by actual test, in cases taken from the files of the office, that a large percentage of the evidence filed in support of the claims for pensions was signed and sworn to without being read to the affiants and without their having a full and proper knowledge of the contents, though they were accompanied with the certificate of the magistrate before whom they were executed that the witnesses had been fully informed of the import. In many instances, too, what is called manufactured evidence had been filed by "unprincipled claim agents," as the Commissioner described them.

Commissioner Bentley on Ex-Parte Testimony.

Speaking in his time of the settlement of claims upon ex-parte testimony exclusively, Commissioner Bentley called attention to the fact that these affidavits were almost universally prepared by claim agents, who can receive no compensation for their services unless the claim was allowed. Moreover, he said the examining surgeon who certified to the existence, character and advance of disability was almost universally the neighborhood practitioner, "whose professional interest it is to please the claimant at the expense of the government; so, not only is the door thrown wide open for the perpetration of fraud and deception, but every interest connected with the preparation of the case for adjudication (the claimant, his attorney, and the examining surgeon,) is adverse to the government."

Mr. Bentley seems to have had something of the experience of the present Commissioner with the attorneys,

for in his administration was passed the act of June 19, 1878, limiting the fees of attorneys. This law met the determined opposition of a class of claim agents who circulated through the country the statement that the law was inimical to the interests of the soldiers, both pensioners and claimants, and was intended to be so when passed. They claimed that the reduction of the fee and the uncertainty of its collection would deter all reliable and responsible attorneys from aiding the soldier in the prosecution of his claim, and thus he would be prevented from securing his rights. Several professional claim agents and claim firms at Washington and some other points in the country made this war on the Pension Commissioner, through the intervention of sub-agents and by extensive advertising, employing for that purpose in some instances sheets issued under the form of periodical newspapers, purporting to be published in the interests of the soldiers, the columns of which contained matter in which apparent anxiety for the soldiers' welfare and appeals to their love of gain were cunningly intermingled, always representing the advertisers as in the enjoyment of special and peculiar facilities for the successful prosecution of claims, and usually adding the suggestion that no charge would be made unless a pension should be obtained.

These methods withdrew a large proportion of the pension claim business from the local, resident magistrates and attorneys who at first handled it, and centered it in the hands of the claim agents and firms, whose offices thus became great claim bureaus. Under this system the claim agents and their clients were strangers to each other, the agent having no personal knowledge in relation to the merit of the claim, or of the truthfulness of the testimony which he filed in its support, and he was therefore relieved of personal responsibility to the office as to the good faith of the claimant, and had no fear except to secure a favor-



H. CLAY EVANS.

able consideration of the claim presented by him. Under these conditions, Commissioner Bentley found that "unmeritorious and fraudulent claims and false testimony have been flooded upon the office to such an extent that almost all claims are alike suspected. For the protection of the government," said the Commissioner, "the office has been forced to the adoption of very stringent rules to govern the consideration of cases and the honest claimant is not infrequently a sufferer thereby, and he is always a sufferer on account of the delay entailed upon the consideration of his claim by reason of the time consumed in the consideration of the claims which are without merit."

Gen. Dudley on the Law of 1878.

Gen. Dudley, who succeeded Mr. Bentley as Commissioner, believed that the actual results of the enactment of June 20, 1878, had been deleterious to the interests of claimants and agents alike—to the claimants in that the abolishment of the contingency of success and removal of the security of the agents stimulated many irresponsible persons, who could be of no possible service to the claimants, regardless of disabilities incurred, by which after filing the claim they might obtain in advance the legal fee of \$10, and thenceforward abandon the claim, thus encumbering the files of the office and hindering or delaying meritorious claims; and to the agents by degrading the profession and bringing into disrepute an otherwise legitimate employment. Later, speaking of the operation of this law, by which agents generally exacted their fee in advance, Gen. Dudley said that it had "operated to practically exclude from the practice many educated, responsible and useful attorneys, and had attracted to it many ignorant, unscrupulous and useless persons whose only object seems to be, first, to procure applications from soldiers, regardless of merit, to be filed through them, and then, while acting simply as transmitters of the papers, sedulously dun the claimant until the \$10 fee is secured and thereafter practically abandon the case like an orange, preferring to seek new victims than to spend time serving old ones."

The Commissioners whom I have quoted above were Republicans, were ex-Union soldiers and were interested in seeing that their comrades received the benefits provided by law; and at the same time were interested in seeing that the Treasury was not looted by men who were trading and trafficking in patriotism under the generous soldier sentiment of the country.

Now comes the first Democratic Commissioner, who reported in 1885, 170 cases submitted through the Department of Justice; 60 for offenses by attorneys and 110 for crimes

committed by attorneys and others. Under Commissioner Black, 178 cases were certified to the Department of Justice, almost all the criminal clauses of the law relating to the defrauding of pensioners, the dead pensioners, embezzlements in office.

A Democratic Commissioner's Statement. In 1894 he said:

"Most of the pension attorneys are capable and honorable; but some are dishonest and unscrupulous of mean, perjury, forgery, and every species of fraud. Without special examiners the village operate without check or fear of detection, successful, as it is too often now in the Such men attract the unworthy in jumpers, cowards and deserters, and lingers. As many of their crimes are fraudulent cases overthrown, and the guilty confederates brought to down work of special examiners (there was pension frauds last year,) it is but and their clients should be lead and special examiners as spies, and scrupulous partisan newspapers and a prejudice against special examiners serving pensioners and others. The soldiers are still modest, and in the allowed to the rear by the unworthy, in their continued strife for pensions operating for bounties. They cover front at soldiers' gatherings with more pensions, and denunciations of ing to ramask or prevent dishonestly friendly to the soldier. The installation of all regulations made to insure or discover fraud, shameless'y profess to lower the regard which would manifested for the deserving soldier."

Politically the last two Commissioners they were ex-Union soldiers, and better records. All these Commissioners act. All this time appeals were being attention to existing abuses from this has been granted.

The plain fact behind the present pension attorneys is this:

In the years 1891-2-3 there were as fees, \$7,753,700.83, as shown by the office, and any one can realize that it encouraged many men to go into the claims against the government for resort to questionable methods. The largely in the three years; over five names were added to the rolls; now that their business is not remunerative the demand was so great that the taken in.

A CHURCH OF VITRE

NOT A NAIL OR BOARD IS THERE IN CATHOLIC EDIFICE IN CHICAGO.

[Chicago Tribune:] The new St. Paul's Church in this city is a "red" in the Gothic in profile, Romanesque in principle, and its exterior is amazing.

St. Paul's Church possesses the most board, yet there is not an inch of wood in the edifice. It is constructed entirely of red clay. Its architectural foundation is on an acoustic basis. Both are in the solid masonry low the surface of what once, and now a prairie, tufted with long grass. On the solid union the pile of masonry which is the width 108 feet. Two towers, 25 feet high, carry the spires to 245 feet above the ground.

Even the window frames are of vitreous native sculptures are white terra cotta, munion rail, pulpit and front of the terra cotta. Window washes and water are specially designed.

All the material is non-absorbent, is of brick and tile vaulting. The cotta, the ribs of the arches and gables. Not only is there not an inch of timber, there is not even a nail.

The prevailing color is buff, exterior up to a lighter tone within and deep, sympathy, into a deep brown.

The main entrance is guarded by six ing into three large vaulted vestibules the nave. From the threshold to the unobstructed. There are no pillars to perplex a preacher's counsels or to dissonance of harmony from the organ loft. The "thrusters" to detract from the noble point to point, like a ball seeking a point cloistral Gothic arcade runs about the animation to the interior, but is not aside only.

The structure finds its support in foundations and strength of its walls. The organ of St. Paul's seems more than an intricate machine, occupying a box 24 feet wide, 30 feet deep and 40 feet high of the monumental instruments of the diapason of sixteen feet and one of the second open diapason of eight feet. The instrument is commensurate with which it will never overflow, but will completion.

There are three manuals of sixty-six pedal of thirty notes. Of the thirteen organ eight are of eight feet. There are of eight feet steps in one manual. The organ contains thirteen steps, the burden. The human voice stop is a box, assuring greater elasticity, more a wider range of adaptation. The stops, the pedal organ six, all which produces 32-feet expansion.

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

How Glad Was Carrer.
 of all means to get news out of beleaguered Ladysmith was a Zulu, who was American educated, having been taught at the American mission school at Mafeking. The mother of one of the beleaguered persons in Ladysmith was completed this mother's heart when she learned of her son. Runners tried to get in and out in every instance they were captured by the Boers. The mother appealed to one after another of the natives, but only one who stood any chance of success, was the Zulu. Her own Zulu servant, Nkosi, or Nkosi, as he called several times if he would not try it, but he did not think he could make it. But the Zulu had known the natives from her childhood, and she had great confidence. Finally he yielded to her son who was secreted in the bottom hem of a blanket, and also a message to the correspondent in Ladysmith of the Natal Times. The young Zulu was accompanied to Mafeking and thence he traveled on foot to Ladysmith. He moved along from kraal to kraal as he went. The Boers stopped him several times, but with his explanation, let him go. At last, he came to a force that held him prisoner. He was held only twelve hours, for while the Boers were holding him, he escaped and got into Ladysmith. He delivered the message, and also found the newspaper correspondent. A message from each was sent to the newspaper being written on "Kinyu." The Zulu started on his return, and he was successful in getting out and away as he had been in entering the town. The English officers offered him 500 to go back to Mafeking with the official dispatches, but faithful to his mother, he declined. He took the first train from Mafeking, gave the son's letter to the mother and sent the newspaper dispatch on its way.—[New York Press.]

Indomitable Patriotism.
 ALFRED H. ADAMS of New York was a soldier in the civil war, and took part in the Red River campaign under Maj.-Gen. Nathaniel T. Banks. "I can place," he said recently to one of his clergies, "we never gave the Southern garb and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment for Europe on account of the Southern government. Gen. Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his fort. Each bale was marked 'U. S. A.' and over this the Northern soldiers with smoking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was in guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, light-eyed young Southern officer, said: 'Yank, what are you writing there?' "I smiled proudly at him as I replied, 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read U. S. A. over C. S. A.?' "He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of America Cotton-Baling Association?' "The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—[Memphis Saturday Evening Post.]

Water in Blood.
 A British soldier has served out to him when he engaged, a little volume containing, among other things, the black form, ready for will-making. Generally a soldier pays no attention to his pocketbook and goes into battle with his will unmade. After he has been hit by a bullet and begins to realize that his chances of getting home are small, a soldier begins to think more carefully of the loved one left behind him. As a result, many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the traitor have been respected. The body of one soldier was found on the battlefield of Rorke's Drift, who, before death, had crawled with the end of a lead bullet in the inside of his helmet the words, "All to my wife." When an English army invaded Afghanistan one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when one of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterward his body was found lying before a tall rock, on which he had written in letters of blood, "I want mother to have all." In both cases the War Office held the wills to be valid, and saw that the proper distribution of the property was made.—[Answer.]

Under a Hot Fire.
 A LETTER received from a British officer, who took part in the battle of Colenso, says: "At the start a shell from our own artillery, with a fuse badly timed, burst in the middle of my company, wounding about five men. I was knocked down by the explosion and a portion of the shell struck the ground at the side of my head. We went on, and got behind a mound, with bullets flying within a few inches and shells bursting over us. I lay down a short while, but my side without hurting me, and I kept it as a memento. We lay as flat as possible, waiting to be killed, as no one thought we would escape. We were under fire from 5:30 a.m. until 1:30 p.m. "Then the Red Cross people appeared, and we were removed from an awkward position. While lying on the ground I felt a bullet skim along my back, and found that it had made a hole in my jacket. Our men were wonderfully plucky. One man near me got a bullet through him, and said: 'Ah, and if the barbed wire hadn't hit me; that's one for them.' Immediately the words were out of his mouth he lay motionless, and cooler than ever, said, 'Bejabbers, if they haven't struck me the second time.' Another bullet struck him just after, and he said: 'Well, that's No. 3! I think the blackguards might let a feller alone! They're hit him wance.' Others were laughing and joking merrily. "I actually slept as I lay on the ground, and was awak-

ened by bullets going 'ping' upon the ground at the side of my head. One Boer was very kind. He galloped more than once to the river with half a dozen water bottles for our men, and seemed very distressed. He said they were all tired of the war, and asked what we were fighting about. He thought the English were jolly good fellows. Other Boers looted the dead and wounded and one officer was found with a finger cut off to get a gold ring."—[Washington Star.]

The Kind Young Officer Was "Joe" Wheeler.

WHEN Jefferson Davis was being conveyed to Fortress Monroe, Va., where, as the world knows, he was incarcerated for a time, there were on the vessel with him, besides his wife and little child, the latter about 1½ years old—several young Confederate officers, who were being carried North and who were allowed the freedom of the vessel. Mrs. Davis was allowed no servant or nurse, to attend herself or child, and the care of the latter devolved on her alone. One of the young officers, in particular, saw and noted the crushing weight of agony depicted in the face of the devoted wife and loving mother. Could he not, then, at least, relieve her of some of the care which fell upon her? Yes, he could do that, and he would try. He passed to the rear saloon of the vessel, and, with courtly grace, bowed low, in the presence of the noble lady, and made known his mission. The little child raised its arms to him, and he took it tenderly in his own. The young officer paced the deck and cabin floor with the child in his arms, and much of the time during the entire voyage, amused it in every conceivable way.

That little prattling baby—that beautiful child—was Miss Winnie Davis, the loved "Daughter of the Confederacy."

The young officer is now Maj.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler.—[Memphis Commercial-Appal.]

Taught a Lesson by Gen. Lee.

ON ONE occasion a man from Georgia had been persistent in personal application to Gen. Lee for a furlough. One morning the general asked his tormenter if he understood the position of a soldier. The latter said he did. He was ordered to assume it. Gen. Lee then gave the command, "Right about face; forward, march." As he never gave the command to "halt," the Georgian kept on marching until he got tired; but this little hint cured him, and his next application was through the usual channels.—[The Lost Cause.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Dog That Earns a Regular Salary.

ONE of the familiar sights about the business section, and one attracting much admiring attention, is a handsome, black, curly dog, which walks along with sedate dignity, wearing a hat on his head, spectacles on his nose, a pipe firmly clenched between his teeth and bearing a large advertising sign on his back. This canine advertising agent, who attends to his business with a diligence, perseverance and decorum which many of his human rivals might do worse than imitate, is named Chester, and is the property of Ernest Jones, who usually accompanies him and who has trained him to this work.

Chester is about 5 years of age and is partly Newfoundland, partly Gordon setter. He has the long, intelligent face of the setter, with almost human soft brown eyes, and the black, curly coat of the Newfoundland, the white on his breast being the only white about him. He is quite accomplished, though his training dates but a little before Christmas. He can open doors, goes obediently and intelligently on errands, can climb a ladder, jump through hoops and can play leap-frog like a boy just out of school. He understands the sign language, and will obey a command communicated to him by his master's fingers without a spoken word.

He is not only docile, but exceedingly affectionate, and is very polite. But he is not without spirit, as he showed one day, when a mischievous newsboy tried to take away his pipe, and succeeded in knocking it out of his mouth. He sprang upon the scared urchin and protested so vigorously and forcibly against interference that it took a policeman to rescue his tormentor from him, the sympathy of all the bystanders being with the fine animal. He has a deep sense of the proprieties and will not go out of doors without his hat. He has cause for his dignified pride and evident self-respect, for he earns a regular salary.

Now he has a companion in a younger Newfoundland, who is also learning the advertising business. This is a handsome dog, about 18 months old, named Grover Cleveland. He is being broken to hat and spectacles, but does not take to them very kindly as yet, while Chester rather resents the loan of his old hat, which he is compelled to make the newcomer. The pair make a striking team of workers in their novel avocation.—[Baltimore American.]

Guarded by a Goat.

A DYING man was guarded for hours last night by a huge goat, in the cellar of No. 445 Graham avenue, Williamsburg. With determined charges, the animal drove away all who offered aid, and was only subdued after a battle with a policeman.

Early in the evening the neighbors heard the man moaning. At the end of every gasp the goat bleated. The sounds had been going on for several hours, when the persons in the adjoining house made an investigation. With a lantern they descended to the cellar, where William Randall, 85 years old, was found lying on the floor.

As the man with the lantern stooped over the dying man the goat charged him. His fury was so great that the man retreated and summoned aid. But the goat succeeded in driving off half a dozen men, and Policeman Hal-

pin was called in. With his night stick he succeeded in driving off the goat until he had found the man was dying. Then an ambulance was summoned from St. Catherine's Hospital.

When the surgeon arrived, Randall was found on the verge of death from exposure and starvation. He said that the goat had been his only companion for weeks. He was lifted on a stretcher and then the policeman had literally to fight the goat to a finish before the animal would permit the old man to be carried out.

At St. Catherine's Hospital it was said that Randall could hardly live through the night. The policeman, out of respect to the goat's attachment, fed it and informed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—[New York Dispatch in Washington Times.]

The Beaver Proved His Talent.

A COLLEGE professor in Maine tells how he convinced a friend, who did not believe that beavers could build dams. He bought a baby beaver of a hunter and sent it to his skeptical friend.

The creature became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build a dam, until one Monday morning a leaky pail, full of water, was put on the floor of the back kitchen. The beaver was there. He was only a baby, to be sure, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip and began his work.

His owner was called and watched the little fellow, very much astonished at what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left where it was, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail.—[Animal World.]

Intelligent Mules.

THE other day when the northeast wind that swept through the city was at its height two mules were left standing by a truckman on Broadway, near Franklin street. As a precautionary measure he had tied together the wheels on one side of the truck with a piece of rope, fearing that they might try to run away.

For some time they stood bowing their heads to the biting wind, now and then turning and looking expectantly at the door through which their driver had disappeared. Finally, the "off" mule leaned over and seemed to whisper something in the "right" mule's ear. A moment later they walked off quietly and, in spite of the roped wheels, dragged the wagon around the corner and anchored under the lee of a building, where the wind could not reach them.

"It simply goes to show," said a big bluecoat, who came along, "that even mules have more sense than some men." And he pointed at two men who for half an hour had been discussing the Boer war, and stood shivering in the wind.—[New York Mail and Express.]

His Wife Got the Reward.

EVERY police station on the West Side housed a few terrier at 6 o'clock last night. Some had two and even three. Many policemen turned their coal sheds into kennels, not caring to place overconfidence in their fellows. At 6:15 the favorite breed had lost its popularity. Dogs that were welcomed earlier in the day, were sent forth into a cold and unappreciative world, many receiving rude farewells.

The rise, decline, and fall in the fox terrier market was due to a reward, which was announced early in the day, for the return of a prize pug. A telephone call at the Des-plaines-street station aroused the desk sergeant from deep meditation. This was the information:

"I have lost my valuable fox terrier and will give \$500 reward for his capture. Needn't look across the river for him; would rather die than journey to the South or North Side."

It seems that the owner of the dog took his pride out for a stroll. He was fat, according to the police, and his movements necessarily were impeded. The dog, which was in a frisky mood, tired of the snail-like pace and at the first opportunity wrenched away from the chain that had held him and scampered joyfully away. He went in a direction opposite to home, and naturally the master concluded that the animal was bent on making new acquaintances. He telephoned without delay. Then he began a search himself.

Tired and weary, he returned home at 6 o'clock to find the animal sitting quietly in the window with an expression on his face suggestive of a laugh. The lover of fox terriers took another trip to the telephone.

"Never mind the dog," he whispered. "My wife has got the reward."—[Chicago Chronicle.]

Dog Fooled by Crows.

IN THE inn garden I saw a dog eating a piece of meat in the presence of several covetous crows. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented.

At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pin, where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pins, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely.

A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation, they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeal, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the third fed triumphantly upon it on the top of the wall.—[Fox Animal Friends.]

PRUDENCE.

THE STORY OF A PLUCKY GIRL OF
REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS a quaint little Connecticut schoolhouse lying in the twist of a green lane, like a giant acorn cup dropped from the boughs of the old oak that shaded.

At the foot of the lane the waters of the sound gurgled in the long grass when the tide was full. A stone wall ran behind the little building, and a footpath led from the great "door rock" out through the trees to the town road.

It was along this footpath one bright autumn day that Master Standfast Brown's scholars were scampering, with sundry boxes and tin pails, to spend the noon hour and eat dinner under a certain favorite tree by the roadside.

But suddenly the sound of a sharp, rapping at the window made them all turn. The master was calling them back, and, in spite of a missing arm and a wooden leg, Master Brown was one who was always obeyed.

"Boys and girls," he called, "come back and sit here in the shelter of the maple. The high road is no place for children, when the British are burning and plundering. Have you forgotten two months ago, or last month, or last week, that you should want to get in the path of Tryon's redcoats?"

The children hesitated an instant. One or two of the older boys looked longingly toward the road, but the little ones began to scurry back to shelter, and in a few minutes the whole company, with dinner boxes and pails, were seated under the rock maple beside the schoolhouse door.

It was a pleasant place to dine, after all. The maple boughs made a canopy of scarlet and gold overhead, and in the russet of the oaks the bright eyes of squirrels glanced, as their owners skipped and chattered sociably. The waters of the sound sung out handfuls of sparkles, as the sun touched them, and the salt wind breathed warmly over the green bank where the children sat.

If the boys were eager to get a glimpse of the redcoats, they were still more eager just now to explore the insides of their lunch pails.

"Hurrah," said Nahum Green, stopping in the middle of a bite; "Stingy Prue will have to eat her dinner with us today."

A little girl, who had climbed with her pail to a seat on the top of the wall behind a tangle of wild rose bushes, turned her head and wrinkled her brown forehead angrily.

"I shall eat my dinner wherever I'm a mind to, Nahum Green," she retorted.

"Oh, come down, now, and go halves! I'll swap a blackberry Jonathan for a biled alg—and I've got fried cakes, too," he said, flourishing a great, twisted doughnut as he winked over his shoulder at the school. "Have a bite?"

"I don't want any bites," answered Prudence, quietly, "and you'd look better if you'd wash the jam off your chin, I think."

There was a laugh at this, and Nahum made a comical face, as he and the doughnut retired.

Master Brown's scholars had a sociable habit of exchanging the contents of their dinner pails at the noon hour, and there was often a lively trade in fried turnovers, tarts, squares of pumpkin pie, and great wedges of cheese.

But Prudence, who had been in school only three months, had never taken kindly to this custom. She always carried her dinner pail away to some place apart from the others, and ate her lunch by herself. The others called her "Stingy Prue," and laid many plans to capture some of the dinners she was so careful not to share. But, somehow, these plans were never carried out. Prue's sharp eyes and sharp tongue kept everyone at a distance.

Today, however, there was mischief in the air.

"I'll warrant she's got crumpets and like enough nut cakes," whispered Patty Norris.

"O-o-o-o! Give us one, Prue!" begged Nahum, opening his mouth wide.

"I ain't ready to eat my dinner yet," answered Prudence, "and you won't live to eat nut cakes if you go any deeper into that pail you've got."

She set her own pail down upon the other side of the wall and began to pick the scarlet leaves from the maple branch that drooped beside her.

"Stingy Prue! Stingy Prue!" hummed the children.

Prue's face began to burn, and she pulled angrily at the maple bough. Nahum Green, with a solemn wink, put a long leg over the wall, and reached for the dinner pail she had set aside.

With a spring, Prue snatched it away, and grasping a handful of small pebbles from the ground at her feet pelted him till he retreated, fairly beaten and very much surprised. Some of the other scholars jumped up, indignant at her meanness, as they declared it, and there was a threatening movement toward the girl. But she stood her ground in a way that made them waver and fall back.

"There!" said Prudence, setting her dinner pail boldly on top of the wall and facing her schoolmates with flashing eyes. "Now touch it, if you dare."

"Well, I must say that of all the mean, stingy—"

Patty Norris had begun a cutting speech, when she was stopped by a sound from the lane below—the steady tramp, tramp, of marching men.

"Soldiers!" she said, turning pale, and the whole group, gathered there in the shade of the maple, looked around fearfully.

For what soldiers could it be except Tryon's men, who were sweeping along the Connecticut coast, marking their way with burning houses and plundering towns?

It was not many weeks since the children had watched the flames of Fairfield redden the sky, and some of them on their way to school trembled, as they remembered the stories of burning and bloodshed, and thought that every flutter of scarlet boughs down the lane was a fierce red-coat coming to shoot them.

But these were not redcoats who presently came in sight up the winding lane from the water side—six men marching by twos, men unkempt and tired, with clothing tattered by briars and feet bruised by the sharp stones of the

shore. Not gay and well-fed British soldiers, these—but what?

The children huddled together, eyeing them timidly. The leader, a rough and stern-looking man, paused and spoke: "Fear nothing, little ones," he said, and at the first sound of the hearty voice, the frightened faces lifted like flowers; "we are Continental soldiers, and you, I trust, are loyal little rebels, making yourselves ready to fight with us by and by, for the country. But for the love of heaven, share with us whatever food you have. My poor fellows are near to starving."

At this moment at the school door appeared the face of the master.

He gave one look at the rough soldier standing there; the man's keen eyes fell upon him, then the two sprang together with almost a shout.

"Gen. Putnam!" gasped the master.

"Aye, the very same. Let me look at thee, Standfast, old comrade. The very same, too, except for the arm you left at the rail fence, ah—and the leg you parted with at—where? Brandyswine? You have been through much, I hear, since Bunker Hill, and now, with what is left of you, you serve your country by raising up soldiers for the future."

The general smiled around upon the school.

"Ay, but what do you here?" asked the master. "Do you know that Tryon and his redcoats are ravaging the coast like a devouring fire?"

The general threw back his head and laughed.

"Do I know it? Ay, and he knows I know it. A fine dance I have led him, I and my handful of men! He'll remember old Put for one while, I'll warrant. But, you see, after my men got cornered by thrice their number and my good nag saved my life by jumping me down the side of a cliff, we have had to keep back somewhat, being so few, and the other day we—I and the five yonder—lost ourselves in the windings of a swamp. That was three days ago, and, being able to travel only by night, with naught to eat but a biscuit or two—"

"Three days!" gasped the master. "Children, bring your lunch pails—all, everything, quick!—they are starving! Three days!"

For having now had time for a longer look at the man before him, the schoolmaster saw plainly the marks of hardship and bitter want.

What a scramble there was for dinner pails, and what wails from their owners because they had eaten so much of the contents before the starving soldiers came.

"Tut, we shall feast like King George's dragoons," said Gen. Putnam, blithely, from his seat on the grass, as the children heaped before him and his men every eatable thing they could lay hands on.

"Prue, will let you have her dinner pail, now," whispered Patty Norris to Nahum Green, "and it must be full. She hasn't eaten anything."

"Don't know as I dast," said Nahum, "but I'll try, 'cause she said yesterday she wished she'd been born a grown-up man, so she could fight under Old Put. I guess she won't throw stones at him."

Prue had not moved from her seat on the wall. She sat silent, with wide, burning eyes fixed upon the face of her hero, whom she had so often dreamed of seeing—for Putnam was the idol of the people, young and old. How Prue had glowed over the stories of his battles, his exploits, his escapes, his courage and generosity! Could it really be he, sitting there eating twisted doughnuts out of Nahum Green's dinner pail?

She started as Nahum himself spoke to her.

"Come on, Prue," he said; "you'll have to give up your precious dinner, after all."

"I-I can't," returned Prue, in a low voice.

"Can't!" retorted Nahum, angrily. "Then I will!"

He reached for the pail. He was in earnest this time. But so, it seemed, was Prue. "Don't you touch my pail," she said, sharply.

Everybody turned. They were near enough to be plainly heard by the whole company.

There was a mutter of indignant scorn from the school.

"What's the matter?" asked the general, noticing the disturbance.

"It's Prue," blurted Patty Norris. "She hasn't eaten a bit of her dinner for fear we should get some, and now she won't give it up, the mean, hateful!"

"Tut, tut; let her keep it, then," said the general. "We've enough, I'm sure."

"Stingy Prue! Stingy Prue!" chorused the children under their breath.

"Nay, we'll see about this," said Master Standfast, in grave displeasure. "Selfishness in so young a child must not be left to grow," and he walked over and took the dinner pail from the wall.

"Don't, don't!" begged Prue, fighting back her tears.

"I beg you to help yourself," said the master, setting it before the general. "It will be a lesson to her. Prudence, I am surprised—nay, amazed, at you."

"So am I," said the general, dryly. "Look ye here."

He had taken off the cover. The pail was empty.

There was silence for a moment. At last they began to understand.

"I most always have some bread and sometimes an apple," said Prue, crimson, but defiant; "but pa had to sell the apples, and this morning there wasn't any flour."

"Are you hungry, Prudence?" asked the master, in a courteous voice.

"Of course," returned Prue, shortly, with a choke, "but 'tain't that I mind—and I ain't crying. It's only because I didn't have anything to give to—him."

Her voice broke, and she pointed at Putnam.

With a stride the general caught Prue in his arms and placed her on the grass beside him.

"The little maid is fit for a soldier," he said; "she endures hardness in silence. We'll grumble no more at scanty rations, eh, my men? Come, my soldier girl, eat thy fill from the pail, and then give the old war dog a kiss, for a charm when he goes into battle to fight for the like of thee."

Ten minutes later, rested and refreshed, Putnam and his men said good-by to master and school, and turned to go down the lane by the way they had come.

As they lingered for an instant, there was a clank and rattle of arms and a flash of scarlet along the high road. A squad of British troopers were galloping past. They did not see the group behind the screening tree, nor notice

the little old schoolhouse in the turn of the lane, nor had orders to bring in the rebel, Putnam, in four hours, dead or alive, and they were not to find him.

The general stood still, and watched them saluting politely as the last red-coated band disappeared.

Then he started to lead his men away, but he threw a droll glance at Prue, whose eyes were stars as she courted to him.

"I doubt whether the empty dinner pail was all," he said, "it seems to me it must have been pluck."

MABEL A.

BRAVE SERGT. GREEN.

HOW ONE COLORED SOLDIER
WAGON TRAIN AGAINST FILIPINOS.

[Bamban Correspondence *Leit's Weekly*.]—The operations which must complete it the transport rations across ten miles of country, rations farther up the line and those stations adjacent to the railroad. These trains must even more—carts, and a mighty supply of hungry troops is transported here every day, is depended upon, too.

Gen. A. S. Burt's Twenty-fifth Reg. must be stationed at Bamban at this writing, where specimens of the African race strike terror of the simple natives. Gen. Burt has drilled.

On the 13th of November a heavily loaded abao carts was slowly plodding in the direction of the train. The train comprised 104 carts and eight men. It seemed like an unparadeable act of war.

Sergt. D. P. Green should be the only man in the train. Two American soldiers, journeying to

mands and an escaped Spanish soldier had taken of the escort to reach Bamban. There was reason that these men should travel alone of the caravan in such a country, but it seemed remarkable lucky circumstance. They were

Mabalacat, an intermediate station, where the Mausers and Remingtons sang and trilled over the Filipinos always shoot high, but succeeded in the range of their foes when they are being

was only through poor marksmanship that he escaped instant death. Dropping to the ground

the grass until the bullets began to clip down when they broke for cover. Fighting their way

thickets, they finally reached the train, which had halted upon the sound of the firing. The

surgents were coming across the fields as fast as run and firing as they came. The old red

escort wagon and the Spaniard attempted to His foot was on one of the spokes of the

when he dropped to the ground with a wound shot through the breast. A long, lean hand

ican reached over the side of the wagon and of the Spaniard into the box. "Make a run for

a soldier. The Cheno drivers had scattered and bling in the bush.

"Like — I will," said Sergt. Green. He added: "There's going to be war right here."

upon the wagon and cautioning the men to cover, he began to pump lead in the advance

at 600 yards, until it staggered them. Sergt. crack shot and he did not throw his ammunition

calmly and thoroughly as though he were engaged practice upon the home range, he continued

Undaunted by the increasing fire of the enemy, he swerved from his purpose by the pleading

armed soldiers in the escort wagon to fly, proved himself a brave colored soldier. He lay

ground. The enemy was raked by his fire and they went to earth. They were coming

fast, and the ammunition in the brave man's low and harder and harder to get at as he pushed

to loosen it, when a faint yell in the distance cor was at hand. A company from the Twenty

Lieut. Reynolds Burt, was coming double quick, surgents noted the arrival of the reinforcement

in their advance. Then, as the colored soldiers wild yells, the insurgents scattered like

and into the swamp they plunged, where, of that morass, they were safe. They could not

dead with them, but several wounded were sufficiently hard to enable the colored men to effect

Lieut. Burt found Sergt. Green in a state of hausion on the wagon seat, where he was wiping

from his brow and shaking with glea. He facts of the assault very modestly, but he spared no details.

"Sergt. Green, you are a — brave man," Burt's comment. "I will send a report of you Gen. Otis." And he did.

BEAGLES COMING INTO FAVOR.

[New York Correspondence *Pittsburgh*.]—Beagles are becoming the fad with New York

duge in the pleasures of the chase. Harry C. Albertson and George B. Post have

lot of the hounds. They and other million packs of beagles to compete for prizes in the

speed trials. These gentlemen are all members of the Beagle Club of America, and Mr. Albertson large kennels on his estate in the Wharfeding

according to the standard adopted by the Beagle Club, the beagle is a miniature foxhound, for his inches, with the wear-and-tear look of can last in the chase and follow his quarry

PULLEYS ARE DISAPPEARING.

[New York Tribune:] The economies of distributing power through a factory by electricity rather than by pulleys and belts, is more apparent every day, and in towns where electric power is supplied on a large scale the pulley men have ceased to push their vigorously. Still, the old power transmitters representatives pretend that their business has been hurt appreciably.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Mr. Sanky's Subterranean Adventure.

"THE most exciting morning I ever spent," said Karl E. Sanky, editor of the American Press Association, the other day, "was with a well-shooter. Few people know what a well-shooter is, so I don't mind saying that he is a professional who handles dynamite and other explosives in wells and deep mines. The name, I am told, came from Pennsylvania, in the old old days, when the miners reserved the life of wells by exploding heavy charges of dynamite or nitroglycerine at the bottom of the shafts."

"When I was invited to descend a deep salt mine at Warsaw, N. Y., in the Warsaw salt district, in company with a well-shooter, I gladly accepted. Despite his dangerous reputation, he was a genial and even merry soul. We went down in a steel cage. It looked very nice on the outside, but the moment it started its plunge downward into darkness I found myself on my knees holding onto a corner of the steel cross bar. We descended 2000 feet, more or less, and then came to the salt formation, where the rock is fifty or sixty feet thick. It is drilled by means of compressed air. The holes are charged with dynamite and when the place is cleared, the touch of a button brings down explosives which throw down carloads of salt. They arrive the preparations for a blast were nearly finished, and Mr. Gallagher, the foreman, politely inquired: 'Do you prefer to go up out of the mine or stay and stand a blow?'"

"The question was so startling that I asked, 'Is it possible to stand the blow?' He answered unhesitatingly, 'Yes, if you stand away from the blast, get on your tiptoes, and keep your mouth open. If you don't it will break the drums of your ears and possibly start your nose to bleed.'"

"Impelled by some mysterious curiosity, I made up my mind to stand the blow. The foreman placed me in a corner, where I could not be hit by flying fragments. I stood on my tiptoes and opened my mouth until I thought my ears were deafened. 'The count three,' said the foreman, 'and then I'll touch the drum. One—Keep your mouth open. Two—Keep your mouth open. Three.'"

"That was the queerest sensation I ever had. It was a complete silence of a cannonade in silence. It seemed as if the world were suddenly coming together and crushed me flat as a sheet of paper. Then the walls expanded and my body with them. The foreman said afterward that it was the air inside of me contracting and expanding, and I was to know what he was talking about. It was a novel sensation, but a very satisfying one, and never since then have I been inclined to accept an invitation to stand a blow in a salt mine."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Wily Photographer's Convincing Evidence.

A WELL-KNOWN Columbia avenue photographer recently had his camera home overhauled. A new skylight was added and alterations were made in the roof. The men employed took their time and did not overwork themselves, with the result that the master put in a bill almost as steep as his calling. When the owner of the house expostulated it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and that they had spent several days on the job. "They did, indeed!" said the photographer, and he produced a number of snapshot photographs, representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers and others were lying in their back. "Why," said the astonished contractor, "these are my men!" "Exactly so," replied the photographer, "and you want my money for that kind of work."—[Philadelphia Record.

The Story of a Seal.

"THE services at Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church recently were conducted by Ira D. Sanky, the former associate of Mr. Moody in evangelistic work. Mr. Sanky said that he had come to church to be a silent worshiper. He had taken a seat back by the door, thinking that no one would know him. But in that he had been mistaken, for some one came along and inquired if he was Mr. Sanky, and he was introduced to the pastor and invited to speak and sing. This circumstance reminded him of an experience he had during his journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. Mr. Sanky said he thought on the passage across the Atlantic that he would never get beyond the range of the 'Gospel Hymns.' He had made up his mind not to hear anything about 'The Ninety and Nine' until he should come back to America. But in Cairo, on the night he arrived there, he inquired of the American mission held its meetings. Being directed to the place, he reached it after the services had begun, and walked in, taking a seat well up toward the front, as he wished to hear and observe how religious services were conducted in Arabic, the popular language of

Cairo. He was scarcely seated, when a man approached him and asked if he was not Mr. Sanky of Chicago. An organ was brought in and Mr. Sanky said he sang for a whole hour, repeating 'The Ninety and Nine,' before the simple-minded people were satisfied.—[Washington Times.

Not a Christian.

STATE TREASURER JIM DAVIDSON of Wisconsin is a fat, happy, good-natured fellow, who likes to take life easy and always looks on the sunny side of things. He happened to be present at a revival meeting in a small town not far from Madison. The preacher was eloquent and Mr. Davidson was much interested in what he had to say. The singing was good, too, and Mr. Davidson was forcibly reminded of the good old days when he was younger and had participated in many such a meeting.

At one stage of the meeting young men went through the audience, asking each one, 'Are you a Christian?' If the answer was a negative one, then an appeal was made to the person addressed to at once seek the throne of grace.

Mr. Davidson was lost in thought when one of these earnest young men tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up inquiringly.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the earnest young man. "No! Ah him Norwegian," replied Mr. Davidson, slowly. —[Chicago Chronicle.

Where the Tax Collector Never Sleeps.

MRS. M. D. HETHINGTON, who is one of the few women writers on the South African peoples and their customs, has a lively sense of humor, which makes her conversation sparkle. She once attended a peace meeting held in England which was rather pro-Boer in character. She sat through the proceedings and listened with respectful attention to all the arguments.

After the proceedings were over a member of Parliament who was present, said to her: "I am so glad to meet you, and I wish you would give me your opinion of this Boer question. You probably have been much impressed with the energy and individuality which the people of the Transvaal possess."

"Yes," replied the author, "the first quality is one which no resident of their country can ever forget. I believe the Transvaal is a commonwealth where the tax collector has incessant and incurable insomnia."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Paid in Advance.

A BUILDER in Glasgow, having heard that his men did not start work at the proper time, thought that he would drop down about 6:30 some morning to see. Going up the yard he caught sight of a jocular standing smoking, with his hat unopened. Simply asking his name, which he found to be Malcolm Campbell, he called him into the office and, handing him four day's pay, told him to leave at once. After having seen the man clear out of the yard he went up to the foreman and told him he had made an example of Malcolm Campbell by paying him off for not starting at the proper time.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the foreman, "that chap was only looking for a job!"—[Waverley Magazine.

New Use for War Maps.

A HOUSEHOLDER in London recently noticed that his cook had stuck up in her kitchen a map of South Africa, with the British possessions colored red, the Transvaal brown, the Orange Free State yellow and Portuguese territory green. "Do you take an interest in the war, Mary?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the cook, "but I mean to 'ave a shirt like that brown bit and blouse like them other colors, and I'm just keepin' the map to match the patterns with when I get a heavenly' holl, sir!"—[Denver Post.

Not Breach of Promise.

SWIFT, before he took orders, made love to a young lady, and promised that he "would marry her when he became a clergyman."

When he was established in his first living, the fair one presented herself and reminded him of his promise.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted," replied Swift. "Have you brought the man?"

"What man?" said the lady.

"Why your husband that is to be."

"But," sobbed the poor girl, "I thought you promised to marry me yourself."

"No, my dear," said Swift, "I never said that. I meant that I would be pleased to perform the ceremony for you when I became a clergyman."—[London Times.

Pleasure After Necessities.

A LADY living in the Eighteenth Ward answered a knock at her door the other morning to find a poorly dressed woman, greatly in need of help. Her tale excited sympathy in the kind lady's heart. When the poor woman left she carried a big bundle of clothes and a sack containing many of the necessities of life.

The next morning there appeared at the same door a seven-year-old urchin of ruddy countenance, who somewhat shocked the lady of the house with this: "Say, that lady you giv the things to yesterday wants to know if you've got a pair of skates that me brother can wear."—[Salt Lake Herald.

An Editor's Plan of Defense.

"THE queerest newspaper shop I ever saw in my life," said an old reporter, "was the office of a weekly in a town out in Kansas, which I chanced to visit while writing up the resources of the State for an eastern trade journal. There was a red-hot county campaign in progress at the time, and this paper had displayed so much enterprise in showing up the private history of the opposition candidates and their supporters that half the men in town were laying for the editor with guns. He was pretty handy at that game himself, however, and had fitted up the premises with a special view to avoiding surprises from the enemy."

"His sanctum sanctorum, as he called it, could only be reached through a short hall, in which two looking-glasses were hung in such a manner as to reflect anybody who entered the outer door, the second glass being in sight of the editor's desk. In that way he knew who was coming some

seconds before the visitor got into direct view, and could also see whether any warlike preparations were being made in the hallway. But that was not all. Concealed under a table was a double-barreled 'sawed-off' shotgun, fastened to cleats and trained on the office door, each barrel containing about a quart of buckshot. This horrible machine was kept at full cock and a string attached to the triggers was looped over a nail on the editor's desk, next to the copy book."

"On the occasion of my first and only visit, I had just crossed the outer threshold when I heard a squeaky voice exclaim: 'Please raise your chin a trifle, stranger!' I obeyed mechanically, and, passing on through the other door, found the editor sitting at his desk with a string in one hand and a pen in the other. As soon as I entered he dropped the string and gave me a cordial greeting. Then he explained his masked battery scheme. 'It's a very neat idea,' he said, proudly, 'and saves lots of time. When anybody comes in at the front door I simply glance at the mirror and know exactly what to expect; and if it's some fellow looking for trouble a slight tug on this string will give him all he requires. It's a little dark today,' he added apologetically, 'and when you came in with your head down I mistook you for one of the McLaughlins. I thought, though, that I'd better be sure first, and that's why I called to you in the abrupt way I did. No offense, I hope.' I assured him it was all right, and also remarked that I had just remembered an important engagement."

"As I passed through the door my hair stood straight up on end, and it gives me palpitation even now just to think about it. The last I heard of the editor he was still holding the fort."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Engaged the Boy.

DR. MTAVISH of Edinburgh was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves.

He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner:

"Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot ruel and a spoon.

While they were pouring a hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgled out: "Gr-r-r-gr-h-uh! That's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted.

The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-r-uh-r-uh! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, jist blow 'em, ye said bossy!"

The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot. —[London Tit-Bits.

Outwitted the Railroad.

WHILE the platform of the elevated railroad station was crowded shortly before 5 o'clock a recent afternoon, an expensively dressed, handsome woman elbowed her way vigorously to the edge of the platform. She wore costly furs and jewelry, which might, under ordinary circumstances, have attracted attention, but what seemed to interest the waiting passengers most was a paper bag which she carried and which evidently contained a living animal of some sort. By the time a train arrived everybody on the platform was watching the woman curiously, and all tried to get into the same car that she did.

Once in the car the woman dropped into the first of the side seats vacant and deposited her bag on the seat opposite, regardless of the fact that the aisle was soon crowded with standing passengers. She retained a tight grip on the top of the bag, except at such times as she opened it slightly to peep in. Finally, a big woman standing in the aisle promised a solution of the mystery by attempting to take a seat on which the bag was, as if she did not see it. The owner of the bag succeeded in removing it in time, however, and after that held it in her lap, but continued her peeping.

As the train neared Forty-seventh street station the woman, with bag in hand, arose to leave the car, followed by the gaze and smiles of the passengers. Just as she reached the platform and the guard pulled open the gates, she reached down into the bag and drew forth a pretty little fox terrier pup. She looked defiantly at the guard as she cuddled the pup in her arms and threw the bag away. There was a roar of laughter from the passengers. She had circumvented the rule against dogs on the cars.—[Chicago News.

Where Bulk Was an Advantage.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, with all his wit and brilliancy, was once outwitted by Senator David Davis, who weighed over 300 pounds, and whose figure was nearly the same in circumference as it was in the perpendicular. He and Evarts were twitting each other about personal size at a dinner one evening and finally Davis said:

"If you will let me choose the course, I will bet you \$100 that with three yards start I can beat you in a race of 100 feet."

Every one at the table laughed and said: "Take him up, Mr. Evarts."

The wager was laid and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis. This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and 100 feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely.

Mr. Evarts could get neither past him nor under him and he called Davis back to the street and paid the bet.—[Harper's Weekly.

SEA GULLS IN LENT.

VAST FLOCKS VISIT THE SUNNY SHORES OF CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN the March dawn, creeping from dark shadows along the Catalina coast, stretches coldly and stealthily over the gray plains of the sea, there may be heard the flapping of countless wings, and a myriad of gulls wheel their matin flight through the clearing mists.

The sun, bursting over vistas of inland verdure, plays upon their flashing plumage like light upon foam-capped billows, as they wing their way past gloomy cliffs that breast eternal breakers; past white, staring beaches; past rock-roofed caverns where streamers of kelp drift in the green tide, as if dark-tressed sea maids were hiding there; past emerald valleys that wind away inland; past the Sphinx and Seal Rock and Sugar Loaf; and so, over a glassy offing, into Avalon Harbor, now wakening into the coming day.

Settling in cackling flocks upon the sunny beach and baby breakers, the sea fowl give over their feathered souls to the joys of feeding and of mating. The gull season is at its height, soon to end with the Lent of nesting.

Here come the fishermen, Austrian Vicente and his stolid companions, rowing their heavy boats into the bay from a visit to the nets that are stretched along the coast. While the first blue streaks of smoke are rising from the chimneys of the hotel kitchen, the fishermen drag their skiffs upon the shingle and begin to clean the morning catch; and then—see the gulls come!

Screaming, quarreling, beating the air with their strong wings, they settle like locusts about the boats, seizing the refuse fish with hunger that seems never satisfied. Some of them, old-timers that haunt the Avalon beach the year round, perch on the gunwales and snatch the bits even from the hands of the fishermen; while others, the larger and more wary strangers from northern coasts, keep in a meas-

ure aloof, getting their supplies through shameless larcenies from their protesting companions.

The fishermen pursue their task, heedless and almost unconscious of the feathered scavengers; and when the fish have been cleaned and removed, the scene ends. The gulls depart in detached flocks to search the bays and beaches along the coast for more food. When they find a fisherman cleaning his catch at sea they hover over his boat in a cloud, making a very bedlam of sea fowl noise. If a tourist launch or rowboat approach, they withdraw in clamorous alarm, to flock back the moment the intruder retires. The sight of thousands of screaming gulls swarming above a lonely boat at sea is inexpressibly animating.

When the languorous afternoon hours come to sunny Avalon, the ocean birds float back lazily into the bay, congregating in clouds on the eastern rocks and beach near the now silent and deserted pavilion. The proprietor of a restaurant brings them out a supply of garbage now and then, and the scenes of the early morning are repeated. When night falls they are gone, seeking the wild fastnesses of the coast.

"Tell me something about the Catalina gulls," I said to Vicente. All his days have been spent near them. His children's voices cannot have been more familiar in his ears than have been the notes of the gulls. The feathered creatures are part of his life—so commonplace that he found nothing to say of them. An old bird, evidently wise with many seasons of summer resort life, perched near by and regarded the fisherman with a look of long acquaintance, and as if delegated by his flock to cavendish upon Vicente's report.

"The gulls?" repeated the old Austrian, contemplating the saucy envoy with a shrug of reserve; "there is not much to tell, for, you see, they are only the gulls. But I will say this, that when you see them go high up, and scale around and around, up there where they look like spots in the heaven—then look out, for there is wind coming. The sailors and the fishermen know that."

So saying, Vicente relapsed into taciturnity, and the hoary cavendisher flapped off in the direction of his constituents.

Of the eight or ten varieties of the family Laridae that visit Catalina at this time of the year, the handsomest is probably the *Larus Californicus*, or California gull. This

species is of medium size, each wing measuring about sixteen inches. The head, neck and under plumage are white, the back and wings pearl blue. The tentorialis, or Pacific kittiwake, is a smaller species, its mantle being slightly darker. Other and commoner species are of mottled, grayish plumage.

During the winter and spring seasons the vast numbers on the channel islands of this coast are now beginning to mate, and soon they will be seen on Santa Barbara Island; a wild and uninhabited island five miles from the west end of Catalina. There are also vast numbers on the channel islands of this coast, now beginning to mate, and soon they will be seen on Santa Barbara Island; a wild and uninhabited island five miles from the west end of Catalina. There are also vast numbers on the channel islands of this coast, now beginning to mate, and soon they will be seen on Santa Barbara Island; a wild and uninhabited island five miles from the west end of Catalina.

AN ARTIFICIAL SPINE.

[Patent Record:] The cotton pickers of the season, occupy a stooping posture all day long during the season, have an unusually heavy strain upon the muscles of the back, which becomes so fatigued that it incapacitates the pickers for rapid work. Samuel C. Potts of Apple Valley, Ga., has devised an artificial spine of metal for the pickers, which relieves the strain of stooping from the naturally weak back to the strong, stout muscles of the thighs. This he accomplishes by means of an arrangement, which consists of a flat, flexible band with the necessary bands and straps to secure the body. The upper crossbar is fitted to slide along the support, accommodating itself to the curvature of the back. There is a hole in each end of it, through which a lower bar is fixed and terminates in two rings, which straps pass, which are fastened around the end of the spinal support is a ring, through which straps pass, and these are buckled around the back. It is asserted this harness relieves the back of the pickers from the strain incidental to the long stooping position by transferring it to the muscles, as above explained.



Sentinel of the Sea



Rest his mate



Birds of a feather



Descending in Delicacies



On the Rocks



Fair field and no faver

PENNSYLVANIA BOERS.

MEN WHO RESEMBLE THOSE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

From the Boston Globe.

It has been written about the characteristics of the Boers, now engaged in a war with England, and of their home life in the Transvaal. It has been written about the greatest among them, and about the writers asserting that the Boer was born in Pennsylvania, and lived for years in the Quaker City—that he was a veritable Pennsylvania Dutchman.

These statements may lean toward fact or conjecture, but one having had the opportunity to study the "Pennsylvania Dutch" will find not only a similarity, but at times their manner of speech, their mode of dress and unpretentious method of living, devotion to their religion, their sturdy frames, honest faces and full, deep-set gray eyes, that the Boers, are so nearly alike as to leave no doubt of the two spring from the same origin.

The selection of a homestead are the "Pennsylvania Dutch." The latter seemed to have what they most desired when they reached the "backwoods" across South Africa and through the wilderness on their way from Cape Colony. So the Boers of Penn's time left the Quaker settlements in Philadelphia, and finding their way up along the Schuylkill, Susquehanna and Juniata River valleys finally where they were surrounded by the hills in what was then a "howling wilderness." Their descendants are spread all over the United States, and many are found in Mexico, where they are

The "Dunkards," or, as they are more commonly called, "the Tunkers," are of a religious sect which was driven out of Germany by persecution some time between the years 1770 and 1800. They were founded as a religious community at Schwarzenau in Westphalia, Germany, in the year 1708, the name being taken from the German dialect word "tunker," a dipper, as all believe in baptism by immersion.

These people, fleeing from their persecutors, came to the shores of America, and settled in Pennsylvania and in small numbers along the Ohio River, and the greatest number ever brought together at one place was at the community of "Harmony," founded by Ralph early in the present century. They are notable for their simplicity of dress, manner and speech, and greatly resemble the Society of Friends, or Quakers. They dress in brown homespun, and are so against any kind of show that men wear hooks and eyes upon their clothing instead of buttons. Their dealings with town merchants are free from notes, checks and like paper, their word being considered sufficient among the merchants in the business towns of Pennsylvania. They are stock raisers and farmers almost to a man, though scattered here and there is to be found many a fine vineyard owned and operated by a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

Among the Cape and Transvaal Dutch the same religious belief predominates, the same vocations are pursued, there is the same fidelity to their word, the same simplicity of dress and of "thee" and "thou," "yes" and "nay" in speech. Among these strapping bearded men of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" there is not one but can drop a squirrel from the top of a pine and kill a wild turkey as far as he can sight with his rifle. This skill with the rifle has been an important factor in the South African war.

During the civil war one of the most famous among her regiments sent out to the front as her quota by the Keystone State was the "Bucktails," a regiment made up largely of "Pennsylvania Dutchmen," crack shots, from among the farmers, lumbermen and stock raisers. They

Boston homes, has for some time occupied a position on the breakfast bills at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria and other leading hotels of New York City. This is "panhaus" in "Dutch." It is composed of cornmeal and chopped meat, well cooked and seasoned, and run into a pan mold, from whence it is taken in thinly cut slices and fried. Served with coffee and hot breakfast rolls it is a splendid dish on a cold morning.

"Lewdwarig," the Pennsylvania Dutch for a butter made from the pulp of apples, well cooked, sweetened and flavored until it assumes the consistency and color of plum jam, liberally spread over "zwieback," a cake made of pie crust sprinkled with brown sugar, flour and butter, worked together and then broken, is a dish of which the Dutch are extremely fond.

For miles and miles these quaint people will travel to attend a church gathering, a funeral, a baptism or wedding, and for days before the occasion "hausfrau" from neighboring points gather and bake and stew, boil and broil until there seems enough food to supply a good-sized regiment of soldiers.

The "boys," great, strapping, husky, bearded fellows of 18 or 20, get together to compare horses and test strength, and in the latter trials the writer has never seen a flat raised, the competition seeming to lean toward wrestling and tugs of war. The "girls," rosy-cheeked, stout-limbed maidens, any one of the party able to give the average city man a march or a toss, yet all as amiable and well-behaved as might be expected from a gathering of healthy, happy girls on a holiday.

The older folks talk of crops and religion. There is an almost absolute silence and disregard in the matter of politics, unless it be something great in the way of a national issue. Here, as among the Transvaal and Cape Dutch, the women not only attend to their household duties, but take a hand cheerfully and readily with the men in the harvest field.

In the vineyards about Reading, in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania, the sturdy, rosy, healthy girls cut and carry the grapes and assist the men in the care of the vines.

In a hundred and one ways the "Pennsylvania Dutchmen" resemble the Boers, and a kodak picture of a street in Reading or Allentown, Kutztown or Lancaster in Pennsylvania, and of Pretoria, Johannesburg or Cape Town, on a market day would, in so far as the people and their costumes were concerned, be almost exact.

GIRLS AT OXFORD.

FORTUNATE IN HAVING ENTRANCE TO THOSE BEAUTIFUL COLLEGES.

[New York Herald:] The proportion of women-students to men-students in Oxford is about 300 to 3000, and it has been only about a score of years since women were admitted, while men have had the advantages of the universities for centuries.

All the teaching of the women is under the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford. There are no class or lecture-rooms, and no teaching except private tutoring in the halls—that is, Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, St. Hugh's Hall, etc. The students take up courses arranged by the association. The lectures—by members of the university or women who lecture for the association—are given in a queer old building, once a dissenting chapel. Girls who do not reside in the halls board around in places recommended by the association, and are called home students.

One term in one of these boarding places there was an English schoolgirl preparing for college-entrance examinations, a bright young French woman, studying for a superior examination in her own land on English literature, and a little French girl who had been sent over to learn the language to help her in trade. Then there was a middle-aged, tired English woman, who had come from London to open an elementary school "for the daughters of gentlemen," and her friend, who had once been her pupil, who gave text-book sort of lectures for the association, and who, in virtue of being cousin to an Earl, was supposed to take rank in the household.

There were two American girls graduated the previous summer from a college at home, who were working for a certificate given to such students by the association at Oxford. They went off during the two vacations of six weeks each on educational excursions. At Christmas they went to Paris, and at Easter they made their way to Germany. However much French or German they may have picked up, they came back with evident relief and pleasure.

There was one American who was struggling with logic and Latin, and trying meantime to feel cosmopolitan about certain small local eccentricities. Shaking hands was one which she did not enjoy at any time, and against which she finally rebelled.

During the dean of Barnard's student days in Cambridge a party of which she was a member went over to visit Oxford. While there, having tea in a fellow's rooms, some one started the old and unfortunate discussion of the comparative merits of the two places.

"Why," said an Oxford man, "the superior advantages of Oxford are well known. Baedeker advises small trips of a day or two to Cambridge, but for Oxford he says one must have a week and should have ten days or more."

There was a pause. Then a member of the Cambridge party said, quietly:

"It is a pity that a recent important endowment in Cambridge has not been used to subsidize Baedeker."

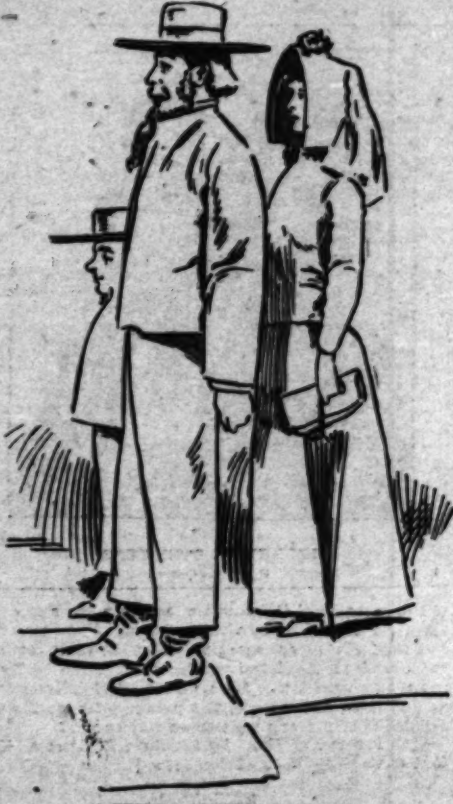
In what a beautiful material world the Oxford girl-student lives! To keep out in the open air is an important part of the creed impressed upon her. I am sure she feels the spell of the gray old ivy-clad walls, and the meaning of the purpose that made and has kept them what they are.

MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

[New York Sun:] Two mysterious boxes will be opened this year at the British Museum. One was left in 1834 by Mr. Douce, who had been Keeper of Manuscripts, to be opened January 4, 1900, and no one knows its contents. The other contains the papers of Lord Broughton, better known as Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's friend and three times a Cabinet Minister. He died in 1859, leaving his diaries, correspondence and memoranda to the museum, with directions not to open them till 1900.



PENNSYLVANIA "BUCKTAIL," CIVIL WAR.



A TYPICAL "DUTCH" FAMILY.

derived by coffee planters or have plantations of their own. The typical "Pennsylvania Dutchmen" are found in Berks, Bucks, Montgomery, Schuylkill, Chester, York, and Lancaster county regions of the "Old Keystone State." All of these counties York, upper Montgomery, Berks and Bucks contain the greatest number.

These counties are towns that bear many of the quaint Dutch or German names of the early settlers, and all of them are in the Transvaal. In Berks county, "Pottsville," "Beachler," "Dreibilbia," "Klamp," "Baitville," "Womelsdorf" and "Wernersburg" are in Montgomery county, "Skippack," "Trappe," "Berkham," "Hovertown," "Hortranft," "Lederberg" and the "Three Tunkers."

What is the language spoken by these people? Well, it might best be described as a mixture of German, Dutch and English, and there are many words and phrases in use by the Cape and Transvaal Dutch which are exactly the same, and having the same meaning.

In Philadelphia, where many of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" farmers have stands in the big central and western markets, or load their wagons along the curb at what is called the Second-street Market, the shoppers have heard each command of the language that English is disused for the time, and the "clucking" is carried on in Dutch, loud-sounding Dutch. The sound is much like what in the German is termed "latfoot," as spoken by the people of the south of Germany.

It is a passing joke among those who speak the language to refer to talk to a "Pennsylvania Dutchman" you begin by saying, "Daas katz hast iber die fence gesprungen." That is his way of saying "the cat has jumped over the fence," and the rest of his talk is about the same mixture of English and German or Dutch.

The interior of Pennsylvania these Dutch are divided into sects, known as "Amish," "Dunkards" or "Seventh-day Adventists" and Lutherans.

derived this name from the bucktails each one wore in his hat.

The "Pennsylvania Dutchman" of the old school has the same desire to live a quite pastoral life among the hills or in the valleys: an aversion to the cities, and an almost absolute and ineradicable hatred toward the progressive folk and their newer methods of doing things. He has herded and farmed, or in the long, bitter winters cut and hauled timbers, sleeping in roughly-thrown-together log "shacks" along the mountain sides, where the snow drifted in through the chinks across his blanket, and the frost made lace work of ice where his breath swept over his great beard. The food was of the coarsest and plainest, wild birds were shot or trapped, and were caught as they ascended the rivers to spawn in the early spring, when the log-driving was on, and, without, removing feathers or scales, these only delicacies obtainable by the rugged timber men were rolled in clay and baked. Their greatest pride was in an ax or gun of good stock, a fine horse or cow, a good, comfortable log house and a big stone barn and granary. The waving fields of grain, the dimly-lighted, mysterious forests with the blue sky above and the fresh free air around and about all brought them joy and contentment.

So with the advent of strangers into their abiding places and the departure of sons and daughters from the old homestead, lured to the cities and towns by the faster life and less staid manner of things, the "Pennsylvania Dutchman" hates the "outlander" as thoroughly as does his prototype in South Africa. His indulgence in psalm singing upon the slightest provocation is quite as pronounced as it is with the Boers.

The names of some of the dishes prepared by these "Dutch" of the interior of Pennsylvania are now becoming well known, not only in Philadelphia, but in surrounding cities, and the "scrapple," which was, and is yet, as frequently seen on the breakfast table of the average Philadelphia as baked beans and brown bread are found in

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke

HISTORY.

George Stevens's Last Book.

CAPE TOWN, October 10—that is the day and the place where this record (but what a scraggly, easily-poor name! for this triumph of pen over the ever-eluding life and events!) begins. Fifty-seven days later, at Ladysmith, it comes to an abrupt stop. A brief record of a brief time. Still, here is a picture of Cape Town—much more vivid than the actual, doubtless—and something much more than a mere photograph (for the author is a master painter) of the Karoo Desert, where, "you arrive and arrive, and once more you arrive—and once more you see the same vast nothing you are coming from. Believe it or not, that is the very charm of a desert:—the unfenced emptiness, the space, the freedom, the unbroken arch of the sky. It is forever fooling you, and yet you forever pursue it." Also the Stevesonian report of the quaint view of a theological professor at Dopper; a dialogue between a fat man and a thin-faced man on loyalty, which reads infinitely better than conversational indulgence of a certain world-famous novelist of our latter day, which pays him a shilling a word, and then the battle of Elards Laagte. Napoleon, they say, was a discontented man—no wonder, he did not have Stevens at Austerlitz.

"It seemed curiously dark for the time of day. No wonder—for as the men moved forward before the enemy the heavens were opened. From the eastern sky swept a sheer sheet of rain. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting paper. . . . You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of man. . . . And then, in a twinkling, on the stone-pitted hill-face burst loose that other storm—the storm of lead, of blood, of death. In a twinkling the first line were down behind rocks firing fast, and the bullets came sickening round them. Men stopped and started, staggered and dropped limply, as if the string were cut that held them upright. The line pushed on; the supports and reserves followed up. A colonel fell, shot in the arm; the regiment pushed on. They came to a rocky ridge, about twenty feet high. They clung to cover, firing, then arose, and were among the shrill bullets again. A major was left at the bottom of that ridge, with his pipe in his mouth, and a Mauser bullet through his leg; his company pushed on. Down again, fire again, up again and on! Another ridge won and passed—and only a more hellish hail of bullets beyond it. The air was a sieve of them; they beat on the boulders like a million hammers; they tore the turf like a harrow. Another ridge crowned, another welcoming, whistling gust of perdition. Half the officers were down; the men puffed and stumbled on. Another ridge—God! Would this cursed hill never end? It was sown with bleeding and dead behind; it was edged with stinging fire before. God! Would it never end?"

Then come the wet, painful, humor-full story of the bivouac, "the home-coming from Dundee," and that "whirr-whirr-e-e-e-e-phut!" beginning of the bombardment and siege of Ladysmith, and which, as the early excitements turn into habit, rots into a dreary monotony infinitely more fatal than the Boer guns—Boer guns! why, they are the only entertainment that makes the life at Ladysmith at all bearable.

The last chapter in the book was written by Vernon Blackburn. He does not pretend to finish the work abandoned so abruptly by the gifted pen. It is the story of the literary career of Stevens—a very brief epitome of it, that he gives there. And you will admit that it is a fitting finale to this brief and brilliant last gift of the gods.

"Great-hearted, strong-souled, brave without a hesitation, tender as a child, intolerant of wrong because he was incapable of it, tolerant of every human weakness, slashing controversialist in speech, statesmanlike in foresight, finely versed in the wisdom of many literatures, a man of genius scarce aware of his innumerable gifts, but playing them all with splendid skill, with full enjoyment of the crowded hours of life—here was George Stevens. In the face of what might have been—think of it—a boy scarce 30!" So Blackburn summarizes what he thought of his friend. If a trifle illogical, he has not said too much; he has left many things that are to be counted unto the memory of Stevens for righteousness and worth unsaid. "One of the two or three Englishmen who has ever mastered the philosophical systems of Germany from Kant to Hegel, from Hegel to Schopenhauer"—as he used to say in jest, and those who knew him declare in all earnestness—one of the master prophets of the Impressionists—with no apology to Kipling; the realiser of T. P. O'Connor's dream ("to have the happenings of the passing day described in the style of the short-story writer;") one of the chief wits of the brightest and most humorous days of the Pall Mall Gazette; the author of "Monologues of the Dead;" legician, seer, and, above all, artist—such, then, is the man whom the enteric fever carried away from us and left us unconsoledly poor.

"I wish all correspondents were like him," said Lord Kitchener, when he heard of Stevens's death; "I suppose they will try to follow in his footsteps."

But, of course, it is not upon every one that the mantle of a prophet would fall.

[From Cape Town to Ladysmith. By G. W. Stevens. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

FICTION.

Another Romance of the Time of the Revolution.

These are—according to the title page, as sober of looks as the face of a professional liar—portions taken out from the letters and journals of Katherine, daughter of Maj.-Gen. James Patison, in the service of His Majesty, King George. She is—as is so delightfully common with the glorious race of autobiographers—a charming girl. She says so—which is the most convincing thing on earth. And whatever her failings may be, that ridiculous hen-virtue called modesty is not to be counted unto her for condemnation. The inspiration of the entire British army in

America she was, and all the British officers were her willing slaves—no wonder (for a mortal must be somewhat short of a goddess) that her letters and journals are not the most concise and polished things in the world. (Too much admiration is not good for a good literary work.) One cannot have everything. As the letters of a fashionable and capricious girl, these are most excellently written; moreover, would you judge from the quantity, you would know what an able scribbler is Mistress Kate. It is a chronicle of the time when the name of George Washington stood as that of a simple rebel; it is also the record of her own many adventures. Capt. Allison of the British army falls passionately in love with Mistress Kate. He is one of those miraculous mixtures of contradictions—at once a saint and a rogue. But then, Mistress Kate is not such a simple character, either—a proud simpleton who thinks herself a goddess, and whom the strange conspiracy of events (most fortunately for her, she has on her side the novelist, who, so like the Lord, makes circumstances to order) makes out to be a very clever maid. She begins in taking a tremendous and most broad-minded (for the daughter of a British general of that time, especially) interest in Matthews, an American officer, and one of the prisoners of war in the British camp. She loved his sister—that, mainly, was the reason of her interest. She conceives a daring scheme of rescuing him from the prison-vessel, Scorpion. Of course, she fell into her own trap. But, as I have said, the novelist is on her side, and all comes out right—more than right. She falls into the hands of the American patriot, and incidentally makes her acquaintance with Mrs. Washington. Most conveniently some obliging bullet makes its way through the head of Allison, and then, Mistress Kate, true to the traditional mystery of woman nature, behaves very much as if she be in love with him whom she has so thoroughly hated. Some of the scenes of her adventures—the setting free



GEORGE W. STEVENS.
[From the Critic.]

of the prisoners of the Scorpion, and then the race on the snow, for example—are vividly drawn. The prose flows smoothly. It is an excellent thing, however, to sleep upon—with all the liberal padding in it, it can hardly fail to be very comfortable for a pillow. And it is the most natural thing in the world, this padding—for are these not the letters of a dear simpleton—a society girl?

[The Fortunes of War. By Elizabeth H. Barrow. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

RELIGIOUS.

A Popular History of the New Testament.

"The rise of the Bible as the people's book is the greatest blessing that the human race has ever experienced," said Kant once, upon his wise day. The same is quoted here in this book on its title page. It is a goodly day when a sentence of Immanuel Kant becomes the text of as pious a book as this.

The author does not want the theologians to monopolize all the information on the history of the New Testament. People ask every day, "Where can we find a brief and simple account on the formation of our New Testament?" The author does not know of any book that he could recommend. He did the next best thing—he wrote one. Within the short compass of 142 pages he tells many things; the canon of the New Testament, the Bible of Jesus and the apostles, the Lord's words, the apostles' writings, what made it necessary to form a New Testament Canon, on what principles the selections were made, in what state was the canon of the New Testament at the death of Tertullian, which is considered the "period of acute crystallization." The author considers the rise of the New Testament under three periods:

"First—Before the middle of the second century, probably in Asia Minor, the gospel tradition had taken definite shape in the form of the four-fold gospel.

"Second—During the second half of the second century, in Rome chiefly, and under the influence of the nascent Catholic church, a New Testament had taken shape in the form of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Apocalypse and various epistles.

"Third—About the close of the fourth century the scattering attempts of theologians to reduce the New Testament writings to an harmonious canon succeeded, through the overwhelming influence of Athanasius in the East and of Augustin in the West, in establishing the twenty-seven books of our New Testament as exclusive scripture."

There are some—you can count them without opening

all your life—who are familiar with the names, Hilgenfeld, Rumm, Westcott, Weyher, Julicher, Holtmann, Schaaf and Plummer, does not intend to enlighten. I have no particular reading—this is at least the intention. "In the days of the great Nicene women and masses discussed the divinity of the author. He would have the man of the behind the counters, well acquainted with about the history of the Book which he do in the making of their ideas and eminently right in holding that a moral reform has always had its faith of the people. And the vitality of not flourish on ignorance. 'Tis a very rare therefore.

[The Rise of the New Testament. By H. B. Murry, B.D. The Macmillan Company, \$1.25.]

ECONOMICS.

On Trusts.

Mr. Nettleton, former Assistant Secretary, has just brought out a new volume on trusts. He styles himself the editor; and he has collected the views of men who are those who have made the economic of their lives, and of the schoolmen from universities of the country. In addition sends us with the results of the investigation at home and abroad at first hand. The contents—that is to say, as the editor's aides of the questions are brought together, to make the thing more impressive, puts some of it in the form of a dialogue of fables. You will find in it the history of commercial and industrial trusts, their development, their nature, their relation to the working men, to business. In the book is given the list of names of industrial trusts in the United States, and scope; it states the attitude of the trusts; it discusses the different remedies proposed by men of different types; also recommendations affecting trusts by Cleveland and McKinley. The paper on the Trust Conference form a large part of the book.

What the editor purposes in this compilation of opinions and facts is to emphasize propositions:

(1.) The competitive system, under which race has achieved its development and proved a failure and does not need to be replaced, a system of private monopoly in the trust movement. (2.) The trust consists of capitalistic combination for the monopolizing industries; it is, therefore, ethically, unscientific in its economic, violation of the common law and essentially hostile to welfare. (3.) Any combination or control from 70 to 90 per cent. of an industry or working monopoly of that industry, competitors are often tolerated by the conceal the fact of virtual monopoly. (4.) of the trust, possible or so-called "public" is no sufficient check upon monopoly as public against unjust prices and other evils. (5.) Large-scale production, with enormous beneficial up to the maximum of efficiency in manufacture, but the trust system inevitably carries enlargement and consolidation to the maximum point, and to the point of monopolizing the cheapening of production a false, destroying competition. (6.) The maximum efficiency in production is reached short of what is represented in America by great industrial concerns. (7.) The industrial trust, as known instead of being universal, and hence public is practically non-existent in other countries recently attempted abroad by American trusts, hence, presumably artificial. (8.) The trusts in our exports of manufactured goods is achieved by large independent establishments, carried economy and efficiency of management maximum without seeking to obtain monopoly trust system tends to invite and compel, hence disastrously, that form of socialism of government ownership and management of industries. (9.) There is neither economic position to antagonize corporations or the object of general hostility is simply the in corporate form and using vast capital unlawfully. (10.) In proportion as the trusts and survives the people are healthy industrial careers, and the door of opportunity is shut. (11.) The trust system is unsound and unjust, no remedy of public will meet the case.

I have said that the author takes a favorable as well as the unfavorable view as they come from the eminent advocates; same time he defines his position very clearly at the start of the book:

"I have emerged from my study of the movement profoundly convinced (1) that the movement is wrong in theory and incurably (2) that, in the luminous words of Prof. Yale, it is a system which 'makes large production a pretext for monopolizing its claimed advantages, so far as they are equally attained by corporations and modern large-scale production with almost out any resort to monopoly; (3) that it forcibly adds to natural industrial development, the alien element of arbitrary control; none should tolerate; (4) that (unless

study of the material covered (1) that it is an incurably cold and unimpassioned record of President McKinley's administration, "makes increased knowledge of the Philippines the more appalling the more they are as they are in the Philippines and concerning them with adequate knowledge (2) that the material developed is arbitrary and unimpassioned (3) that (unless it is the volume of Prof. J. B. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," which is to be issued by D. Appleton & Co., covers a period of our history from 1841 and 1890, which in many of its phases has attracted but scant attention.

Charles Denby, former Minister to China, and member of the Philippines Commission, contributes to the volume of Collier's Weekly a notable and statesmanlike article entitled "Our Relations with China." Richard Mansfield, so famous as actor and manager, is comparatively new as author and critic. He has, however, done excellent literary work in odd moments of his career. He contributes to forthcoming numbers of Collier's Weekly a valuable paper on the stage.

The "Short Story" is the new standard monthly

[Chicago Record:] Those people who value things by the amount it costs to procure them are advised to go to Johannesburg in search of rooms, for there a simple shake-down for a single night, in an apartment containing five other persons, costs the modest sum of \$15. The probability of a room and a bed all to one's self is apparently a matter to leave to the consideration of millionaires only.

By a Special Contributor.

HOW SEFRIDGE LOST HIS SHIP.

"Well, just fancy our cat in the automobile introduced here."

The Bear Pressed the Button.

'A Physical Wonder in Kansas City.

Wild Horses in Calaveras.

How New York Motormen Keep Warm.

A Curious Charity.

Lobsters' Right Names.

Havana's Public Conveyances.

Ruskin's Tea Shop.

Interesting Old Letters Found.

A Submerged Forest.

France's Exposition Stamps.

Diamond Cutters in Distress.

THE diamond cutters of Antwerp are in a state of consternation at the cessation of their business. They are already selling their last articles and many master cutters are unable to come to work. They themselves are suffering from loss of business. Manufacturers and brokers business is also suffering. At Amsterdam large carts go about collecting clothing for the impoverished families. It is estimated that over one hundred thousand families are affected by the shut down. Although the government earned high wages, the intermittent character of the work did not enable him to provide for himself. The diamond misery has followed the present crisis, and the diamond trade in South Africa. Unfortunately, the government has not taken all this suffering, probably from the fact that the diamond industry does not appeal to the public. The relief committees have not been able to do much for them. Many merchants, who have been twice daily to allow a small amount of money to the poverty-stricken to partake of diamond and the situation is extremely dark, as there is no prospect of the end of the war. The diamond industry will be the war shall last much longer than they expect. —(Chicago News)

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The knowledge of "The House Beautiful" will answer any question that may be asked in regard to the house and its surroundings. It is a book that will answer every question that may be asked in regard to the house and its surroundings. It is a book that will answer every question that may be asked in regard to the house and its surroundings.

By the Sea.

M. C. E. G., SAN DIEGO: The plan of your house is excellent, but if not too late to do so, I would like to suggest that you place the doors which open from the hall into sitting-room and dining-room, respectively, on the same side. You will then get the vista through the arch of the three rooms, and this treatment does so much toward opening up a small house. I would make each of the doorways the width of two single doors. This is the width an arch as is required for folding doors and you can, if you wish, have one wide sliding door which will open into the arch, or you can simply curtain both arches with white muslin. You will thus do away utterly with the cramped and contracted look which many small houses have, and secure on the other hand an effect of airy openness, which will surprise you. You can further increase the effect of space by coloring your hall and sitting-room alike. I like your suggestion of green ingrain paper opening out of the buff room. The redwood finish on the chairs and table will also go well with the green. The dining-room in light terra cotta would be pretty with green furniture. You would find a white matting with a green border in the doorway and another before the dining-room very good. This coloring in a dining-room is really pretty, with white muslin curtains.

By the Sea.

A. V. W., Tucson, Ariz., says: "I bought a jute rug, it was really new and clean, and new, after using it for a month, it makes me shudder. I noticed your suggestion on rag carpets, and want to know what you think of me to take the place of my jute. The wallpaper of the room is old blue. Now do you think a rag carpet rug, dyed with two shades of blue or blue and white, hit and miss pattern, would look handsome enough for my sitting-room? Do you advise me to send East for a rug of some kind or not?"

"I should like for my dining-room one made of two shades of red if you think it would look well with my blue wallpaper. What color shall I paint the woodwork of my new house? I also want a pretty couch cover for my sitting-room. What shall I ask for in writing to an eastern firm? I have two windows together, and one on the other side of the room; do you think white dimity, ruffled pretty, or a light blue more popular. And what kind of drapery shall I use? Shall I have my book shelves made to go to the floor? I shall order some wicker; would you stain it or leave it the natural color? Would you stain the stands for my piano, mahogany? Do cotton rugs take dye as well as wool ones?"

I would like to advise you to have two rag carpet rugs. One in two shades of blue and the other two shades of red. I think the red would look extremely handsome with the blue paper. When you move into your new house, do not stain the woodwork dark, rich red, or wine color, but use the red rug with it. I would like that or use black paint. In the other room use the red, you will find it very handsome in effect and very impressive, but you must have with the dark paint, blue knobs and door hinges. I would get a "Bagdad" rug cover, it is real oriental, and has always so many colors in it that it will go well in any room. However, as it is generally a soft old blue, cream, olive and some shade of orange or red, perhaps it would not look well in your red room. With the blue rug it would be beautiful. I would advise light blue, ruffled, for your windows. Without drapery. Have them very full, and daintily made. Stick them closely back with white cords and tassels, have your rollers not wider than three inches. You will not need any other curtains. Hang four curtains at the double windows. Your book shelves should rest on the floor. I think I would have my wicker its natural color. You might, for variety, stain one rocker a dark brown, and then stain the other in handsome silk cushions. I would stain all of my piano stands mahogany, they will then be suitable for any room. I think cotton takes dye quite as well as wool. I have seen unbleached muslin dyed the most beautiful shades of yellow, blue and vivid green.

A Remodeled House.

R. G. P., Painesville, Orange county, says: "I have a room which I wish to improve, but do not know how to do it. The house formerly had an old-fashioned, narrow hall, but one side was lately cut away in an arch. The parlor and hall are carpeted alike in cream Brussels, with brown scroll design. There is a bedroom across the hall from the parlor. I want to make double parlors of these two rooms, but would not like to go to much expense. I would be willing to paper the walls in plain paper and buy a new carpet. The woodwork is now painted a pale green, the windows have a single lace curtain at each, the furniture consists of a settee of walnut, cushioned in brick red, walnut center table, with dark marble top, walnut piano, three oak rockers and a bamboo stand with green jardiniere, also cherry bureau."

You can give your two rooms and hall great distinction and style if you will follow out precisely the advice I am giving you. Cut a corresponding arch from hall to bedroom, having it exactly opposite the other arch. Paper both rooms and your hall with ingrain paper in a soft shade of buff tan. Paint your woodwork a dark shade of chocolate brown, with a dull finish. Instead of a carpet on the floor I would put a fine white matting over all, and have several handsome rugs. This will not cost you altogether more than your Brussels carpet, and will be much less conspicuous. Your walnut furniture will look well in the room, also your oak rockers. Put a palm in the hall and two in the parlor of Flemish oak furniture. A table to lay

is on a chair. Cover the top of your marble table with some sort of pretty Chinese or Japanese dable cover, not necessarily expensive, but artistic looking. Hang curtains of dull blue, or terra cotta jute in your archways. Or a Bagdad and a jute. You must have two curtains at each window, if you wish for a good effect. You might, therefore, put all of your lace ones at the front windows and use others of net at the side windows. There is a cream-colored net which looks particularly well with walls of this color, but if you use your lace curtains of course you must match them in color, with the plain net. A piano cover matching in color your table cover, or portieres, and perhaps thin silk curtains for your bookcase. A wicker chair, painted dark brown and cushioned, back and seat, with yellow silk, would be a pretty addition. You can also use yellow lamp shades in these rooms.

Some Exterior Work.

J. T., Los Angeles: You ask for suggestions in regard to the decoration of your grounds. As the frame of a picture often makes or mars its success, I feel as deeply interested in this portion of a decorative scheme as in the interior work. As my hobby has always been finish, com-



pleteness, a harmony of design, which reaches out even to the most remote and apparently insignificant detail, I will gladly give you any suggestions in regard to the accessories which will render your house more beautiful. As it is a "bungalow," I would have near it as much tropical growth as possible. A bungalow suggests at once a tropical climate. By all means have a large palm at either corner of its front. These should be of the high growing palmetto variety. As they become tall they will emphasize the squat look of the house. And on this look depends its picturesque quality. I have sketched for you a pretty group of tropical looking plants, all of which grow readily here and quickly. It is the banana, the papyrus and the Japanese rice tree. Such a group would seem to belong as completely to your bungalow, as the steamer and East India chairs on its veranda. The uncompromising squareness of a bungalow does not lend itself as gracefully to vines, as gables and arches do. I would, therefore, advise you to put your vines about it in this way:



Wire netting can be brought from the edge of the wide eaves to the ground and when the vines run over it you obtain a delicate green shade for your windows which is infinitely refreshing. This sketch of a side door has an arch of wooden laths over the walk, and La Marque and Marie Henrietta roses mingle their red and white upon it. You can readily see how such little accessories will soften the lines of your house and lend it great beauty, and also the importance of planting a growth which carries out the suggestions of your architecture.

An East Chamber.

C., Altadena, writes: "Will you kindly assist me in making my bedroom pretty and pleasant to live in part of the day. The house is a large country one. My room is an east upper chamber about 25x15 feet. The floor is covered with plain matting. The woodwork is light cedar. What furniture I have is birdseye maple, a rocker of the same with blue satin seat; there are other chairs of willow. I have no rugs or curtains or pictures. I wish to make the room pretty, but it is rather awkwardly arranged. The

window faces east and opens in, in three casement panels. The upper parts are closed. Now I have looked at these windows in dismay. I can conceive of no satisfactory plan to drape them so that they will open and yet look like I intend having the walls a soft blue. At the north end of the room I am again in despair. The washstand is in the center, in an arch about 42x feet deep, this leaves on either side another arch (three in all) to be filled with something. They are hardly long enough for a couch. If you will kindly dispose of these difficulties I shall be very grateful."

I would curtain the difficult window by fastening a separate tiny brass rod on each casement and pulling small curtains of dotted muslin, dimity, or thin blue and white figured India silk upon them. From the drawing which accompanied your letter, I gather that the stationary windows above are "bullseyes." If you find the light through them too strong, flute the same silk or muslin on two brass rods (top and bottom) and thus cover them with the gathered silk. Or, use plain blue silk the color of your walls on the upper glass and either white or figured below. I would undoubtedly place a handsome screen in front of the washstand. A washstand should never be in evidence except in the simplest cottage bedroom. You need not have the screen high enough to obscure the mirror. I would have a comfortable-looking lounging seat in one of the little alcoves. You could have a wide low-cushioned seat made and it could possibly project a foot into the room. The sunk place would look pretty filled with cushions. In the center of the other arch I would place a palm on a low stand. Hang pictures, gay water colors, in these arches against your blue walls. As for other fittings I would have light stands for growing plants, or cut flowers, work basket, books, etc., and a large easy chair, upholstered in blue and white chints, to correspond with your alcove seat. In such a long room you can gracefully place a steamer chair, and there is nothing prettier, when the cushions are dainty and harmonious in coloring. With some good Turkish rugs on your floor you will have a beautiful room.

A Schoolgirl's Room.

N. S. R., Pasadena, says: "I would like to know how to arrange my bedroom as cheaply as possible, so as to look like a typical schoolgirl's room. How to drape the curtains to make the windows look as wide as possible, and what colors you would use for them?"

I think I would use art denim in a very soft shade of old blue for my draperies. Combined with white muslin this is very clear and striking in effect. You will never tire of it, for it is restful and it is inexpensive. I would do my bed in dimity, keeping it purely white. Make your spread with a deep ruffle and make ruffled shams for your pillows. Make a cover for your lounge of the blue denim, if this has to have a ruffle make it with shallow box pleats two inches apart; they should lie very flat. Have two India silk curtains of blue and white for this. Have the rod, which carries your denim curtains, made so long that it will extend beyond the window casing on each side almost the width of your denim curtain, hang your white muslin over the panes and let all hang perfectly straight to the sill. Break the severity of your room with a pretty little work table of white muslin. You can make one in this way: Get from the lumber mill two round, flat pieces of wood about the size of small barrel heads. Have a carpenter fasten these firmly together with a piece of old broom handle. The handle should be just the height you wish your table to be. The rest of the work you can easily do yourself. Cover the top with blue cambric, tacked smoothly on and then put a plain skirt of the cambric to fall to the bottom, where it is also tacked. This skirt must be made long enough to allow of drawing in tightly in the middle to the center stick. This gives the hour-glass shape, which makes a beautiful bedroom table.

Now cover the top smoothly again with white muslin, make another skirt, this time of white muslin, but this must be full and tacked all around the edge of your top in little pleats, over this, with little brass tags, fasten a full gathered ruffle three inches wide, of the muslin. It hides where the others are put on, and makes a pretty finish. Draw the whole thing in tightly midway of the stick, with a broad blue satin ribbon and tie in a handsome bow. These blues should be the old blue of your curtains in a very light shade, but not "baby blue." This table near a window, with your "manicures" or work basket on it, will be very fascinating. You will also find a pretty sword fern, in a regular flower pot, a great addition. A slipper box made (as I have before described) of your denim, will be useful and pretty. Try putting your posters above your picture mold.

F. R., Escondido: I think the fish nets make extremely pretty drapery. I would advise you to use it.

Japanese Calico Curtains.

C. W. E., You wish to furnish a bedroom in pink, and to hang curtains of pink Japanese calico over the white ones. This can easily be done and will be pretty. Use copper wire and screw eyes for your muslin and run the wire in a little casing at the top, with or without a heading. You can screw it up as "taut" as possible and it does not sag like a cord. If the window is wide, support the wire in the middle by a small brass hook. You can then use a rod on little projecting brackets for your outer curtains. Why not have the walls in here pink? I think Flemish oak furniture looks equally well with light or dark woodwork. I would not drape Arabian net curtains, they look far more elegant hanging straight in front of the glass. I think the hat-rack has yet to be designed which is an artistic or desirable article of furniture. Hat trees seem to be popular in large houses, which are frequented by many visitors. But I think in Flemish oak nothing is in better style than a handsome, well-made table in the hall, placed between two chairs which correspond in design.

PLANTS THAT BEAR JEWELS.

[Cleveland Leader:] One of the directors of Kew Gardens, lecturing recently at the London Institute on some curiosities of tropical plant life, said that among these were the pearls found occasionally in the coconut palm of the Philippine Islands—pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of true opals, which are found in its joints.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

MAISIE'S SPRING WARDROBE.

SHE SAYS SIMPLICITY IS THE BEST BACKGROUND TO SET OFF A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1900.—"I have been speculating his last hour," Maisie said, her forehead portentously wrinkled, "whether after all life is worth—"

"Living?" interjected Maisie's hostess. Maisie shook her head. "No! dressing," she said. "Clothes are a stimulant—you can't deny that. I suppose like all other stimulants, the resultant intoxication brings its fits of depression afterward."

"Since when did you experience it—the depression, I mean?" the hostess asked. Maisie sighed pensively. "Since I began to give my whole mind to the season's styles," she said. "They are adorable, yet, in a way, dreadfully disappointing. Simplicity, as you know, is the background best calculated to set off my—well, we will say, somewhat piquant personality. There are simple things of course. The trouble is they are so elegantly simple, they at once suggest Newport, American Beauties with stems two yards long, diamond stick pins as cotillon favors, and all that sort of thing. They are so trying, indeed, I have been almost driven to ordering things that miss being fancy barely by the skin of the teeth."

"I shall never believe that until I see it," the hostess said, casting up her eyes. Maisie smiled a gentle martyr sort of smile, and said: "Listen! I am hesitating over a gown of this sort—and you know she who hesitates is lost. The stuff is all right—one of the new pastel green cloths, so soft it cheats the eye as to whether it is really green or blue. The skirt is cut very long, and very tight, but there is a box pleat at the back and another, or rather a cascade at the side, where the skirt rounds up to show a pleated silk underskirt, just a little darker. The skirt is embroidered all around in the same darker shade, enriched with gold thread. That does not sound very formidable. Wait until you hear about the waist."

"At the back it is a plain, round waist melting into the skirt. In front it is a jaunty jacket with deeply pointed ends dropping over a wide folded belt of ribbon to match the underskirt—which of course goes only as far as under the arm. The fronts are heavily embroidered and the left one belted with a big fly-away bow of ribbon like the belt. Above the belt there is a close-fitting vest of very dark green panne velvet, with a collar so high and stiff it recalls the guillotine, edged at top with the same gold threaded embroidery, as are the flaring cuffs to the very long tight sleeves. Then by way of finish I shall wear a yellow straw hat, trimmed with long black plumes and a stunning bow of green ribbon, very broad and embroidered with gold."

"That does not sound so desperate," said madame, the hostess. Maisie flung up her head tragically. "I know it does not," she said. "Some things have to be seen. I tried on the whole rig, looked myself over, then covered my eyes and sighed, 'This is what it means to be tailor-made in 1900!' I assure you, my dear, it is almost tragic to look back."

"Then look forward!" counseled the hostess. Maisie smiled: "I did ever so much better—I looked further," she said. "Virtue had its reward. I discovered some things that would heal a broken heart. One of them was the loveliest dressing gown, a truly classic garment with long, sweeping folds, and no tag ends anywhere about it that anybody can make at home themselves. Mine is in pale ivory cashmere with falls of deep ivory lace in the neck, and a giraffe of rich salmon pink ribbon fastening just beneath the bust. I shall only need to put it on to forgive all my summer enemies—even those who have bought the frocks I ought to have bought, or said the things I wish I had said."

"It must be the result of inspiration," the hostess said, laughing. Maisie tucked another pillow comfortably beneath her head, stretched out a slippers foot so she could inspect the bow upon it critically, took a candle violet from the box beside her and said, with the purple confection between her lips: "It does feel that way, but I have had a desperate experience making up my mind between the lovely new blouses. One of them is Luxurly lace as to its lower half, both in waist and sleeves. The lace goes up to and opens over a guimpe and sleeve tops of deeply tucked silk. The silk is pastel blue. So is the broad ribbon which comes from under the arms to tie in a rich knot, with deeply fringed ends over the bust. There is a lace collar, very high, of course. And I have such a pretty white neck! Isn't it a shame I must swathe and hide it so?"

"The other blouse is truer to name. By that I mean that it really blouses all round the lower part. And the blouse is lace, big open-meshed lace, with very rich flowers in it. The same lace goes up to the neck, and shows as a vest there. Over the lace, there comes a sort of odd bolero in the richest brocade, fastening with a velvet chow very much at one side. The brocade is apple blossoms upon an ivory ground. Beneath the lace blouse comes a lining or ivory silk. The belt and collar match the chow—both are of black velvet. The most fetching touch is at the top of the collar—a row of apple blossoms made in pink chiffon, and delicately applied. I shall feel like Flora, or some other classic person, rising up from a foam of flowers."

"Venus rising from the sea, perhaps!" the hostess said, smiling. Maisie made a grimace. "Really I believe she would be envious, for all her looks, if she saw the frock I have just planned for an after Lenten dance."

"Tell me about it," coaxed the hostess.

"About my frock," said Maisie, "the beginning of it is grandmamma's black satin that was never made up for the poor dear. It is rich enough to stand alone, but soft enough to cling beautifully. Of course I did not waste it on the foundation skirt—that is just plain, fairly good satin, long and tight fitting, and flaring no end at the bottom. Over

it there is silk gauze, very full, with five pleated ruffles so full they are almost ruches. They are pretty, but not distinguished—distinction comes from the cultrass of the black satin, deeply tucked. It reaches half way to the knee, and fits as though moulded if the tucks are two inches wide. It does not reach quite as high as the armpit, and is veiled four inches down with a heavy fall of black tulle, edged with pleated gauze. A tulle scarf, likewise edged across the ends, ties in front beneath a cluster of big violet pansies, purple and yellow and black. There are no sleeves, not even shoulder straps—only twists of gauze caught with jeweled ornaments, and upon the left shoulder a big knot of tulle and pansies. The flowers are the only touch of color, except the bird in my hair—which has deep yellow wings and a yellow breast. I shall wear black gloves, of course, and carry a black fan with gold filigree sticks."

"How the other women will stare!" said the hostess. Maisie smiled softly: "I can say with Brummell, 'let them look and die,'" she answered, reaching out for another violet.

MARY DEAN.

THE BACHELOR GIRL FOR 1900.

SHE REFUSED TO HOWL WITH FEAR IN PRESENCE OF THE SELF-RESPECTING BURGLAR.

By a Special Contributor.

"If you want a name for the bachelor girl," said the woman who knew, "I advise you to call her Victory Anne Domini. She is typical of the age and is going to do as she pleases, no matter how she does it, nor what it is. She may want broiled ham for her breakfast. She has the ham and the fire. Shower, toasting fork, broiling rack are all conspicuously absent. Does she therefore go without her tit-bit? You know not a letter in her book, if you think so. The uses of a hair pin have long been exalted by mere men. To the hair pin she has added a hat pin. Upon the tip of her longest, strongest, most prized in windy weather, she cooks her meat as deftly as a statesman cooks a tariff bill."

"She is as inconsiderate of the self-respecting burglar as her age is of folk who take themselves too seriously. When the burglar comes in at dead of night, she does not set up and howl, any more than the world howls at the arrival of mighty reformers. She sits up all right, but it is merely

rabbit cannot make up with bear for a but. But what of it? When chafing dish whistles lives in their hands, she smiles at them, but that nothing really matters so long as her unconventional enough to be distinctly noticed, say she is wrong. The longer I live the more in the Berkeleyan contention, that there are no names of things. The bachelor girl is a conscious hypnotist, whose power is rooted in faith in herself."

EMPTY BOTTLES MADE HER

OLD IRISH WOMAN WHO OWNS SEVERAL OF REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.

By a Special Contributor.

"The money with which I built these ten made by selling empty bottles," remarked one well known on the East Side of New York was a long time ago when I first came to this city. I tell you about it, if you don't print my name."

"Not that I object to having my name in its my children I have to think of these days, president of a big bank out West, another factory in Jersey, while my three daughters married and live in fine houses uptown. So you want to make them ashamed of their old mother."

"As I said, it was a long time ago, for I was 80 years of age."

"To begin at the beginning, my husband from Ireland the day after we were married, fine tales of America and we came over to New York. We had but a few pennies when we landed besides our bundle of clothes and the few we'd used on the voyage. I'd picked up two cents that some of the other passengers had thrown didn't have bottles to throw away in the old came kind of natural to me not to waste them."

"My husband got a job as a mason and I got a second cook in a restaurant. It made me see the way they threw things away in that kitchen bottles were hauled away in cartloads, along with the refuse, until by and by I got to picking



A SPRINGTIME VISITING COSTUME.

THE IVORY CASHMERE DRESSING GOWN.

A BLACK EVENING DRESS.

to tell the knight of the jimmy that he has made a mistake in his vocation or his latch-key, and either way, is guilty of very bad taste. Sometimes she makes a direct attack; more commonly a flank movement by talking to her cat. The burglar, poor man, seldom gets nearer than the entry. A bachelor girl's apartment is bound to have an entry. The professional enterer has no trouble at all with the lock. It is when he gets inside that he loses himself and his courage in the multifarious tangle of hangings and bamboo poles, and swinging, tinkly things. Terror lurks in the unknown—not infrequently he flies in fear lest his dark lantern touch off some infernal machine, masquerading as an ornament."

"Macaulay said the Puritans objected to bear baiting, not because it hurt the bears, but because it pleased the people. When the bachelor girl smokes, it is not because she cares for tobacco, but because smoking displeases some people whom she likes to astound. She does not mean, of course, to do anything wrong or un ladylike—she only feels that she must live up to her liberty—which those people would restrict, if they could. You see at bottom, the bachelor girl is the most feminine thing in the world."

"A chafing dish supper is a sort of Modder River to Victory Anne Domini, since it is there she achieves the most notable triumph of ways over means."

"A chafing dish you know is a fetish which rewards only the votaries who give it single-minded devotion. The bachelor girl is too facile to be single-minded. What with lectures, art, literature, keeping up with the playhouses, thinking out her frocks, and sympathizing with budding genius, is it any wonder she forgets sometimes that Newburg lobsters requires a dash of sherry, or that a Welsh

and taking them home nights. I was only at the restaurant five months, but during that time I saved up some five hundred beautiful bottles."

"Then, as my husband's work was steady and good, I came home to keep house for him and to think of my bottles. It seemed such a shame to let them go away, yet I didn't see what was to be done. I saw where everybody got rid of them as soon as they were empty. After a while I decided to try to sell them in places from which they were originally brought. They were wine bottles, so I went to a wine merchant, and he bought them for me for a whole lot of money."

"I delivered to him all the wine bottles I had saved up. He agreed to save as many corks and labels as possible, provided I would take them off every day to go every morning and bring away baskets of the bottles and boxed the corks and labels and send them to the wine merchant. Then I made up a savings bank, where I stored away my money."

Enlarging the Business.

"As time passed I became more ambitious and to other restaurants and to other merchants, increasing my business. I hired a boy to help me, and between times, when attending to my business or busy about the house, I cleaned the bottles. This went on until I had saved up several hundred

husband and I married. We had over to make a when we had the few cooking up two empty had thrown away on the old case to want to see people tell me my two tenement houses are about \$200,000. They give me a pretty fair living. I can lay by for my grandchildren. I'm glad the brewers have broke up the trade, for empty is a good business for a woman who had a family. I want to help her."

LAFAYETTE PLAWS.

By a Special Contributor.

was the alley in Paqueta's cup of happiness today. Paqueta's dark, picturesque beauty and the bright eyes of the little girl had quite as much to do with the coming of bits of silver from the maids and children of the street as Mono's clever tricks, but Paqueta was not unconscious of this, and looked upon Mono as a benefactor.

Well, supposing she left Tito and carried away instead that bright yellow gold piece lying now in the palm of the rich gringo's hand, dazzling the eyes, the great, shining, tempting yellow piece. As much as Señorita Ortega had received for the old Zuni basket of her grandmother. Foreigners had such remarkable ways, and gave gold for such curious things! Could flesh and blood withstand such temptation; but Paquita resolutely shook her head, saying:

The next morning as Col. Brent and his daughter were just beginning to stir about their dressing-rooms, a grim and grizzled old Mexican, erect and dominant, stood at the side entrance under the port cochère, while a glimpse of Paquita, intimidated, but unrepentant, might have been

ISABEL RATES WINSLOW.

—[Queensland (Australia,) News.

[Kansas City Journal:] A wooden house that would not burn was put to the test in New York the other day. The structure had been treated with some preparation that is warranted to render wood fireproof, and the test tended to bear out the claim. The experiment was conducted under the supervision of the New York board of fire underwriters, and the building and fire departments of New York. The building was two stories high, with a large space beneath in which a fierce fire was set going. Some of the visitors remained in the house during the test, and suffered no inconvenience. The fire was said to be strong enough to burn down any ordinary building in New York, but it did no harm to the prepared wood, beyond charring it slightly.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XIX. HOW EARTHQUAKES COME ABOUT.

By a Staff Writer.

LAST time, I told you how the earth was once a part of the sun and was thrown off from it, ages and ages ago; how it was, at one time, just as hot as the sun is now, and how it cooled until a crust of hard rock formed over the outside, as a film forms over cooling molasses candy. And I told you how the water, which was, at first, while the earth was very hot, in the air about it, in the form of vapor or steam, began to fall in rain, as the earth cooled, and finally formed an ocean all over the surface; and how the inside of the earth kept on cooling, under the hard crust, and shrinking as it hardened, so that the crust wrinkled on top of it and formed deep valleys, into which the water flowed, leaving bare the higher parts and so forming dry land.

And perhaps you may have heard someone say that the earth is still all made up of hot melted rock, beneath the crust on which we live. But this is an old idea and not any more believed in by the men who study these things. In fact, we know that it cannot be true. On the contrary, the earth is and must be perfectly solid at the center and for a long distance up. And the way that we know that this must be so is as follows: Things grow larger when they are heated, as I have told you. The reason of their growing in size we believe to be that the tiny, tiny particles of which they are all made up (so small that we cannot see them separately, even with the best microscope,) move farther away from each other when heated, so that the thing which they together make up must get bigger. If we keep on heating them long enough, they will get so far apart that they roll about on one another, and then they are a liquid. And if we heat them still more, they will finally get so far apart that they begin to fly off into space and disappear to our eyes (because, as I told you, they are too small to be seen separately,) and then they are a gas. And on the other hand, if we can find some way to do the opposite of what heat does—to push the tiny parts of which things are made up nearer and nearer together, we can turn gases into liquids and liquids into solids. So air can be turned into a liquid and liquid air into a solid. We can bring about this crowding together of the parts of a thing by shutting them up somewhere and making the place where they are smaller and smaller. Now you know that the earth is a very big ball. Therefore, the stuff at its center has a terrific weight pressing upon it—miles and miles of other stuff, thousands of miles of it—piled upon it, on every side, and crowding it together; and under this great weight could not stay a gas or even a liquid, it must become a solid. In fact, from some pretty reliable signs, men who study these things tell us that it is actually twice as solid and stiff as steel.

Nevertheless, it is still very hot at the center and would become a liquid or perhaps a gas, as quick as a wink, if it could have the weight of all the outside earth taken off it. So you see these two, heat and the pressure of weight, act against each other inside the earth, always trying which can get the better of the other. There is no possibility of the heat overcoming the pressure, at the center of the earth, or for a long distance up. But just underneath the outside crust (which is many miles thick, now, in most places at least, so that you need have no fear of its giving way,) where the weight bearing down on the matter below is not so great, there is a belt of stuff that is still liquid from the heat.

And it is this belt of very hot liquid matter, just under the hard crust of our earth, that makes our volcanoes and brings about most of the earthquakes. You all know about volcanoes, of course. They are openings in the earth through which the hot liquid rock below comes out at times or continually, and the rock about the openings is forced into a peak by the gases formed in the hot liquid and is also built up by the outflowing rock that collects around the opening. Earthquakes are likely to be tolerably frequent in the neighborhood of volcanoes.

It has been thought by some men that this belt of hot liquid matter, just beneath the crust of the earth, was made to move around by the attraction of the sun and more particularly that of the moon, as the waters of the ocean do; for you know that the tides of the ocean are the rising of the water toward the moon. But if earthquakes were brought about to any great extent by the attraction of the sun and moon, they would be more regular in their coming. You know how regular the ocean tides are. However, there are times when the earth is nearer the sun or the moon than at other times, and at such times it has been noticed that earthquakes happen a little more often than at others, so that it has been judged that these two balls of matter do have a little influence, although not much.

There are reasons for believing that the principal thing which brings earthquakes about is rather the leaking of sea water through cracks in the earth's surface away down into the hot matter below. This, when it happens, must cause a terrific amount of steam. But steam is a gas, and a gas must have more room than a liquid, as I have told you. You know how the steam will lift the cover of the tea kettles, sometimes, in its hurry to get free; and it would explode the kettle if there were no spout to let it out. So the steam formed under the crust of the earth struggles hard to free itself, and the terrific force of a large quantity of it is likely to lift the crust for great distances. Once it succeeds in getting out, however, the disturbance will cease. So it has been observed that, when a volcano near the place of an earthquake or even quite a long distance away begins to spout, the shaking of the ground grows less and stops. A great deal of such disturbance of the surface of the earth must take place under the sea, as the bed of the ocean is where water is most likely to trickle through in large quantities to the hot

belt beneath; so the worst of this disturbance is not always felt on the land. But volcanic islands are sometimes thrust right up through the water of the sea, by the explosion of the gases below.

Another reason for earthquakes is the thickening of the surface of the earth, which is still going on, of course, since the earth must still go on cooling by the touch of its cold covering. Shrinking as it cools, as I told you all things do, it takes away the support of the surface, and this goes on sinking down a little in spots or wrinkling, and in doing this sometimes cracks and is pulled and torn, so that it shakes.

It has also been thought that the weight of the air might sometimes press down the surface of the earth and make it split and shake in a similar way. For the air is really very heavy, you know. A little of it does not weigh much, but there are miles of it above the surface of our globe. We do not feel the pressure of its weight, for the reason that we are very small, so that this pressure is the same all over our bodies; but over the wide earth the air has room to be much thicker and heavier in some spots on the surface than in others; and if these places happen to be weak ones, where there would be some sinking of the crust anyway, it is possible that the weight of the air may assist the sinking and bring about the cracking and pulling and shaking of which we spoke above. As earthquakes seem to happen as a matter of fact, a little more often at times and places where the air is pressed very thick and heavy on the surface of the ground, it is probable that it may sometimes have helped to bring them about in this way.

And, lastly, the water that comes down from the clouds in rain and trickles into and through the soil of the crust may help to bring about earthquakes occasionally, in another way. There are many great beds of chemicals deposited in spots, in the hard surface of the earth, far above the hot liquid belt, and some kinds of these chemicals the water has the power to dissolve and take up and carry along with it. And when it has in this way licked up a great bed of a chemical, it leaves a hollow on which the earth may cave in down below, and the caving will set the neighboring surface of the ground a-shaking. But it is not believed by men who study these things that many earthquakes are caused in this way. The chief thing that brings them about is believed to be, as I said above, the trickling of water through cracks away down to the belt of hot liquid matter below the hard rock surface of the earth that lies beneath the soil. This is supposed to be the reason of our earthquakes here in California; and they are closely connected with the earthquakes in Japan and the volcanoes on the islands between this continent and that of Asia. The volcanoes are a sort of spout to the tea kettle which the gases have formed in time past and through which they still continue to escape when they get too violent down below.

TOD AND THE STOLEN HOLIDAYS.

STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BALLOON VOYAGES EVER HEARD OF.

By a Special Contributor.

It would have been easy to discover good qualities in Tod Pendleton. He was kind hearted and brave and good-humored, but he was also greedy. As an illustration of this latter quality, let me tell an incident connected with his boyhood. My grandfather told me. Years ago there was a kind of candy known as the "Jackson ball." It was as large around as a crab apple and as hard as a stone pavement is when you fall headlong on it. Well, one day Timotheus Pannecourt found a cent in the road, and as he was a most generous little fellow, he immediately invited Tod to go with him to the little candy store on the corner, and he'd treat him to whatever he wanted. Most boys would have chosen taffy, as being easy to divide, but Tod, never thinking about Timotheus, said he guessed he'd take a Jackson ball, and Timotheus bought one—they came one for a cent. But as there is no way to dispose of them but to suck them to their dissolution, Timotheus didn't get a taste. They came out of the candy store two happy boys, Timotheus happy because he had provided a feast for his friend and Tod happy because the feast had been provided without its costing him anything.

It was when Tod was 11 years old that his greed caused trouble to the whole of the United States on two very important days. Just what year it was I cannot say, but your great-grandfather may remember. His parents took him to a balloon ascension at Rockford Park, a country place where they held fairs and poultry shows every fall.

It is not for me to say how he managed to do it. I don't think he was ever clear in his own mind how it came about, but it is a well-known fact that when you cut the rope that holds a balloon to earth, that balloon is going to escape if it has a spark of animation. I suppose the balloonist had gone to lunch, but wherever he was he was not in the balloon when Tod stepped into the basket to see how the old thing worked, and as Tod was a perfectly fearless and reckless boy, he did not think of the moral or physical consequences, but simply sawed away at the rope with his jack-knife until the balloon sprang up like a lark from its nest in the meadow and was soon out of hearing of the angry owner.

My grandfather told me that a farmer's horse began to cut up just as Tom was severing the rope and that that drew away the attention of the sightseers. Certainly there never was a madder man than the owner of that balloon, and he called the bystanders all sorts of names for not interfering to save his precious balloon.

As for Tod, he was tickled to death. He waved farewell to the crowds below, he sang snatches of songs, and sat on the edge of the basket with his legs dangling over until his mother fainted, and as he happened to see her he drew in his legs. He did not like to occasion unnecessary pain. After he had been in the balloon some ten hours and

had sailed I don't know how many miles, he was hungry, and seeing land a quarter of a day's ride he decided to leave the balloon and take a short exercise if he could fasten his anchor anywhere. A balloonist had an emergency anchor in the form of a hook, but no one would ever have heard of this grandfather said.

He was now some three hundred miles higher than any man of science has ever been, he did not feel cold, nor bleed at the nose, nor were those unpleasant things that otherwise are so necessary.

That there should be land up in the air was odd at first, and then he reflected that the things connected with the heavens that he had heard about and this land was undoubtedly one of them.

As he sped past a little cape of land he saw the air he was able to throw the anchor. A moment later the balloon was captive and he pulled down the rope to what looked like solid ground, not as solid as it looked. In fact, it was a handsome little boy clad in what looked like sunset had not stretched out his hand and he would have had a bad fall.

"Here, drink this and you'll be able to walk," said the little stranger. He handed a glass to Tod as he spoke and that boy was only too glad for he was thirsty after his 300-mile trip. He tasted like all the kinds of soda water he had ever poured into one glass and flavored with everything. As soon as Tod had drunk it he felt as if a feather and walked on the cloud as if it were firm, which, my grandfather told me, it is. Ask your teacher whether the clouds are right.

"What's the name of this place and how far is it from earth, and what's your name, and what do you do, and where can I get such a pretty suit?" asked Tod, in view from our veranda when the sun is shining.

"I can tell you're from the earth by the way you



WHAT IS YOUR NAME, MARTIN?

ask," said the other boy, laughing. He was a fellow. Very much like the cupid on the wall. "Well, I'd never learn anything if I didn't ask. Where do you live and why don't you tell me?" "I'm the child of the sunset; but, say, you're asking me so far by asking questions, but I'll answer for the answers. You only ask to keep me from getting lazy."

Tod laughed and said: "I bet I can beat you." "I guess not," said the sunset boy, and then they began to run as hard as they could. Tod's feet hardly touched the ground, he was flying through Cloudland, yet the other boy was not far behind him, and soon vanished behind a high wall that looked like a huge castle that looked like those cloud castles that children build on June days when they are out in the fields and wishing that the clouds would begin.

It was snowy white and had towers and battlements and a wall of salmon pink that surrounded the castle continually.

While Tod was wondering what castle it was, he saw any giants lived within it, a tall warrior, dressed exactly as if he was fashioned out of a cloud, with the flashes of opalescent fire running through his armor, an opening in the wall and said: "What are you, Earth Boy, and why have you come to the land of the holidays?"

Before Tod could answer his friend, the warrior popped out from behind the wall and said: "He can run half as fast as I can."

The warrior seemed astonished. "What can you do?" he asked. "No one in Cloudland can run a game with you."

"Well, he did. I leave it to him. If he is so hungry and he wants to know everything, I'll tell him in a lower tone—'can't you give him some food?' days. We have such a lot."

"But," said the warrior, who all the while was changing his shape like an April cloud, a Polar bear, a Hubbard squash, a hippopotamus, a hay and an apple tree, "there are just as many things as I let him have some the earth folk will eat them."

Tod now spoke up: "Say, my father

irls.

...competition will mean the big companies
...in check, and proper restrictive legislation will render
...beneficial rather than harmful.

Every man in the club rose and shouted, and also called for strong drink; but I fancy very few had any idea what he was talking about.

BLOEMFONTEIN.

A CALL ON THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN I first made the acquaintance of Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, my first thought was: Here is a natural site for the future capital of South Africa. This was immediately after the Jameson raid, in 1896, when the minds of all Boers, and the majority of English Afrikaners as well, were inflamed against the authors of that more than stupid expedition. There was something in the social atmosphere of Bloemfontein which seemed to point it out as the place where men of all parties could meet on comparatively neutral ground, to discuss matters affecting the welfare of all things south of the Zambesi. There was about the streets some of that orderly drowsiness which makes Washington, in many respects, an ideal capital; a total absence of the scrambling after money which marks Johannesburg; a far better level of street decency than characterizes Cape Town. There were broad, shady streets and cosy houses, whose indwellers appeared to have settled not for the purpose of quickly becoming rich and then running away, but because they found the climate delightful, the neighbors agreeable, and the general conditions of existence favorable to the "white man."

In the place was an excellent school, to which children from far away came, notably from the Transvaal. There was a gaol, but scarcely any prisoners, and those few obviously imported to give the gaoler practice. One prisoner, to whom I took a particular liking, was a Japanese, who seemed to be very happy, for he acted as housemaid to the institution, and asked for no better lot than to continue at that post. He was, no doubt, a high-toned kleptomaniac in his way—at any rate, Bloemfontein agreed with him, for it never occurred to any one that he could desire to escape, and the opinion was current that he locked himself in overnight for fear he might be kidnapped to some other amateur lock-up. Sir Godfrey Lagden showed me another such Arcadian institution in Basutoland, at Maseru, where the jailer, a retired German highwayman, now and then coaxed old pals to come and spend a few days at a time in his lock-up, just by way of varying the monotony. South Africa is, to tell the plain truth, a terribly moral place—at least, all that part which is really Boer. The business of locking people up only commenced in earnest with the introduction of gold mining and other specimens of Anglo-Saxon culture.

Bloemfontein's Little Old Fort.

At one corner of Bloemfontein was an old-fashioned little fort, which had been built by the English in the early days of the colony, and was obviously intended to protect the townspeople against sudden raids of Kaffir tribes. On the occasion of my visit there was a garrison of about one hundred young Boers, who took turns in marching up and down the parapet, dressed in Prussian uniform, and armed with a musket of the time of the first Danish war. An ex-German non-commissioned officer presided over the military instruction of these forces. In short, war was obviously a contingency so remote that the government regarded soldiering as little more than keeping a certain amount of ordnance from rusting.

At the club on the great square men of every nation and creed met on friendly terms. The Jameson raid was discussed as freely as any other subject, and, naturally, it was a bitter theme—as bitter, perhaps, as that of the affair Dreyfus in 1899—yet, withal, one that was expected to blow over in the course of time. In short, I found myself in a community where at the dinner table of important citizens one met Boer, Scotch, English, Irish, German, Yankee—people of sufficient variety—yet where public questions could be pretty freely discussed without resulting in offensive language. The point of view shifted a trifle, according to blood and training; but, broadly speaking, there was one common ground on which all met, and that was the broad one of political necessity. It was assumed that all "Afrikaners" desired, above all, the welfare of South Africa, and were, consequently, prepared each to yield something for the sake of so important a result.

There are Boers and Boers! What I say refers only to the Boers whom I happened to meet—in the Transvaal, at the Cape, in Natal, or in the Free State.

First Gentleman of the Free State.

The social center of the Orange Free State at the time of my visit was the residence of the President, Mr. Steyn. In the best sense of the word, he was the first gentleman of the Free State, and his home was the rallying point for all that was socially interesting in the country. A visit to his house differed but slightly from approaching the door of some country gentleman in England. The well-dressed parlormaid who answered the bell, spoke good English, and led the way through the drawing-room out to the lawn, where Mrs. Steyn was receiving her guests, while tennis was in full swing on three courts.

Though I had the pleasure of meeting a large number of people at Mr. Steyn's house, half the time I could not tell whether I was talking to an Englishman or a "Boer." Mrs. Steyn is a Scotch lady, very much liked in Bloemfontein, and the head of a very happy household. From what I heard in Cape Town I expected to be shocked by something "boorish" in Bloemfontein; but, on the contrary, so far as average courtesy and clothing were concerned—to say nothing of average education and character—society in Bloemfontein, as I saw it, compared favorably with what I had seen at the Cape, and with what I was later to see at Johannesburg.

President Steyn is the legitimate outgrowth of this happy social condition—neither dictator nor demagogue, but distinctly the first citizen among many other good ones, and called to execute the will of the majority in a

country where the majority has a much smaller admixture of the mobocracy than with us.

Likened to Franklin.

President Steyn is of the Benjamin Franklin school of philosophy. He is, like Franklin, a man who adapts his means to the end he has in view. He does not buy a sledge hammer when he wishes to demolish a mosquito, nor does he declare war until he has got his gun in order. Like Franklin, Steyn is a man of broad social sympathies, and a charity that permits him to continue on a friendly footing with men of very opposing political views. He is a politician, and yet a man of courage. I cannot imagine Martin Steyn changing his opinion merely to please the popular clamor. Mr. Steyn is, politically, a strong man, for he is a leader of strong men, and his person is physically attractive. He has much of the Abraham Lincoln about him as well—a simple faith in his people, and the ultimate success of an apparently hopeless cause. My opinion of Steyn is not born of recent successes, but was recorded in "White Man's Africa," when his name was not known beyond the borders of the Boer country. The war became a serious thing from the moment that such a man felt it his duty to fight on the side of Kruger.

It is not for me to say how far Steyn was justified in taking up arms against Queen Victoria. A similar question was faced by Cromwell, by George Washington. It is a question which is answered sometimes by the gallows, sometimes by a monument at Westminster—according to the point of view, and the lapse of time. But, whatever history may record upon the present situation, I will not for a moment admit that Martin Steyn could have shouldered his musket for mere vanity, or ambition, or hope of vulgar reward. I believe that it was on his knees that he sought guidance for his momentous step, and that he is actuated by as lofty sentiments of duty as ever impelled a man in a similar situation. We who recall the American civil war know the bitterness with which in the Northern States the southern leaders were described as "rebels," who ought to be hanged when caught. We youngsters were taught to hate and despise the names of Stonewall Jackson and Lee, names which we are now proud to claim as a glorious Anglo-Saxon legacy. History is apt to repeat itself, and the story of Greater Britain will some day record proudly names which today are used for the purpose of frightening children.

Kruger and Steyn Compared.

Kruger and Steyn represent the two forces contending for mastery in the future South Africa. The one a type of the Old Testament, an uncompromising, unprogressive and intolerant cattle herder; the other representing modern civilization and the disposition to meet new problems, not by a policy of exclusion, but by education and better industrial organization. Kruger is very strong today, but only for one purpose—resistance to England. Steyn is a man of today and tomorrow. When this war shall have come to an end, the conqueror will have to deal not with one State of South Africa only, but with a federation reaching from the Cape to the Zambesi. This is not a country that can ever be ruled by force alone—any government to be permanent will have to seek its power in the consent of a reasonable majority, and the majority of South Africans would not, in normal times, follow Kruger, though they would gladly vote for Steyn.

It is not my purpose to discourage the vigorous prosecution of the war. On the contrary, all human experience proves that fights should be fought out to the end, if good is to result. The American civil war is a case in point. But while we are in the midst of the fight it is most important that we should know as much as possible about the opposing forces. It is poor patriotism to persistently insult and minimize one's enemy. The French did that ad nauseam before Sedan, and many a British general has latterly shown himself ignorant of the enemy he was about to meet.

The English and American press has been inoculated by much false information from the pens of clever writers who pretend to give us South Africa "from within." It would convey their meaning better if these scribes labeled their books as "from within the Stock Exchange." England is waging a war, let us hope, not merely for the Messrs. Blumenstrauss, Ickelheimer and Eckstein, and their international banking and mining syndicates, but for the honor of the British empire, and, above all, for the integrity of South Africa. If this view is right, then it is our business to know the truth about the most important element in that part of the world—the Boer. We have discovered late in the day that the contingent from Johannesburg has assisted in hoodwinking the government as to the strength of the enemy, and now the least that a patient public can reasonably demand is that the cost of the war should be largely defrayed, as suggested by Mr. Balfour, by the mine proprietors, who have shouted most loudly for blood. Let all the Johannesburg financiers form a separate brigade, and fly to the relief of the brave men now struggling amidst the kopjes. And then, when the war is over, let us have an inquiry for the benefit of the military commanders who lead men—or rather shove men—into ambulances, and otherwise act on the battlefields of 1900 as though the art of war had stopped short in 1735 with Braddock.

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THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA.

[Hon. Charles Denby in Collier's Weekly:] Her policy is greatly misunderstood and misconstrued. She is the most tolerant on religious questions of all the countries of the world, except the United States. China in her length and breadth is open today to the missionary of every nation and every creed. The electric wire is stretched in every province in China. Her navigable streams are open to the ships of all nations. In this country a foreign ship cannot leave New York bound for New Orleans or Boston. No foreign keel can plow the Mississippi River. In China, the opposite condition exists. The finest ships in the world go up the Yangtze, and recently the West River has been opened to the trade of all foreign nations.

studio in Tremont row, which he has occupied for more than half a century. Numbered among his patrons were Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Lyman Beecher, Jonny Lind, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and all the notables of a generation ago.

REGENT STREET GOLF

TROUSERS ARE LONG AND LOOSE. HALF NOSE SHOW BELOW THE

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 12.—It is well, of his dress, to consider the golfer who imported the same, knickerbockers had persona grata with the American man, forced him to a recognition of their virtues. Bicycle had never interested the man, until this day he was wearing their knickerbockers and pleasure. Too great popularity has the comfortable small clothes of all the man who takes his wardrobe seriously, now to the scorching and dikes pellucid, self again to the long flannel trousers, of which the smart and sport-loving English shake himself quite free.

What the well-turned-out man on the just now is a new spring golfing outfit modeled on Regent street lines. His conventional cut and white flannel, now white with a widely spaced hair line of what his tailor recommends. The coat of is no wise different from the unlined garment proving, and it boasts at most a couple of Trousers of easy width at knee are shoes of brown leather, and where the trousers begin a generous space of ankle is displayed by the simple device of trousers' hems twice broadly.

Of course, with the going forth from knickerbocker, the many-bused golf stage staggering setback, but fashion is a fume radically, and with the setting aside of the cuffed wool stocking a discreet substitute the gay half-hose that glitter below the hems. A fine and showy pair of half-hose, of honest Scotch yarn, and in color decoration that keep up golfing traditions footgear. The half-hose are socks of and do add much to the gaiety and sport, reconstructed dress for fair and putting on.

In the living present, when links are good spring condition, the men are playing up to date white sweaters, red or white, tates, and they are woven well open at the form of a V that just exposes so much of covered by the player's soft ample stock are threats rendered unduly tender and endurance uncomfortable, if not vile, by the roll high wool collar that has been one of the acerbic features through one generation of gymnasium athletes and earmen may muffer-like collar, the golfer has taken the wise man and has made in hygiene and distinct advance over his more conservative.

A soft gray Alpine, banded with white, spring field covering for the links, and have invented at last a tidy neck contrivance who cannot address his ball so long as he is by even the turn-down collar and string shirt. This needed novelty is a big silk folded as if for a sack, caught to the front, drawn to the rear, then crossed and forward and knotted under the chin. These tones that make them tempting to women, adapting to their own purposes various decorations that masculine needs evolve.

Just so long as the carnations glorify in color and perfume will the calling men, to select his boutonniere, set his choice on blossoms, not over large of petal. The sin closely into a veritable ball of snowy fragrance all their high sweet relief against his gay lapel.

The same young man who chooses his taste has gone over enthusiastically to the emanating from the satellites that Royal Highness Albert Edward, of wearing dress silk hose of the richest and most worn with the very low cut black patent pump that is an invariable feature of wardrobe. Now American men prefer a shoe of delicate and graceful make, with it remains yet to be seen whether the will or will not bring them to the luxurious course, the only shoe that gives the handsome fair chance.

Now that we linger a moment about the dressing, it is apropos to mention that April, when the weather is never of the consecutive hours, men will not wear for calling, for one shower and a few drierly destroy the beauty of the leather's repairation. On the other hand, ennobled nobly under trial by mud and moisture, keeping with afternoon dress than the best goat. Rounded toes and broadly extensive be the shape in countenance, and the lead set by its black brother.

It was Lord Beaconsfield, who, in his changed his walking stick three times a canes as some women hoard topaz. Notable young man imitates the famous shaft, capped with gold, and in the light-weight crook-necked toy of or of very light mahogany brown, polished to outvie the most perfect varnish.

Besides the collecting and constant chains, the modish young man interests up little gold and silver charms that he up his keys to that end of the silver or steel into his pocket. A wee gold pipe, a silver book, a gilt pig, etc., were noticed the key chain of a sober-sided young man of adopted as well the not entirely stretching his watch chain across the buttoned waistcoat in place of drawing pockets at the waist line.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

The following communication has been received by this department:

I have been for many months an interested reader of your department in The Times, and I at last decided to ask you if you would not give some reliable recipe for reducing the flesh. I have been advised to use sassafras tea, but I have hesitated to try it because so many remedies, while they reduce the flesh for a time, lead to an increase of fat when one stops taking them. Now, can you tell me if such is the case with this sassafras tea?

This correspondent suggests, the effect of sassafras tea, or any other similar remedy in cases of obesity, is only temporary. The only radical and permanent cure for obesity is a carefully regulated dietary, eliminating foods which cause the trouble, foremost among which are those which consist largely of starch. The following quotation on this subject is from Dr. Emmet Denig's book "How Nature Cures," recently reviewed in this department. There is no doubt that by abstaining from foods which contain a large amount of starch, such as bread, cake, pies, potatoes, etc., not only may a condition of superfluous flesh be attained, but also a great improvement in the general health:

The common cause of obesity is the ingestion of more starch than the system requires, together with the weakening of the excretory organs, which results in the failure of the system to adequately throw off its waste matter. But the most common and primal cause of obesity will one day be recognized to be the use of cereal and starch foods. An obese person weighing two, four or six stone, or twenty-five, thirty or eighty pounds, or even a still larger amount, more than natural, may be given a diet of flesh with water, with or without the addition of starchless vegetables, as lettuce, watercress, tomatoes, spinach and the like, excluding bread, pulses, and potatoes, and the patient will be gradually, but surely reduced to his normal weight. A person in this diet is sure to prevent a return to obesity. As soon, however, as the patient returns to his usual diet of bread and potatoes, he straight way begins to increase in weight; and while an obese patient can easily be reduced eight pounds per month when placed upon a flesh diet, he will gain fully this much or more upon returning to a free use of bread and starch vegetables. If this patient, who has been reduced, and who has again developed obesity, is persuaded to again adopt the exclusive flesh diet, again the reduction is sure to take place; and in the course of our practice this process has been repeated among many patients, and in a few a reduction and return to flesh has been repeated three times. It is plain from such demonstrations that without starch foods corpulency would not exist. Starchy starch foods are chiefly carbon; adipose tissue is also carbon, and it would naturally be expected that a diet of oil and the fat of animal flesh would contribute to such a condition as obesity as bread and starch foods. But experience proves that such is not the case. The reason for this is, in the present state of science, understood; it is to be found in the fact that starch foods undergo a complicated process of digestion, whereas oils require only simple reduction under the assimilable by the system.

As obesity be held upon the body of an obese person, the animal weight will be found to be due to an accumulation of adipose tissue and water—the presence of water in the tissue is plainly visible and adds considerably to the bulk. From this fact has arisen the practice of advising obese persons to drink as little water as possible. A moderate amount of shrinkage can be accomplished by this means; but it is one which we do not recommend. Water is a necessity to the organism; it is invaluable not only in helping the volume of the blood, but in aiding the excretion of waste matter through the bowels and kidneys. And also a reduction can safely and, in a majority of instances, quite rapidly be induced by a non-starch diet and an unlimited amount of water, we do not favor limiting the patient in the amount of liquid.

Medical Fraud.

A BOSTON medical fraud has been exposed in Boston, who has been imposing on the credulity of the great American people in a wholesale manner. He advertised largely throughout the New England press, professing to make wonderful cures by the laying on of hands, or when it was not possible for his patients to come to him he would send them by the "absent treatment." The dispatch states that the Boston postoffice employed a special wagon to deliver a cartload of letters containing money to this faker's office several times a day, and it is said that he has been making a net profit of \$30,000 a week for months.

Certainly Barnum was about right when he declared that the American people like to be humbugged.

Smoking.

A WRITER in the Omaha Bee quotes a woman of that city as giving advice to a woman's club on the subject of breathing, but in telling her hearers to inhale with the mouth partly open, she gives bad advice, for all students of hygiene are aware that one of the most important rules for health is to breathe through the nostrils. Many believe that the vigorous health and immunity from disease enjoyed by many savage or semi-civilized tribes is mainly due to the observance of this rule, which is chiefly broken among civilized people.

Use of Water.

A WRITER in the Kansas City Journal gives the following good advice: "The human body is constantly undergoing tissue changes. Water has the power of increasing these changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are removed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. If you do not

accustom yourself to drink water regularly you are liable to have the waste products form faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease. Great weakness and languor on rising in the morning are generally due to a large secretion of these waste products, and the remedy is to drink a tumblerful of water—either hot or cold—just before retiring. This materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the next day."

Sun Baths.

REFERRING to suggestions that have appeared in this department as to the value of sun baths in curing disease, a correspondent suggests that it would be a good idea for some one to establish a first-class institution in this city, where such a method of cure could be enjoyed. There is certainly no section of the United States where this system could be carried out with more success, as we have here over three hundred sunny days in the year.

Gene to San Francisco.

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS, who was well-known in Los Angeles as an advocate of a somewhat unique method of healing, has removed to San Francisco, where he is issuing his pamphlet from an office on Market street. Mr. Rogers is a man of one idea, in which he is strongly engrossed, and in which he appears to be a firm believer. While here he made quite a number of converts among prominent citizens of Los Angeles. Like many other methods of cure, the system doubtless has its good points, but a mistake is made when this or any other hygienic or medical system is proclaimed as an absolute "cure all."

Vanilla Poisoning.

A CERTAIN fearful interest attaches to accounts of poisoning by substances in common use and the interest becomes almost painful when we learn how difficult it is to provide against its occurrence. Vanilla is a case in point. Fortunately, thanks apparently more to luck than anything else, cases of poisoning from this cause are rare. The British Medical Journal says:

"Nineteen persons, one of whom subsequently died, suffered severely, Wassermann tells us, from the effects of eating some vanilla 'cream.' This was composed of milk, eggs, sugar and flavored with vanilla (the commercial article prepared from coniferia). The dish had been cooked in the evening and allowed to stand, uncovered, in the dining-room till noon next day. Investigation showed that the eggs and sugar were good, that the milk alone was harmless and that the vanilla was pure. The fact that the cook and landlady, who merely tasted the dish, had also become seriously ill, suggested the idea that the poisonous agent might have undergone further development after being swallowed—that is, that it was bacterial. Wassermann boiled three flasks containing respectively plain milk, milk flavored with vanilla, and a solution of vanilla in water, then let them stand eighteen hours at a temperature of 37 deg. C. (98.6 deg. F.). Some of the contents of each flask were injected into mice. The milk flavored with vanilla was poisonous, the other two harmless."

Uses of Lemons.

THE lemon, which grows so prolifically in Southern California, and is here so cheap, is not sufficiently appreciated from a hygienic standpoint. The Times has published several articles on the various uses of lemons. Here are some more suggestions on the same subject from an exchange:

"Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

"A dash of lemon in plain water is an excellent tooth wash. It not only removes tartar, but sweetens the breath.

"Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

"Lemon juice (outward application) will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats or flies.

"No family should be without lemons. Their uses are almost too many to enumerate.

"A teaspoonful of the juice in a small cup of black coffee will certainly relieve a bilious headache.

"Lemon peel (and also orange) should be all saved and dried. They are a capital substitute for kindling wood. A handful will revive a dying fire.

"The juice of a lemon, taken in hot water on waking in the morning, is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine ever invented.

"Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever-parched patient.

"The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails, and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by the use of a sharp instrument.

"Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains with the mixture and put the article in the sun. Two or three applications may be necessary if the stain is of long standing, but the remedy never fails."

The Frying Pan and Indigestion.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Medical Journal says: "It is not difficult to understand why fried foods are so indigestible if we take the trouble to study the physiology of digestion. The proteins which are the chief nutritive constituents of meat, oysters, fish and eggs, in order to be digested and assimilated, must be acted upon by the gastric or pancreatic juices, and before this can take place the layer of fat which has covered and permeated the morsel in frying must be removed. This is accomplished by the process of emulsification, which means the expenditure of a large amount of digestive energy.

The butter applied to broiled meats is far less pernicious, for not only is butter the most easily emulsified of the fats, but it is not cooked in by gradual heating, as is the case with most fried foods. The condition of the fried starchy foods like potatoes is very similar, for in order that the starch may be changed into assimilable grape sugar it must be acted upon by the amylase of the pancreatic juice.

"What can be done to lessen the fried food nuisance?

Perhaps nothing so long as present conditions exist; so long as the highest ideal of the people is to accumulate dollars rather than to develop and preserve healthy bodies, which shall be the servants of healthy minds. Yet if those who teach physiology in our public and other schools understand their subject and its practical applications as they should; if there were more schools in which wholesome, economical cookery were taught as it should be; if physicians took every opportunity to impress such facts of practical hygienic importance, as they should, there can be no doubt that by some sensible and well-informed people the tried abominations would be avoided."

Brain Telegraphy.

THE success of recent experiments in wireless telegraphy has brought to the front the believers in telepathy or thought-transference, who are anxious to know why the human brain may not send out other waves just as well as a Marconi transmitter. Phenologists have been pointing out this possibility for many years. An example of the ideas of such persons is shown in the following communication to the Nineteenth Century, by James Knowles. Says Mr. Knowles:

"Signor Marconi has proved to the whole world that, by the use of his apparatus, messages can be passed through space for great distances, from brain to brain, in the entire absence of any known means of physical communication between two widely separated stations.

"To explain, or even to express, the *modus operandi* of what occurs it is necessary, in the present state of science, to assume the existence of that 'etheral medium' pervading space which has become for many reasons an indispensable scientific assumption, and also the existence of movements, tremors, or waves of energy propagated through the ether, from the generating to the receiving station.

"Now, if a small electric battery can send out tremors or waves of energy which are propagated through space for thirty miles or more, and can then be caught and manifested by a sensitive mechanical receiver, why may not such a mechanism as the human brain—which is perpetually, while in action, decomposing its own material, and which is in this respect analogous to an electric battery—generate and emit tremors or waves of energy which such sensitive 'receivers' as other human brains might catch and feel, although not conveyed to them through the usual channels of sensation? Why might not such a battery as, say, the brain of Mr. Gladstone, radiate into space, when in action, quasi-magnetic waves of influence which might affect other brains brought within the magnetic field of his great personality, much as the influence of a great magnet deflects a small compass needle? Many men (some perhaps of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues) would admit their experience of such a quasi-magnetic force in his case, a predisposing and persuasive influence quite apart from and independent of the influence of spoken words."

Mr. Knowles restates a theory of brain waves which he first made public in a communication to the Spectator in 1899, and which, he thinks, serves to connect closely the phenomena of telegraphy, as they are asserted to exist by those who believe in them, and those of the recently discovered electro-magnetic radiation. His hypothesis, which he admits is a very crude one, is as follows:

"Let it be granted that whenever any action takes place in the brain, a chemical change of its substance takes place also; or, in other words, an atomic movement occurs; for all chemical change involves—perhaps consists in—a change in the relative positions of the constituent particles of the substance changed.

"An electric manifestation is the likeliest outcome of any such chemical change, whatever other manifestations may also occur.

"Let it be also granted that there is, diffused throughout all known space, and permeating the interspaces of all bodies, solid, fluid, or gaseous, an universal, impalpable, elastic 'ether,' or material medium of surpassing and inconceivable tenuity.

"The undulations of this imponderable ether, if not of substances submerged in it, may probably prove to be light, magnetism, heat, etc.

"But if these two assumptions be granted—and the present condition of discovery seems to warrant them—should it not follow that no brain action can take place without creating a wave or undulation (whether electric or otherwise) in the ether; for the movement of any solid particle submerged in any such medium must create a wave?

"If so, we should have as one result of brain action an undulation or wave in the circumambient, all-embracing ether—we should have what I will call brain waves proceeding from every brain when in action.

"Each acting, thinking brain then would become a center of undulations transmitted from it in all directions through space. Such undulations would vary in character and intensity in accordance with the varying nature and force of brain actions; e.g., the thoughts of love or hate, of life or death, of murder or rescue, of consent or refusal, would each have its corresponding tone or intensity of brain action, and consequently of brain wave (as each passion has its corresponding tone of voice.)

"Why might not such undulations, when meeting with and falling upon duly sensitive substances, as if upon the sensitized paper of the photographer, produce impressions, dim portraits of thoughts, as undulations of light produce portraits of objects?"

The application of such a theory to the explanation of various dreams, ghost stories, etc., and to many of the phenomena of hypnotism is obvious, and Mr. Knowles makes it specifically in the case of some well-known stories of the kind. Of this hypothetical brain wave the writer says, in closing:

"It will but be a vague, dim way, at the best, of communicating thought, or the sense of human presence, and proportionally so as the receiving brain is less and less highly sensitive. Yet, though it can never take the place of rudest articulation, it may have its own place and office other than and beyond speech. It may convey sympathies of feeling beyond all words to tell—groanings of the spirit which cannot be uttered, visions of influences and impressions not elsewhere communicable, may carry one's living human presence to another by a more subtle and excellent way of sympathy."

[Brooklyn Eagle:] The stars in their course have proclaimed the proposition that a beaten people may demand the terms of peace. Magnanimity is a virtue, but magnanimity follows, not precedes.

SOU BY SOUTHWEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

Somebody recently threatened to locate in the southern portion of Riverside, whereupon the City Attorney to draw up an ordinance prohibiting the proprietor of any wash-house to so-berly wash the property of any person within a certain radius. This is all very well, because a wash-house, although a useful institution, is not a place of "improvement" to have in a residence neighborhood. I am glad enough to avail our- selves of the services of John, the "washer man," who washes the amount of soiled linen at an exceedingly low rate, but if he will persist in irrigating the clothes hanging under out of his mouth—yet we none of us care for a next-door neighbor, for, although per-sonally his ideas in regard to surroundings are by no means correct. The thought at once occurs, however, if the government can take steps to prevent the invasion of the city by a laundry, how is it that it seems almost impossible to secure the enforcement of any regulations that will pre-vent the city from over-running and laying waste a large portion of the city? Surely it cannot be claimed that, as it is located in Los Angeles, is not a "city," at least three of the five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. Yet while we can put up with the bare necessities of life, such as food, clothing, and shelter, we cannot stand the billiard man have—sometimes—to the city, as if the city government was power-ful enough to put up with an oil derrick. These problems of American municipal ad-ministration, which it is hard for any fellow to make out, are the result of the last came now before the courts for the first time on the subject—or, maybe, have it been so long.

Los Angeles has been not absent in Los Angeles. It is a big furniture factory, which would em-ploy a great many men. We shall see. In conversation with a prominent Los Angeles man, who was for-merly a manufacturer in the Central States, and has since become one of the most respected and influential citi-zens of Los Angeles, where he has invested a large amount of money, he advanced some ideas on the subject of man-ufacturing which deserve consideration. It is the commonly held belief in this city, in order to attain greatness, must be a manufacturing city. This may or may not be so. There are certainly a few exceptions in the world. How-ever, in manufacturing and manufacturing. A vast number of plants may be turned out in a city without any manufacturing industries it is our usual habit to do things, such as foundries, rolling mills, pot-tery, etc. In the case of such bulky articles we are at a disadvantage with the great disadvantage under which we are laboring so far from the centers of consumption, and the high freight charges act as a barrier to further growth. There are, however, hundreds of smaller articles of great value and ornament—articles of vertu, as the French call them—the manufacture of which might profit-ably be carried on here, and in which a large export trade might be developed in course of time, as the cost of freight is not so high in comparison with the selling value. The city of Los Angeles, with its cheap electric power and the presence of a large number of intelligent people from all over the world, who are experienced in these various branches of manufacture, Los Angeles is specially adapted to become the seat of such industries. In such industries as the shoe, and hat, and Vienna, hundreds of thousands of people find employment along these lines and even when several cities have built up quite an extensive industry in the manufacture of stamped leather and other articles of ornament. This sort of thing may be compared to the "small potatoes" as compared with a rolling mill, but in the aggregate such industries can be made to produce a very large revenue and at the same time not disfigure a city and render it less attractive to the people of taste and culture as a place of residence.

As long as if we should really have the much-expected railroad from Los Angeles to Salt Lake, before long it is assumed that the Carson and Colorado, owned by the Southern Pacific Company, is to be transformed into a broad-gauge railway, and be made to run between Los Angeles and Salt Lake, so as to establish a connection between Los Angeles and the West. Southern Californians would have preferred a line under control of some other than C. P. But then, any road is better than none at all, and it is not at all improbable that there will be competi-tion for the line before very long. In olden times all the goods from the East to the West were carried by the railroads. Today all the railroads appear to be going to Los Angeles.

The "Salt River" does not mean the same thing in this country as it does in a defeated political candidate. The Salt River is the garden spot of Arizona and a re-mote portion of the country, which has made great progress in agricultural development during the past few years. The influence of irrigation. A folder has been sent to the Phoenix Board of Trade, giving much inter-esting information regarding the resources and progress of the Salt River Valley, which only a few years ago was a desert. Phoenix has begun to put on airs and to look down on Los Angeles, and to say, during the winter months, that the most sumptuous Arizona boomer would be Phoenix as a summer resort. During the summer months of the year, as many of the Phoenix people come to Los Angeles, or to one of the seaside resorts of this country, and keep some of our boarding-houses when the seasons are not with us. Many of them, for various reasons, cannot get away them-

selves, send their wives, so that Arizona is always well represented in Southern California during the summer months.

The folder above referred to claims for the Salt River Valley "the most perfect climate." This is more or less of a figure of speech, and will scarcely bear close investigation. A table compiled by the United States Weather Bureau, published on the same page, shows that in the year 1888 the thermometer went to 100 deg. in April, to 130 in June, to 122 in July, to 109 in August, and to 106 in Sep-tember, while on the other hand it dropped to 23 in Jan-uary, to 30 in November, and to 28 in December. Such ex-tremes of temperature are unknown in Los Angeles, yet we may readily admit that after Southern California the Salt River Valley enjoys as perfect a climate as may be found on earth, especially during the winter months, while even in summer the extreme dryness of the atmosphere makes a high degree of temperature less oppressive than it would be in this section. The Salt River Valley, with its 500,000 acres of land, is one of the leading alfalfa producing sec-tions of the world. There are 60,000 acres of this dark green carpet, stretching away in an almost unbroken line for miles after miles, a most refreshing sight to the traveler who comes in the summer months from across the arid desert. During the past few years an alfalfa field in the Salt River Valley has been better than a gold mine, alfalfa hay be-ing sold as high as \$10 a ton. Part of the pastures are rented at a monthly rent of \$1 per animal fed, as many as two or three hundred head of steers being sometimes crowded into a single forty-acre field. It is no wonder that land on which such results may be achieved, is being rapidly snapped up. Those who are looking for a section with a boom ahead of it would do well to keep their eyes on the Salt River Valley of Arizona.

With the Japanese current giving us the cold shake on the Pacific Coast, and the Zante current coming in free on the Atlantic Coast, California is certainly getting a rough deal just now.

A Catalina correspondent recently mentioned that a wealthy Englishman had commissioned a local florist to secure for him a specimen of a variety of tree poppy which is only found on the island, a description of which he had read in The Times. The island of Catalina is a rare field for the botanist, over five hundred plants being found there, many of which have not been found on the mainland. This has led some scientists to suppose that these channel islands are the remnants of a western Atlantis. One remarkable tree stands at Avalon, back of the pavilion, and is said to be the only specimen on the island. It is called a Banyan tree, from its habit of throwing out branches down to the ground, forming a dense bush covering an area of probably 400 square feet. It appears, however, to be a species of currant, bearing a small berry which the birds eat greedily. Among other rare plants is the dogwood, a five-leaved oak, and a California holly with yellow berries. Wild cherries bear large crops of fruit, which resemble some of the Japanese fruits in being mostly stone. Those who confine their rambles to the seacoast at Catalina miss much that is of interest.

I notice that my friend, the portly and handsome gen-tleman who edits that department of The Times devoted to guano, goats, guavas and a few other things over which I formerly had the honor of presiding, is kicking because I turn over to him communications which occasionally come to me on the subject of Belgian hares. Yet the hare of Belgium is certainly live stock, is it not?—at least when it does not sometimes die of smut, or slobber, or some other hairy complaint. If the aforesaid editor of the g.g.g. de-partment thinks that he is going to keep the orange blossom and landscape gardening end of the business and leave me the guano and goats and hares, he is "off his base."

Apocryphal of the Belgian hare, to judge from the numerous selling out advertisements which begin to appear in the Sunday Times, many of those who went into the business with the expectation of making a rapid fortune are be-ginning to feel discouraged. This is not at all surprising. The idea that you can go into this, or any other business—except running a newspaper—and make a lot of money without hard work, is sure to be exploded sooner or later. The fact of the matter is that there is lots of hard work in connection with the keeping of Belgian hares, also that they are delicate animals, subject to diseases of various kinds, and further that a few people who make an exclusive business of raising these animals and advertise widely, are able to get \$50 for a hare which the average amateur cannot sell for \$5. Without doubt the industry will before long get down to a business basis, and we shall be able to find the Belgian hare on the menu cards of our leading hotels and restaurants, as well as in the classified ad-ver-tisement columns of The Times. Already they are selling Belgian hare tamales.

Another subject which my bucolic friend took up in his agricultural department last week was the folly of those who depend for the location of wells on people who pretend to be able to locate water and other deposits by means of the witch hazel. I myself cannot but regard this propo-sition as a superstitious relic of barbarism, worthy of the savages of Central Africa or Borneo. At the same time, it is really surprising to note what a large number of ap-parently intelligent people really "take stock" in this re-markable phase of the divining rod. For instance, there is my friend Van Dyke, about as level-headed a man as you will find on a general proposition and an acknowledged authority on irrigation matters. Yet I was surprised some time ago to find that he holds a modified belief in this method of locating water.

Santa Monica has hitherto been one of the main outlets for those thirsty souls who object to the closing of the municipal headgates against internal irrigation in Los Angeles on Sundays. An attempt is now being made to close that city of refuge, a saloon closing movement being under way there. One of the propositions is to enact an ordinance closing the saloons and permitting the serving of liquors with meals. If the gentlemen who have this matter in charge are wise they will be careful to specify in the or-dinance with great detail and distinctiveness what consti-

tutes a legitimate meal. Here in Los Angeles, on a Sun-day, it sometimes consists of a slice of fly-blown bologna sausage, a stale Vienna wurst, or even a couple of pretzels.

It is reported from Pasadena that Prof. Lowe is on his feet again, having struck it rich in a patent for making gas, in which he has succeeded in interesting San Francisco capitalists. Lowe is one of those phenomenal and versatile boomers whose favored habitat is the United States. Dur-ing the war he was literally up in the clouds, in balloons. Then, about fifteen years ago, he had a big water gas en-terprise under way in Los Angeles, and later he took up the bold project of the Mount Lowe Railway. Neither of these last-named enterprises resulted favorably to those who were financially interested in them, and more recently the professor himself was run on the financial stocks. However, Lowe is one of that class of men who are hard to down, and it is quite possible that he may yet figure on the top of the heap.

The street fair and carnival, which is to be held in River-side next month, is a new variation of the festa idea. It is not original, having been introduced in several cities of the Western States during the past few years. It is prob-ably derived from the German Jahr market, an annual fea-ture in every city and town in the Fatherland. There is certainly no section in the United States so well adapted to this sort of celebration as Southern California, and we may expect to see it become quite common.

A local paper is reviving the somewhat threadbare device of a voting contest for the most popular citizens, the two winners to receive tickets to the Paris Exposition. Among the names published one day recently as having been voted for were ex-Chief Glass, Secretary Ball of the Y.M.C.A., "Captain" James of the Under Dog, Rev. W. A. Knighten, Walter Moore and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery. Which suggests that it would be interesting and somewhat unique if the Journal in question would make up a party and give the people named a personally conducted trip to the big show.

The recent sale of a four-year-old race horse in England for the immense price of 35,500 guineas, or nearly \$500,000, suggests that here is an industry which has been much neglected in Southern California, when we consider how remarkably well adapted this section is to the raising of fine horses. While we are going crazy over Belgian hares we are neglecting an industry that might be made to yield an immense revenue, for with a little effort this section could be made to rival Kentucky, with alfalfa in the place of blue grass. Southern California has always been noted for the speed and endurance of its horses, which develop here at a remarkably early age, horses at three years of age being put to work that would scarcely be expected of a four-year-old in the Eastern States. The mild climate is specially suited to the delicate organizations of these high-bred animals. There ought to be a score of big breeding stables here in place of the two or three which exist.

The question of the relative immorality of cities has again come to the front in San Francisco, where a reverend gentleman recently made the assertion, in the course of a sermon, that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world, a statement which some of the San Francisco papers have been taking up and exploiting for all it is worth, be-ing apparently rather proud of the distinction thus con-ferred upon the town, much as the typical bad man of the frontier takes pride in his reputed wickedness. There is scarcely any city of importance that has not at some time been made the subject of similar charges, and even Los An-geles has not altogether escaped when some particularly sensational exhorter has visited us. How any one, and par-ticularly a reverend gentleman, can succeed in finding out so much of the wickedness of a place in a few days is somewhat of a puzzle. All such discussions are really "fat, stale and unprofitable." They prove nothing and accomplish no good. Any observing person, who has traveled much throughout the world and has looked beneath the surface, must arrive at the conclusion that human nature is every-where much the same, with about the same average amount of immorality and vice, as well as goodness, the only dif-ference being that it assumes different forms in different places, according to the manners and customs prevailing. Thus, in Paris and Vienna—or even in Milwaukee or Davenport, Iowa—if you want to take a drink you will go into a beer hall or café, and perhaps take your wife and daugh-ter along if they are with you, while if you are in Maine you will go into a back room, furnished with a table and a coffee cup, and after carefully closing the door, will turn on the gas jet, which hangs over the table, and extract therefrom a proper amount of liquid stimulant. In Turkey a woman working in the fields will throw her single gar-ment over her head rather than expose it to the gaze of a male passerby, while in more civilized countries the ladies display not only their heads, but a large expanse of the structure which supports them. In these oriental countries they make a specialty of terpsichorean evolutions which, to the western eye, appear indecently suggestive, but on the other hand they are greatly shocked at our fashion of the promiscuous mixing and close contact of the two sexes in a ballroom. And so it goes. Meantime, there are many more useful and edifying occupations for residents of a city to engage in than in discussing their relative wickedness, as compared with their neighbors, like a lot of school children quarreling as to which has the biggest pimple on his neck.

In boring the latest Bouton well at Bixby, where such a vast flow of water was obtained, interesting evidences of a prehistoric age were brought up between the depth of 300 and 670 feet, large quantities of pine, sycamore, oak and cottonwood leaves and pieces of pine cones being encoun-tered. This shows that many, many years ago this section must have been heavily wooded. These changes in the earth's surface are still going on, some parts of the Coast sinking, while others are rising, but the change is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, except when measured by thousands of years. Supposing the land around Long Beach to have subsided at the rate of one foot in a hundred years, it must have been about sixty-seven thousand years since the trees at the lowest depth named were growing on the surface of the ground. That is a long time, when gauged by the history of the human race, but a very short period in the geological calendar.

ANCIENT MARINER.

By a Staff Writer.

Nor is it undesirable that it should get the news, provided this is conveyed in the proper manner. The facts of human life and human nature are not injurious, if the proportions are kept right—if the worse side is not always thrust to the fore and additions for the sake of sensationalism are excluded. There are no broader-minded, warmer-hearted, more generous and humane people than newspaper men; and I will not except either the doctors of medicine or the doctors of divinity. Why is this? Just because newspaper men are in touch with society as a whole, and see it in its broader aspects; because they come in contact with all phases of life, learn, with its weaknesses, its better side, see deep into the causes that make those weaknesses, understand its temptations, are witnesses to its remorse, and discover often, even in the most abandoned men and women, aborted buds of virtues that might have blossomed into fragrant beauty under happier circumstances. "The man who sees into his fellow-men may be devoid of sympathy; the man who sees through them learns charity for their frailties," some one has said. Why is the world as a whole more humane to-day than ever before? Why are we interested in devising a system of criminal law that shall be reformatory, where our ancestors applied the thumbcrew and rack, burned and mutilated and hung? Is it because we know less of human motives and human passions than they? Either that we know far more. For if knowledge does not directly make men better, it at least shows them more clearly where justice and right-doing lie, and so enables them to think out means for bringing these about. Man's power over

Sullivan's scholarship was extended to a second year, and he was then sent to the Leipzig Conservatorium. Among his fellow-students were Carl Rosa, John Francis Barnett, Edward Grieg and Edward Dannreuther.

The composer is now in his fifty-fifth year, and enjoys

[New York Times:] The largest bell in the world is in a Buddhist monastery near Canton. Canton has a pretty little lake. The story is told by Mrs. J. P. Novak sketches of travel. The life of the founder of China had been threatened by the bell of his unsuccessful attempts to make a perfect purity of tone. The bell founder's wife, witnessing her father's agony, while impotent for one more trial, consulted the physician for failure. Being told that should the maiden mingle with the bell metal, the bell would be perfect, she, waiting beside her father until he was in the molten ore, plunged in and was the sacrifice of this maiden the Chinese beauty and sweetness of the tone of the bell. Cung-tz.

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SKUNK FARMING.

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY BEING INTRODUCED IN INDIANA.

(Ind.) Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] Indiana bids fair to become one of the great skunk raising states of the Union. There are numerous skunk farmers in North America and Auburn will soon have one. Owners of skunk farms in several instances have, however, been endeavoring to keep the business from continuing the business of the skunk. The skunk is a valuable characteristic of the skunk. The skunk which will farm here is the De Kalb Fur skunk and the plant will begin with 100 sleek and healthy animals. An effort will be made to breed the pure skunk as far as possible, as their pits are worth \$100 a pair of the striped skunk is valued at \$100.

At the first glance might seem to be a disagreeable occupation, but such is not necessarily the case. Among the first things done with the young animal is the removal of the scent pouches, after which the skunk is most interesting creature. They often grow good pets and are most intelligent. Dr. Clinton H. Merriam, the well-known naturalist, is of the opinion that the skunk is the most intelligent of all the animals in the world. He is a small animal, about as large as a cat, sleeps all day and is rarely seen until after the sun goes down.

The French Lycee. [London News:] Is the French Lycee doomed? Are French lads no longer to be herded together like soldiers in barracks and guarded like juvenile criminals? Anyhow, after a hundred years, the military system of education seems about to undergo, if not radical change, at least sensible modification. What the existence of a Little Lycee in M. Jules Aicard has told us in his "Ames d'enfant," M. Ribot's important work on educational reform in France just published completes the picture. We all know that on a certain day and at a certain hour every Lycee throughout the French dominions will be based on precisely the same task. But the absurdity of centralization does not end here. In his report as government commissioner, M. Lavie, the historian, gave the following instance in point:

"The uniformity of school routine is ridiculous. For instance, how inconsistent that the hours of recitation should be timed in all climates exactly at the same hour! From 1 to 2 o'clock in the South of France the heat of summer quite prevents the pupils from walking about in the recreation ground. But the same rules are in force for Marcellines and Dunkirk!"

Too often the recreation ground is a bare, walled-in space, after the manner of a prison yard. "How do you amuse yourself out of school hours?" asked an English visitor of a fifteen-year-old Lycee. "Stroll up and down and talk," was the reply. Athletic sports of a modified kind are being gradually introduced into French schools. But, as M. Ribot writes it: "We do not want to turn French lads into English ones. Rough sports do not suit our race, more refined in its vigorous elegance (how adequately translate the phrase?) than that of the Anglo-Saxon." Our good friend, M. Demolins, is almost alone in France in his preference of Anglo-Saxon sturdiness to the "vigorous elegance" of his young compatriots.

HOW GREAT SINGERS PRACTICE. [Mrs. James in Harper's Bazar:] Every morning I try my voice critically on each note within my range. I examine it with a microscope, so to speak, and wherever I find it even a shade below what I think I can do with it, I practice until I bring it where I think it should be. Campanini once said to me: "I cannot keep my voice in proper shape without my daily practice. If I omit it one day there may be, when I sing at night, no perceptible difference in the quality of my tone; if I omit the practice two days I detect a falling when I sing in the evening; but if I omit it three days my audience notices it!"

As for me, I am studying all the time. I think I can say with truth that I am able to accomplish today what was impossible for me to do a couple of years ago. I hope to do more and better things in the future than I do today. There must be a constant development in any good work, otherwise there will surely be retrogression.

skunk. The spot where the city now stands was the natural abode of the foul-smelling foul creature before the place came to be the home of the present more foul and more deadly smells. Naturalists claim that the skunk is a much-abused animal as, in his native haunts, he destroys mice, salamanders, grasshoppers and grubs. He is a small animal, about as large as a cat, sleeps all day and is rarely seen until after the sun goes down.

THE FRENCH LYCEE.

SCHOOLBOYS OF THAT COUNTRY ALL WORK UNDER ONE RULE.

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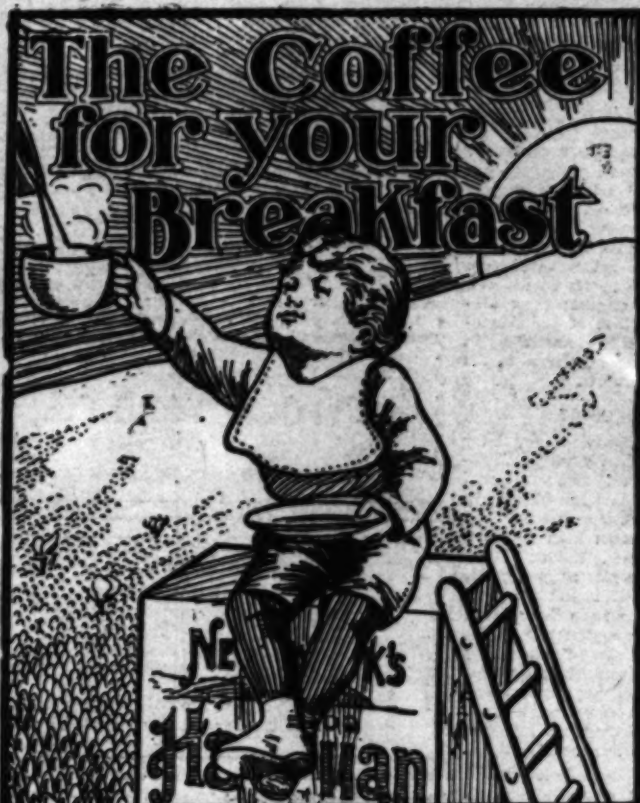
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